★ Mar. 18, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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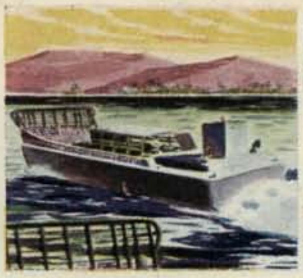

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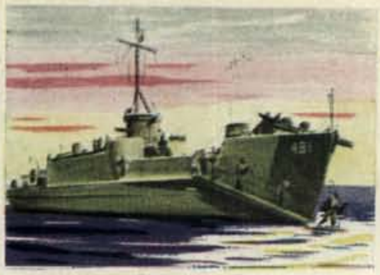

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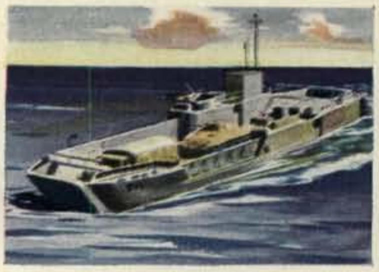

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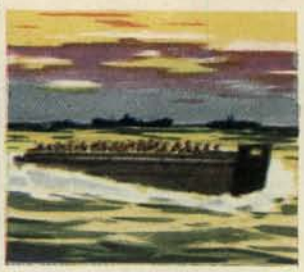

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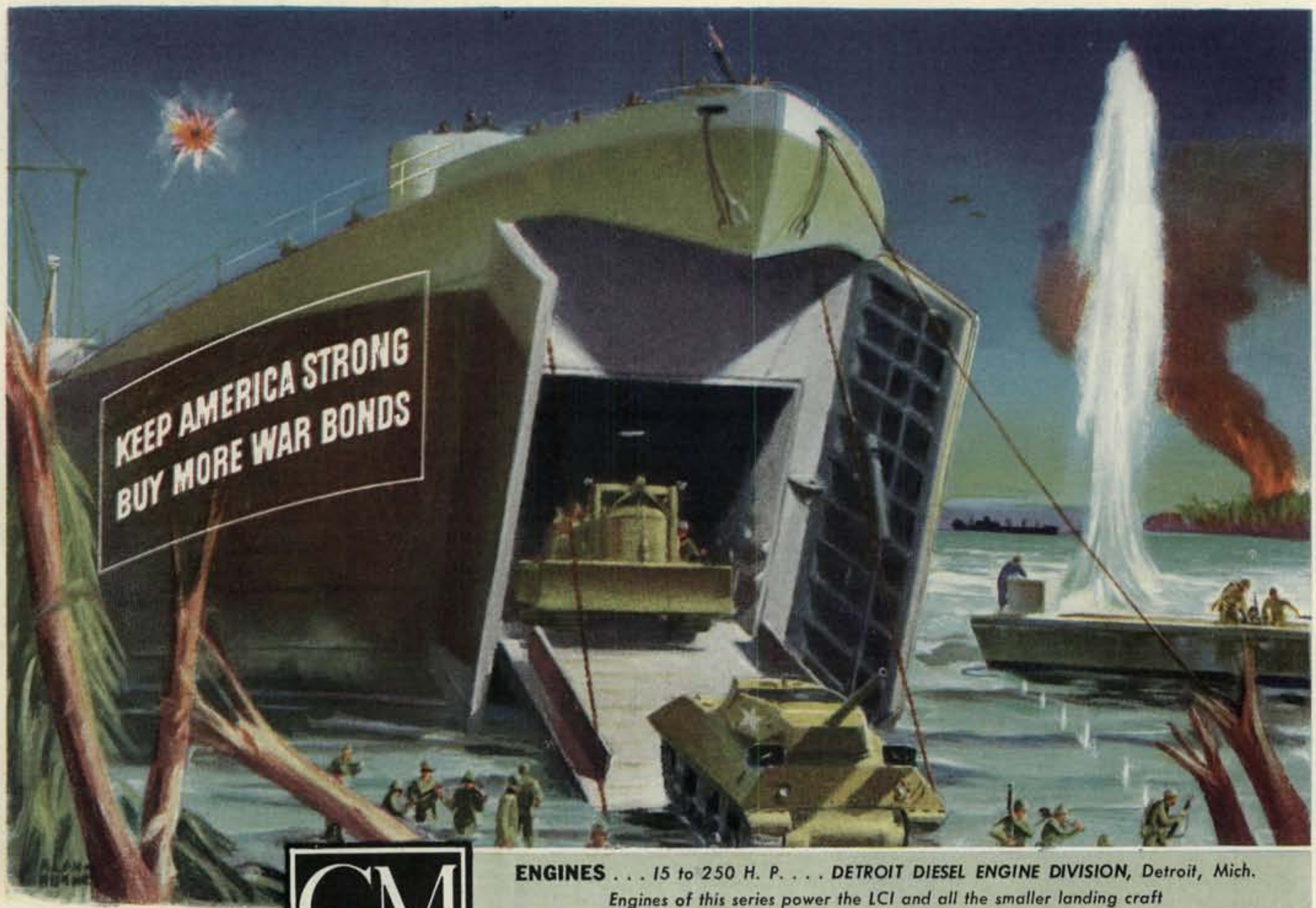

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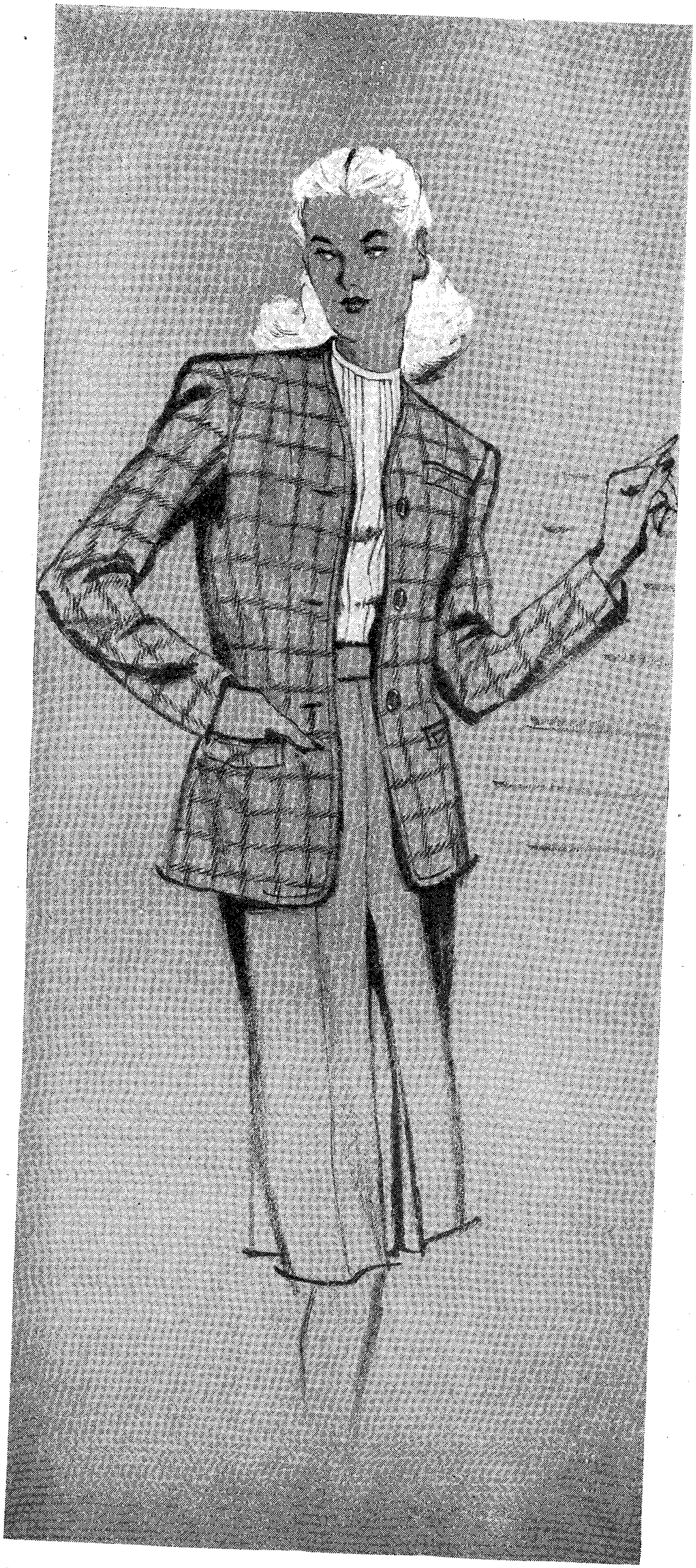

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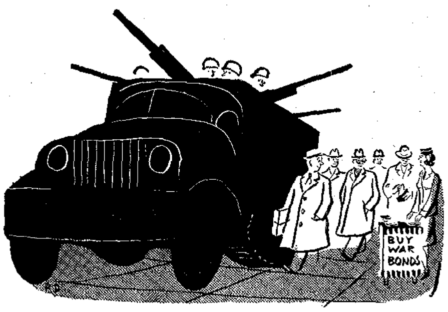
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 16,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 25.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its fourth year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—A magnificent drama which somebody, unfortunately, has decided to play for laughs. Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut are probably as good as anybody could be under the circumstances. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. The cast includes Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40. Special performance Mon. Eve., March 20, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. George S. Kaufman has directed a cast that includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The play itself is accurate enough but a bit dull. Helen Hayes, however, is superb. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—An old-fashioned vehicle for Katharine Cornell which hasn't much else to offer. Her supporting cast includes Raymond Massey (through Sat., March 18), Henry Daniell, Anne Burr, and Carol Goodner. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Othello—An excellent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Visually, at least, Paul Robeson's Moor is perfect, and José Ferrer is a remarkable Iago. Among the others are Uta Hagen and James Monks. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—Ruth Gordon as Dorothy Parker in a comedy about an Officers' Candidate School. Miss Gordon also wrote the darn thing, which isn't really as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—A melodramatic farce that almost comes off but not quite. At least it introduces Zasu Pitts to Broadway, which is something. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—A simple-minded but sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are in it. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. With Ralph Bellamy (to be replaced on Mon., March 20, by Conrad Nagel), Skippy Homeier, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Wallflower—A variation of the ugly-duckling theme, but it will probably remind you of "Kiss and Tell" and "Three Is a Family." (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—A cast of more than three hundred servicemen and some women civilians in Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Forces. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—A comedy by Franz Werfel and S. N. Behrman, with Louis Calhern, Annabella, and Oscar Karlweis. Staged by Elia Kazan and produced by the Theatre Guild and Jack H. Skirball. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Early to Bed—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and almost as elementary as it sounds. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard are in it, and there is Fats Waller's music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and the cast includes June Havoc, George Givot, and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Alfred Drake, Betty Garde, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun., March 19, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Porgy and Bess—The inhabitants of Catfish Row back again. With Etta Moten. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a very large cast. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The House in Paris—A dramatization of the Elizabeth Bowen novel, with Ludmilla Pitoeff and Alastair Kyle. Staged by Clarence Derwent and produced by H. Clay Blaney. Opens Mon., March 20. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—"The Gondoliers," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., March 16-17. . . . "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Cox and Box," Sat. and Sun. Afts. and Eves., March 18-19. . . . "Iolanthe," Mon. and Tues. Eves., March 20-21. . . . "Patience," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., March 23-24. . . . "Ruddigore," Sat. Aft. and Eve., March 25. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Benefit Show—The annual turnout of theatrical people for the Israel Orphan Asylum, Sat., March 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

Now You See It—An evening of magic by Richard Himber, Cantu, Señor Wences, Dai Vernon, and several others, Sun., March 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Barbizon Plaza Theatre, 101 W. 58. CI 7-7000, Ext. 124.)

Ice Show—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40, and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "Cinderella" and "Sleeping Beauty," Sat., March 18 and 25, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

DANCE RECITALS

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—In the third of a series of repertory recitals, Sun., March 19, at 8:45 P.M. (Humphrey-Weidman Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Martha Graham—With her group, Sat., March 25, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Jules Lande's orchestra amid an eighteenth-century décor.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heath-

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 60
BOOKS 81
THE CURRENT CINEMA 44
MUSICAL EVENTS 75
NOTES ON SPORTS 77
OF ALL THINGS 48
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 63
ABOUT THE HOUSE 66
A REPORTER IN ENGLAND 51

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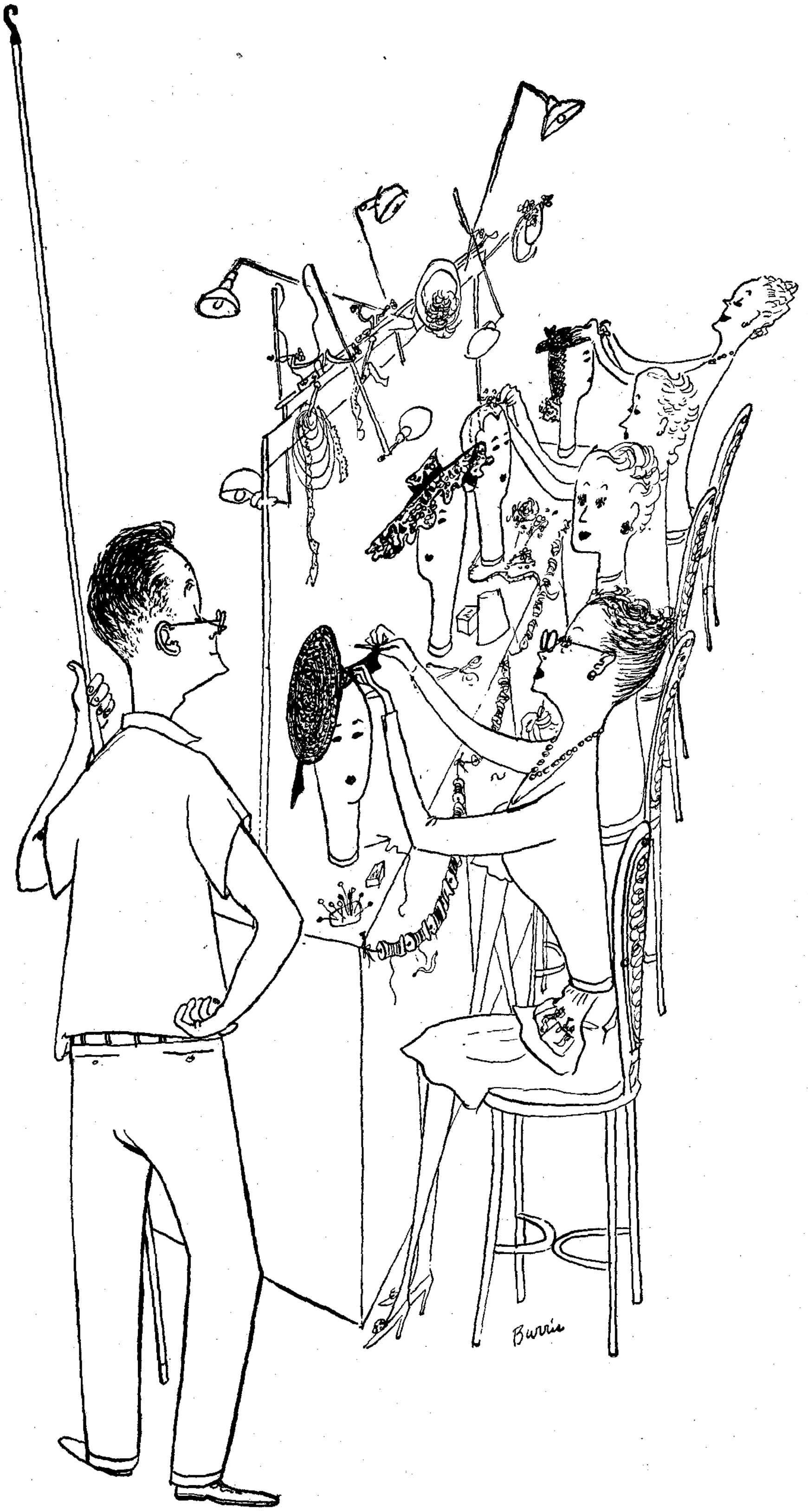
This is our Mr. MacGroider

MACGROIDER, a good husband and father, is also one of New York's most fearless commentator's on ladies' hats. After coming to this country from Gaveenish, not too near Dublin, he took up duties as a porter in Saks Fifth Avenue's third floor custom millinery. From this vantage point, MacGroider has observed a variety of hat trends, at times with the same determined look St. Patrick wore when he chased the snakes out of Ireland.

Just last week, after viewing our hat model wearing Saks' new 90-degree-angle straw disc, MacGroider announced that it looked like a chop plate stuck on one ear. At this, our French millinery designer gave an ominous nasal grunt, and was only mollified when MacGroider praised her Spring chintz hats. "Innocent as a new-born lamb," he called them. Actually, the hats are about as innocent as a booby-trap, but MacGroider's masculine reaction may be all to the good.

When last seen, he was carrying an 8-foot pole and was entering the custom millinery workroom to launch his daily battle about opening all the windows full blast, or what he calls "Gettin' a bit o' fresh air into the lungs." Most of the workroom girls are French, and if there's anything they hate, it's fresh air. Takes a good man to talk down forty females and emerge without a scratch, the shamrock still flying. Atta boy, MacGroider.



Oh Mr MacGroider - where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

erton's band will be in the Bowman Room until Mon., March 20, when Emile Petti's band takes over; the ice show will stay on.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra—which ought to be enough for anyone.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village branch has jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Handier, and probably a lot noisier, than the one in Rio. Sophie Tucker heads the show, and there's also Joel Herron's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band. . . . The Copa Bar has the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For those who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band are on hand in this large and handsome club.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cotillion Room includes Dr. Giovanni, the pickpocket, and a dance team, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Celeste Holm sings in the Persian Room at the supper hour. Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band are there during dinner and supper.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dancing in the Oval Room during the dinner hour.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room sports an ice show at the supper hour, and Freddy Miller's orchestra is around all evening. . . . The Maisonette has Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A place you may have heard about. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dancing in the Wedgwood Room, and Paul Draper dances for the after-theatre crowd. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan and Imogene Coca head a practically continuous show. . . . **blue angel,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a baroque sort of place, with several entertainers. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself is back, with some new raucous songs and all the old favorites. . . . **la vie parisienne,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Irene Bordoni singing the songs you'd expect of her; also some nice magic. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): as comfortable as your own parlor, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a routine show full of beautiful girls, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the more pleasant small places; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): also small, also pleasant; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **casbah,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): life in the native quarter was never like this; Danny Yates' orchestra. . . . **la conga,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Carmen Amaya will be here at least through Mon., March 20; Machito's rumba band. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **commodore,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a cellar with murals, as well as Huddie Ledbetter and the Clarence Profit Trio.

•

Mostly for Music—At the **café zanzibar,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco and Ethel Waters in a large and rowdy show. . . . **nick's,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **jimmy ryan's,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Sidney and Wilbur De Paris head the orchestra. . . . **onyx,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): solid blues by Billie Holiday and jazz by the Al Casey Trio. . . . **three deuces,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Sidney Catlett, Ben Webster, and the Leonard Ware Trio are the attractions here. . . . **kelly's stable,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins plays his saxophone in this midtown saloon.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 25.

ART

Artists for Victory—A big collection of contemporary American art, assembled for a British good-will tour, which turns out to be largely academic; a benefit for Artists for Victory and the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18.

John Atherton—Recent oils by a "magic realist": Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Louis Bosa—New oils: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—A retrospective of prints by Emil Ganso (through May 21); also, a hundred portraits of Abraham Walkowitz by as many well-known artists (through March 26). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Mario Carreño—Twenty-one recent paintings and drawings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 15.

Nicolai Cikovsky—Paintings of the past few years: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 18.

E. E. Cummings—The poet's new oils and water colors: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18.

Philip Evergood—War paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through April 1.

Vaughn Flannery—Landscapes and *Police Gazette* pastiche: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 25.

French—At the **niveau,** 63 E. 57: twentieth-century paintings, many never before shown here. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., March 24. . . . **carstairs,** 11 E. 57: water colors, drawings, and pastels by Pissarro, Renoir, Degas, Dufy, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., March 21.

Groups—At the **brandt,** 15 E. 57: a loan show of paintings and sculpture by Duchamp, Villon-Duchamp, Miró, Ernst, and many other modern artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18. . . . **nierendorf,** 53 E. 57: Klee, Kandinsky, Demuth, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18. . . . **midtown,** 605 Madison, at 58: the annual show of the gallery's group, which includes Isabel Bishop, Doris Rosenthal, and Paul Cadmus. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 18. . . . **argent,** 42 W. 57: sculpture and drawings by Ossip Zadkine, Alfeo Faggi, and Wharton Esherick. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18. . . . **contemporary arts,** 106 E. 57: the mid-season retrospective of work which has been shown at the gallery during the past year. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., March 24.

Jean Hélion—Oils done since the artist escaped from a German prison camp: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 8.

Hans Hofmann—A well-known art teacher shows his own paintings and drawings: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 1.

Ian Hugo—Etchings, engravings, and a few of the plates: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18.

Hungarian Art—A loan exhibition of work by Zoltan Hecht, Ladislaus Segy, Marcel Vertès, and others; a benefit for the Red Cross: Peikin, 704 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 26.

Fernand Léger—New oils, more or less abstract: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 8.

Jean Lurçat—Oils and gouaches: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 1.

Matta—New paintings with the emphasis now on design as well as color: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Beautifully executed replicas of mosaics from the Hagia Sophia, and a showing of Turkish objets d'art of the *fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries* (through June 30); also, a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection (through April 9). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

George L. K. Morris—Abstractions, many with war themes: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 8.

Edvard Munch—Black-and-whites, mostly late nineteenth-century, in the first show since the artist's death: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 25.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition *of modern Cuban painting (through May 7)*; also, modern American and European drawings (through April 16). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 14.

Georgia O'Keeffe—New paintings of the desert: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Tues., March 21.

Peterdi—Surrealist oils with Everglades vegetation: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Thurs., 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; *other weekdays, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues.,* March 21.

Portraits—A loan exhibition of paintings and sculpture of theatre people, beginning with Mrs. Siddons; a benefit for the Red Cross: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 4.

Primitives—Recently discovered water colors by a Miss Willson, an early nineteenth-century artist: Harry Stone, 555 Madison, at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 25.

Louis Schanker—Abstract oils and prints: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 1.

Raphael Soyer—Water colors and drawings from his sketchbooks: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Still Lifes—At the **durlacher,** 11 E. 57: as developed *by seventeenth-century artists in the Mediterranean* countries and in Holland. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 25. . . . **durand ruel,** 12 E. 57: well-selected show by French masters from Manet to Picasso; a benefit for the Children's Aid Society. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

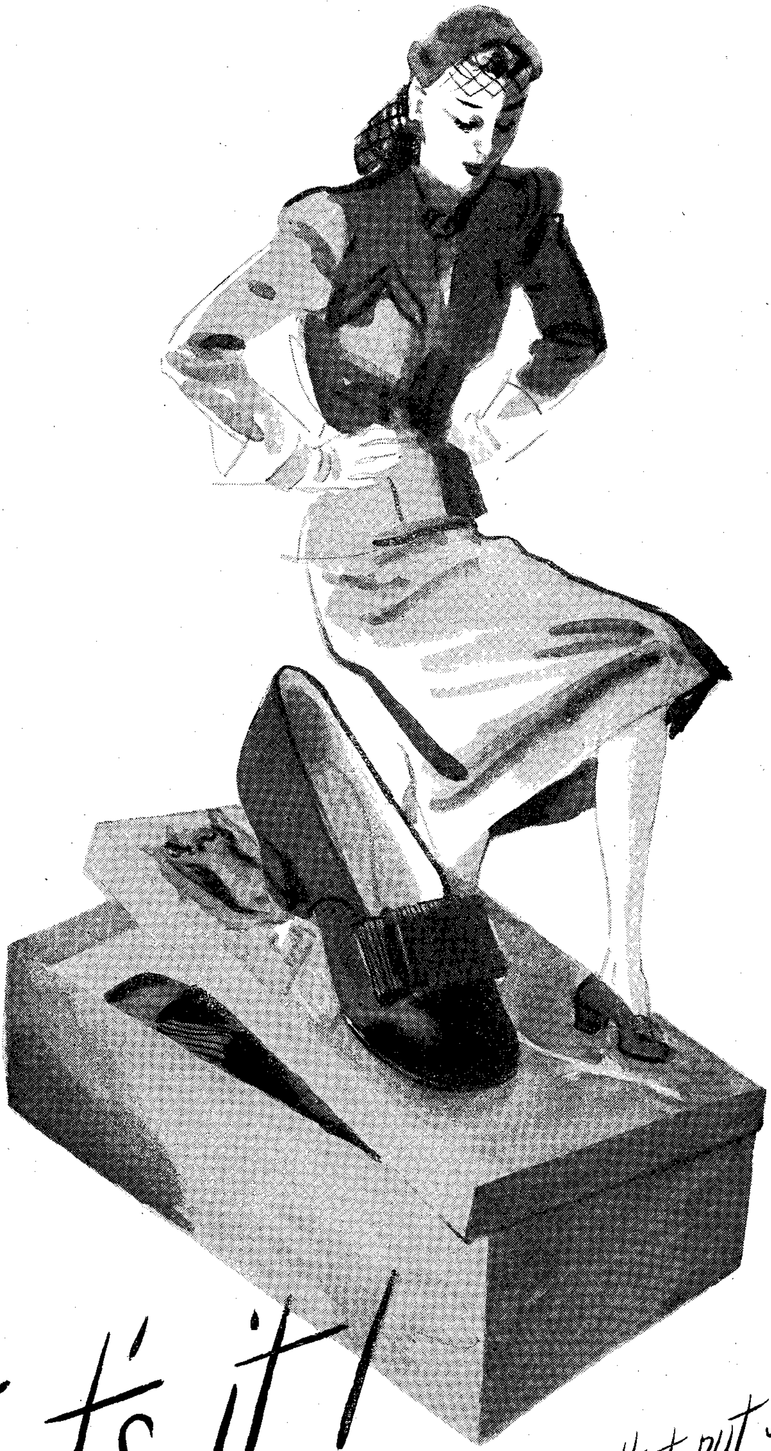
Maurice Vlaminck—New and old oils: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57: Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 25.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting: Thurs., March 16, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 17, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sun., March 19, at 3 P.M. Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., March 23, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 24, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., March 25, at 8:45 P.M. (Highlights: the Westminster Choir and vocal soloists, March 16, 17, and 19; William Kapell, piano, March 23-24; John Corigliano, violin, March 25.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., March 18, at 11 A.M.

Philadelphia Orchestra—With Alexander Brailowsky, piano, and the Westminster Choir; Eugene



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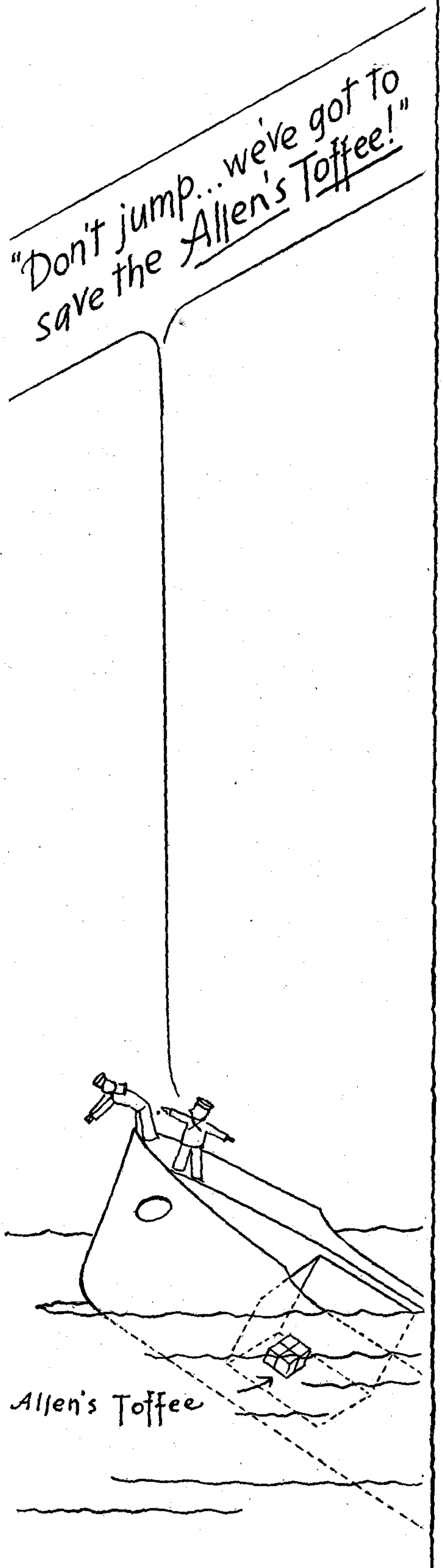
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 25.

Ormandy conducting. Tues. March 21, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Rochester Symphony—José Iturbi as conductor and soloist. Sat., March 18, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Chamber Music Series—Adolf Busch and his Chamber Music Players, assisted by Martial Singher, baritone, and others. Fri., March 24, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Metropolitan Opera—"Mignon," Thurs. Eve., March 16. . . . "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., March 17. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sat. Aft., March 18. . . . "Das Rheingold," Sat. Eve., March 18. . . . "Le Nozze di Figaro," Mon. Eve., March 20. . . . "Falstaff," Wed. Eve., March 22. . . . "Aïda," Thurs. Eve., March 23. . . . "Carmen," Fri. Eve., March 24. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Aft., March 25. . . . "Die Walküre," Sat. Eve., March 25. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

Louis Kaufman—Violin. Fri., March 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Sonia Essin—Contralto. Sat., March 18, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Busch Quartet—Chamber music. Sat., March 18, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

College of St. Elizabeth Glee Club—Frederic Joslyn conducting. Sat., March 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Museum Concert—Susanne Fisher, soprano. Sun., March 19, at 3:45 P.M. (Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82.)

League of Composers—The Kolisch Quartet, with René Le Roy, flute; Samuel Dushkin, violin; and others. Sun., March 19, at 8:30 P.M. (New York Times Hall, 240 W. 44. For tickets, write to the League of Composers, 113 W. 57.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. Sun., March 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Artur Schnabel—Piano; the first of three programs of Beethoven sonatas, sponsored by the New Friends of Music. Mon., March 20, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Celius Dougherty and Vincenz Ruzicka—Piano. Wed., March 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. Wed., March 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Coolidge Quartet—Chamber music, with Leopold Mannes, piano. Wed., March 22, at 8:45 P.M. (Mannes Music School, 157 E. 74. For tickets, call BU 8-0656.)

George Copeland—Piano. Sat., March 25, at 3 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Dorothy Maynor—Soprano. Sat., March 25, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

Basketball—Madison Square Garden—National Invitation Tournament: St. John's vs. Bowling Green, and De Paul vs. Muhlenberg, Thurs., March 16; Oklahoma A. & M. vs. Canisius, and Kentucky vs. Utah, Mon., March 20; semifinals, Wed., March 22; at 8:15 P.M. . . . National Collegiate Athletic Association Tournament: Dartmouth vs. Catholic University, and Ohio State vs. Temple, Fri., March 24; Eastern final, Sat., March 25; at 8:15 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Beau Jack vs. Al Davis, catchweights, 10 rounds; a Red Cross benefit, Fri., March 17; Tippy Larkin vs. Allie Stolz, catchweights, 10 rounds, Thurs., March 23. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden, final games of the season—Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sun., March 19, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series, Sun., March 19, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, with a P-39, a P-47, a P-40, and parts of other fighter planes (through Mon., March 20); also, an exhibition, arranged by the British Information Services, of charts, models, and maps, showing the tactics used at St. Nazaire and in other Commando raids (through March 31); and the development of the United States Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use (through June 30). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Antiques Exhibition—Members of the Art and Antique Dealers League of America exhibiting their best examples of American, English, and French eighteenth-century antiques as a benefit for the Red Cross: Sherry's, 300 Park, at 50. Daily 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through Fri., March 24.

Flower Show—Orchids and mixed cut flowers in a benefit showing for the Red Cross: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor), Thurs., March 16, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Americana—At the **ROSENBACH COMPANY**, 15 E. 51: a large collection of books and documents relating to the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, including Lee's farewell address, books from George Washington's library, and letters and manuscripts of Alexander Hamilton and Ulysses S. Grant. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31. . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, 5 Ave. at 104: "Fun and Folly in New York," an exhibit of life-size figures in tableaux ranging from a fancy-dress ball of the Nineties to a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 26. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, Central Pk. W. at 76: a display of portraits, furniture, books, manuscripts, silver, and china, relating to the Dutch period in New York. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

Latin America—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in old prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

Photography—Snapshots by amateur camera fans from the 1880's to the present: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through April 30.

On the Air—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., March 19, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., March 18 and 25, at 3:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., March 18; André Kostelanetz conducting, Sat., March 25; at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., March 19, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Chicago Symphony, Desiré Defauw conducting, Sat., March 25, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Il Trovatore," with Stella Roman and Kurt Baum, Sat., March 18; "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ella Flesch and Armand Tokatyan, and "Pagliacci," with Licia Albanese and Raoul Jobin, Sat., March 25; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Boxing: Beau Jack vs. Al Davis, Fri., March 17; Tippy Larkin vs. Allie Stolz, Thurs., March 23; at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Waverley Root, Sat. at 7:30 P.M., WAAT. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Paintings by Renoir, Van Gogh, Manet, and other moderns, from the collections of Albert Gallatin, Hugo Perls, and the late Potter Palmer: Thurs., March 16, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Chinese and Japanese objects of art, and Persian and Indian miniatures, owned by Mrs. Charles V. Wheeler, Mrs. John Drum, and others: Thurs. and Fri., March 16-17, at 2 P.M. . . . Property of the late J. P. Morgan: books, Tues., March 21, at 2 P.M.; engravings and etchings, Wed., March 22, at 8:15 P.M.; and French eighteenth-century porcelains and other objects of art, Wed. through Sat., March 22-25, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

The Bridge of San Luis Rey—A familiar story, though some of it, in this version, may not be entirely recognizable. Francis Lederer, Lynn Bari, Akim Tamiroff. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., March 22.)

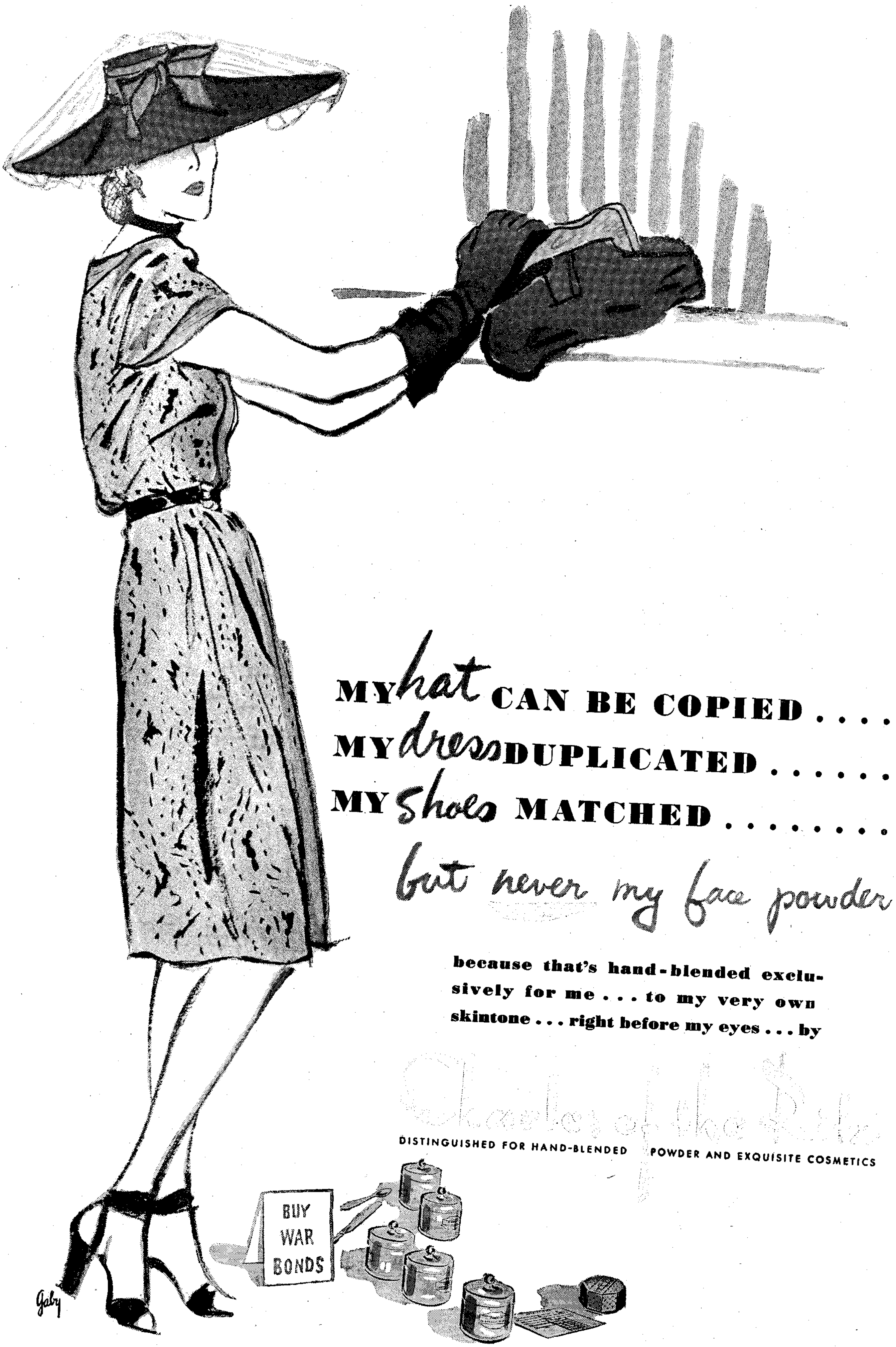
A Guy Named Joe—A thoughtful and amusing, though somewhat fantasy-ridden, picture about life in the Air Forces. Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., March 20. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Wed., March 22.)

Kings of the Ring—Pictures of the high spots in famous prize fights of the last forty years. A natural for aficionados. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Lady in the Dark—A lady editor's dream world, in color, with costumes to end all costumes. Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

Lifeboat—Alfred Hitchcock has set several people adrift in an open boat and given them some very realistic adventures. Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, Walter Slezak, and Canada Lee are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45; through Sun., March 19.)

Madame Curie—Based on Eve Curie's biography of her mother, and nicely done for the most part. Greer Garson has the title rôle and Walter Pidgeon



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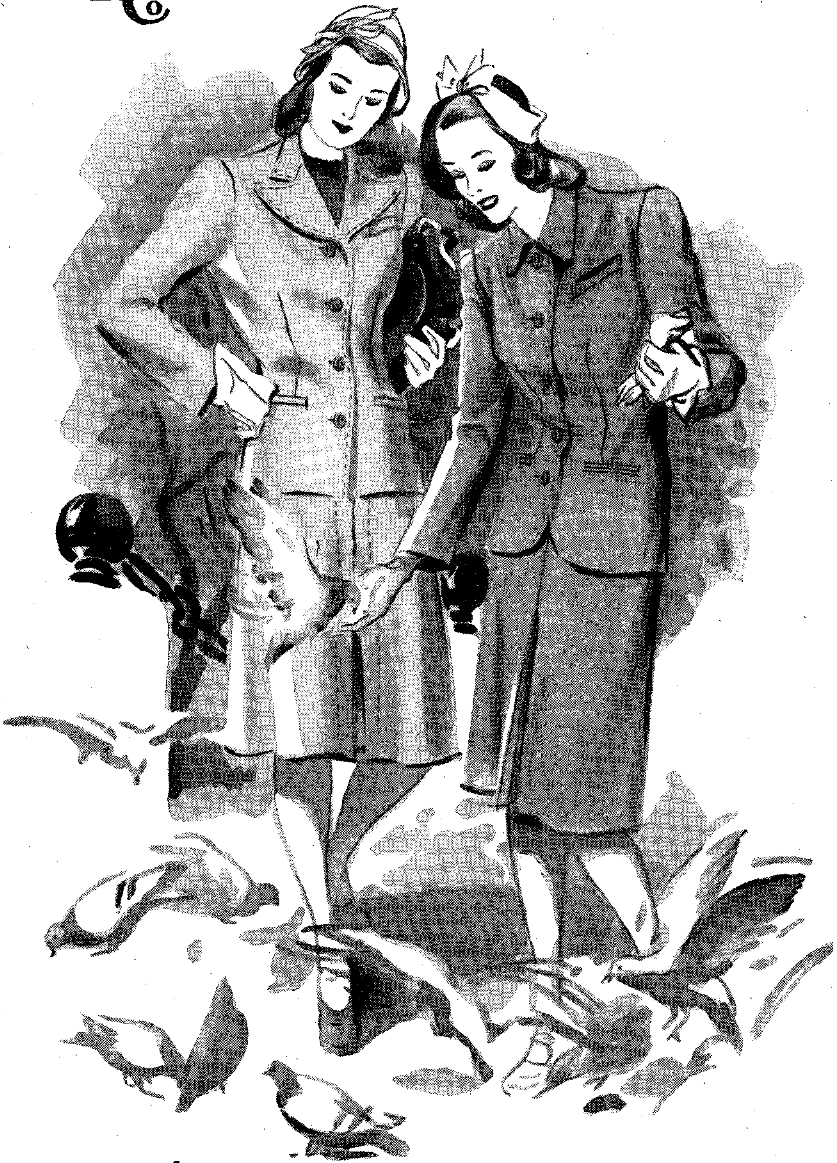

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is her husband. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., March 18-20.)

PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE—Disjointed and a bit too thrill-packed, but the cast is impressive. Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet are all involved in a story about the Fighting French. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE PURPLE HEART—Grim speculation on the ordeal of the captured Tokio fliers. Dana Andrews, Sam Levene, and John Craven. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE—A tasteful and well-acted, if somewhat dreamy, film about a young girl's miraculous experiences at Lourdes. Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

UP IN ARMS—All Danny Kaye and a yard wide. The story has faintly to do with Army life. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

REVIVALS

CRAIG'S WIFE (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the lady who loved her house more than her husband. With John Boles. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. through Sun., March 17-19. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., March 21-23.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Fri., March 22-24.)

GOLDEN BOY (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets drama. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., March 18-20.)

I MARRIED A WITCH (1942)—About a man who married a witch. Veronica Lake and Fredric March. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., March 17.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., March 17. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Tues., March 18-21.)

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley as a hard-drinking actor, and Ida Lupino as his daughter. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., March 21-23.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., March 21-22.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—Bernard Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Tues., March 18-21.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., March 17-20.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., March 21-22.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Fri., March 22-24.)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (1930)—Best-known early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., March 17.)

STAGE DOOR (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Manhattan, B'way at 51; tentative, through Thurs., March 23.)

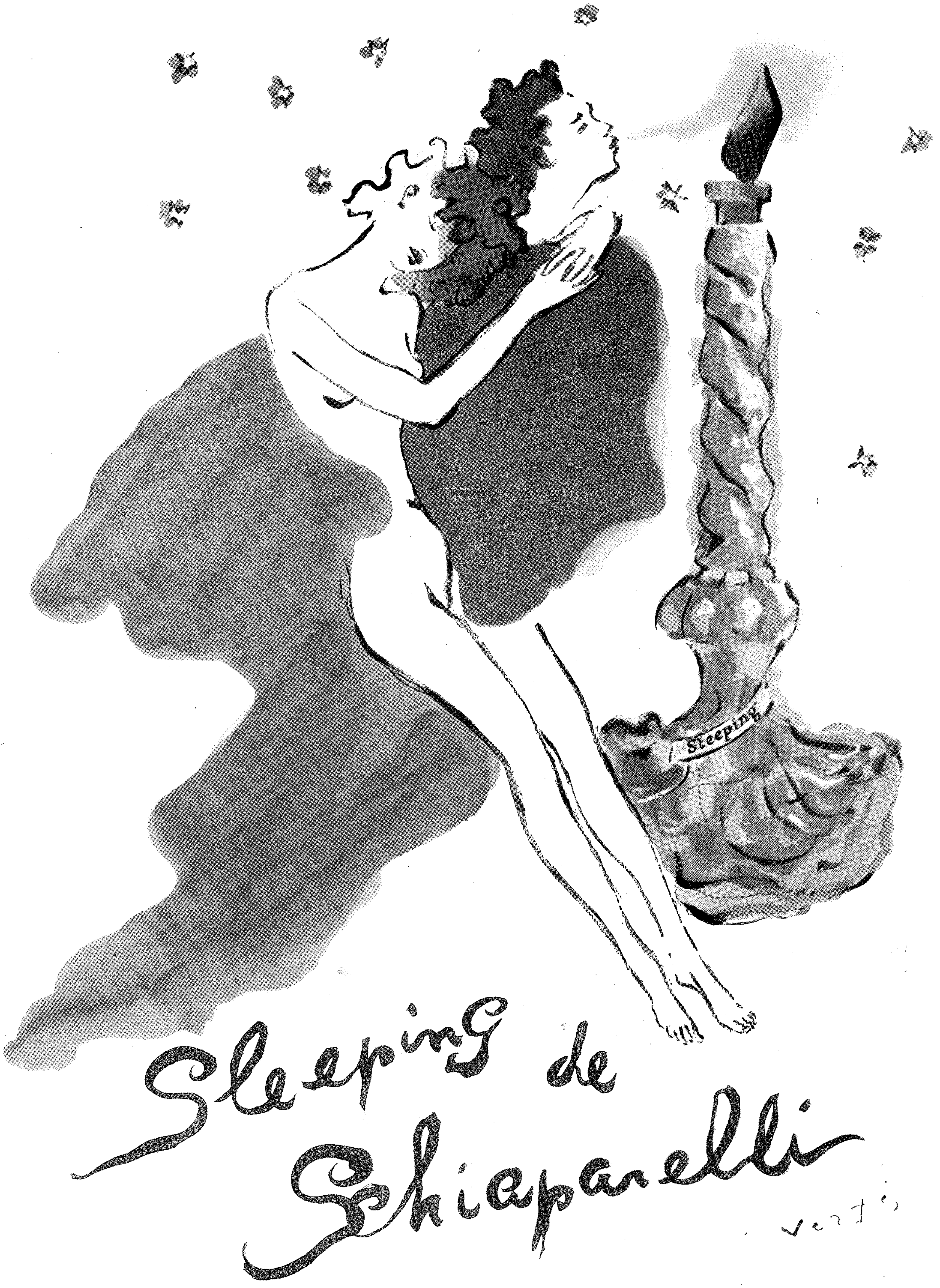
TWO HEARTS IN WALTZ TIME (1930)—The Viennese operetta. With Walter Janssen. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Thurs., March 16.)

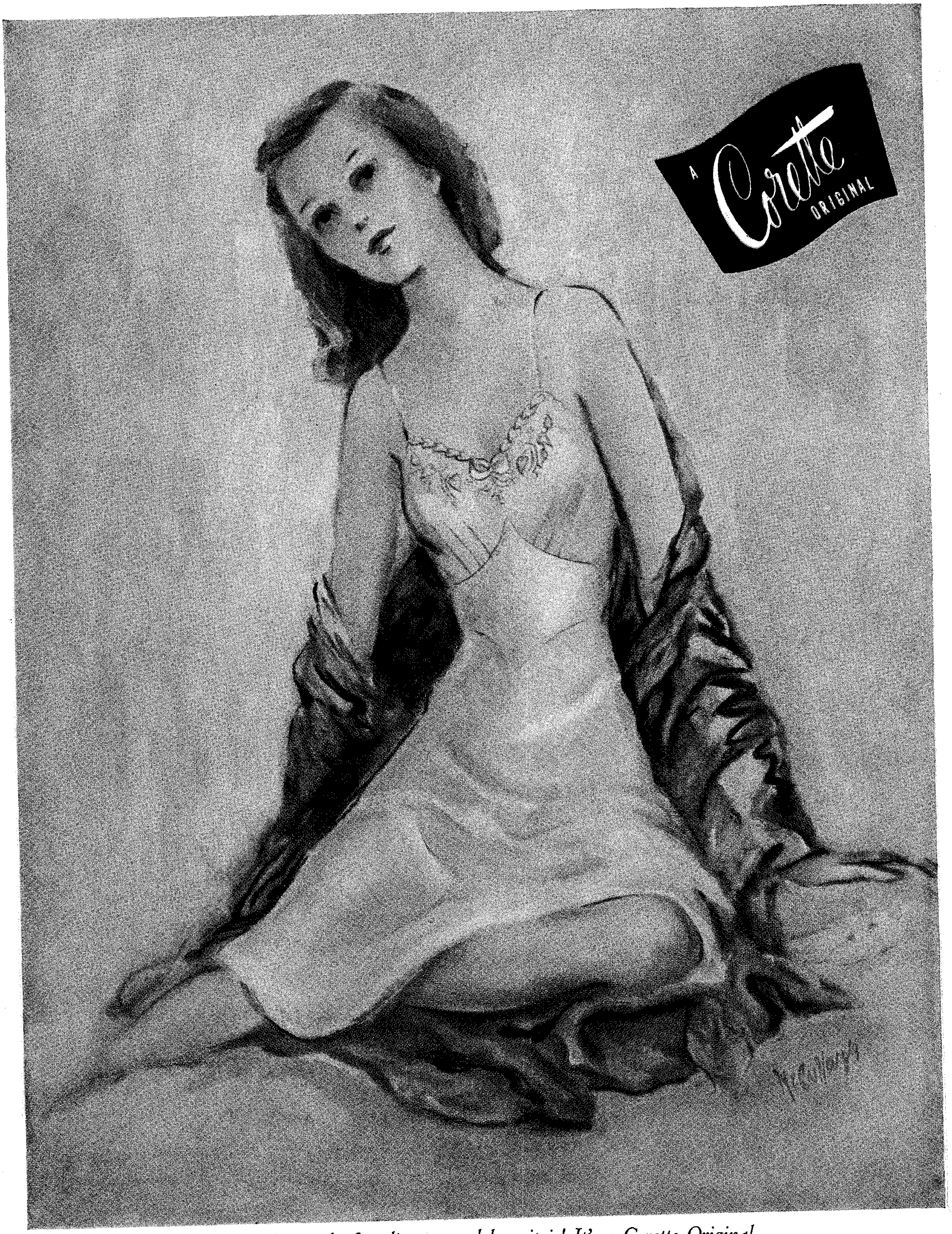
YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (1942)—James Cagney hoofing and singing his way through the life of the late George M. Cohan. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Mon., March 20.)

THE YOUNG IN HEART (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., March 21-22. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., March 21-23.)

ZAZA (1939)—Grandpa's pet classic, freshened up for Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., March 21-22.)

NOTE—Films at the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—"Desert Victory," the British documentary film about Montgomery's North African campaign, will be shown daily at 1 P.M., through Sat., March 18. . . . The regular series of old films will continue on the following schedule; unless otherwise noted showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—**THURS. AND FRI., MARCH 16-17:** "Male and Female" (1919), with Lila Lee, Thomas Meighan, and Gloria Swanson. **SAT. AND SUN., MARCH 18-19:** "The Mark of Zorro" (1920), with Douglas Fairbanks. **MON. AND TUES., MARCH 20-21:** (at 4 P.M. only): "The Three Musketeers" (1921), with Douglas Fairbanks and Adolphe Menjou. **WED. AND THURS., MARCH 22-23:** "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924), with Rudolph Valentino. **FRI. AND SAT., MARCH 24-25:**


Sleeping
Sleeping de Schiaparelli
Vertès



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Don Q, Son of Zorro" (1925), with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Astor.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

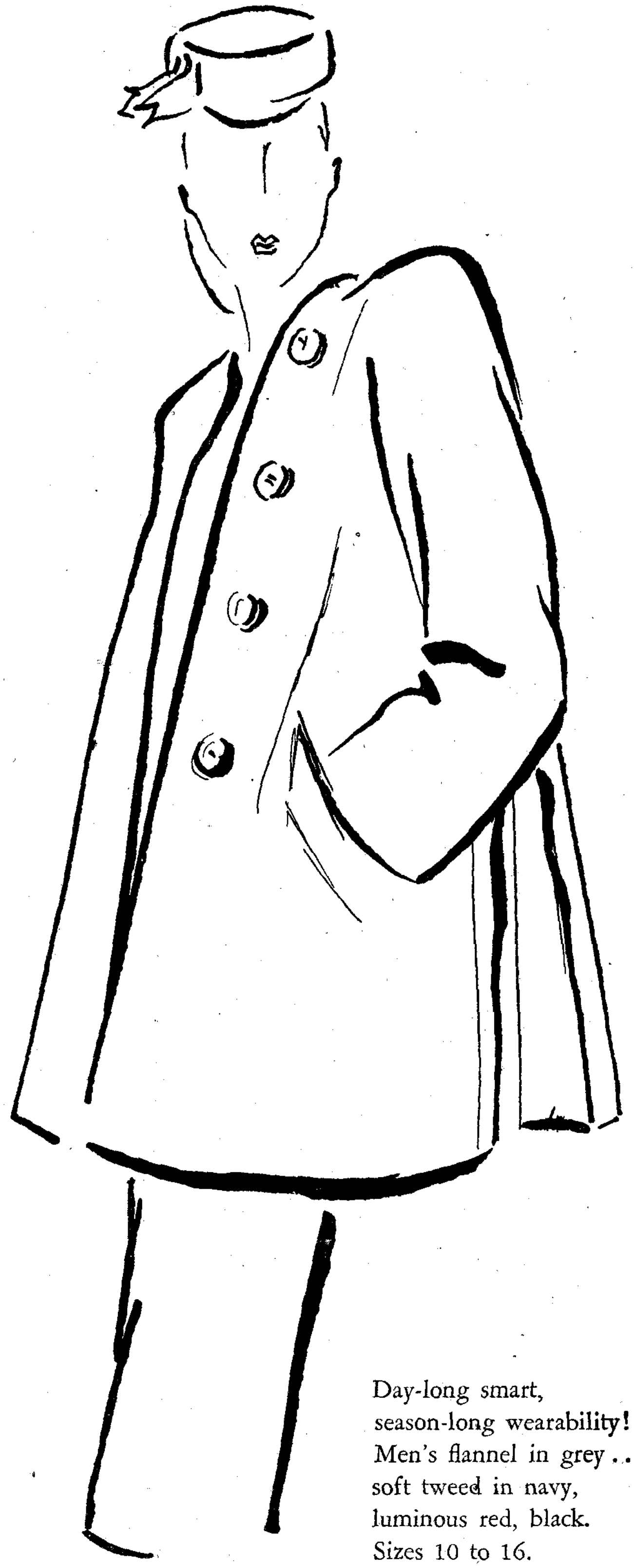
Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores; men and women with some knowledge of a foreign language, especially Italian and Chinese, to act as interpreters for O.P.A. price checkers working in foreign districts. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day filling kits for servicemen to take overseas; women to take a seven-week, part-time course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 11 E. 58th: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing and wrapping sandwiches for distribution to servicemen's clubs in the city (RE 4-5982). . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to take a six-week part-time training course and then serve at least six hours a week, during the day, as librarians in hospitals; men to serve in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, ward helpers, and dietary aides.

Note—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Special Service Supply Branch of the New York Port of Embarkation has sent out a call for pianos, which they will pick up, recondition, and send to service hospitals overseas. If you have one to contribute, call TR 5-8757, Ext. 15. . . . The Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44th (PL 5-7300, Ext. 5), wants to collect fifty thousand books for servicemen in this country. If you have fifty or more books to give, the C.D.V.O. will pick them up; smaller contributions should be delivered to the office. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners who want to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave., at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, radios, records, and pool and tennis tables that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses, drums, and accordions are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to Army and Navy hospitals and transport ships. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry converts discarded furs, no matter how old, into vests for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789).



Young-Timers virgin wool
Swagger Cardigan Topper
39.95

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

Day-long smart,
season-long wearability!
Men's flannel in grey . . .
soft tweed in navy,
luminous red, black.
Sizes 10 to 16.

ESOP EAGLE'S FABLES NO. III

The Ex-Pitcher who went to the well- well- well-

well
well
well

ONCE UPON A TIME there was an ex-pitcher from Princeton, turned business man, who commuted from Bronxville to the Battery every day except Saturday, Sunday and holidays.

When he wasn't commuting he was worrying . . . over priorities, rationing, the price of Scotch and his scores at smoking-car bridge.

Soon his nerves began to shatter, so he went to a psychiatrist who advised him to take up astronomy.

Every night he walked over the golf course at Siwanoy calmly contemplating the stars.

One night, while star-gazing, he stepped off the fairway into a well . . . well . . . well!

Moral: **Gents who go to extremes gotta take the consequences. Take markets, for instance. All Americans aren't prospects for your products. Eliminate the many who have too little, discard the few who have more than enough, and you have left the great aspirational middle class whose ambitions provide a financial foothold that, in the words of Walt Whitman, "is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite." To reach them, use *the happy medium to America's middle millions* . . . . .**

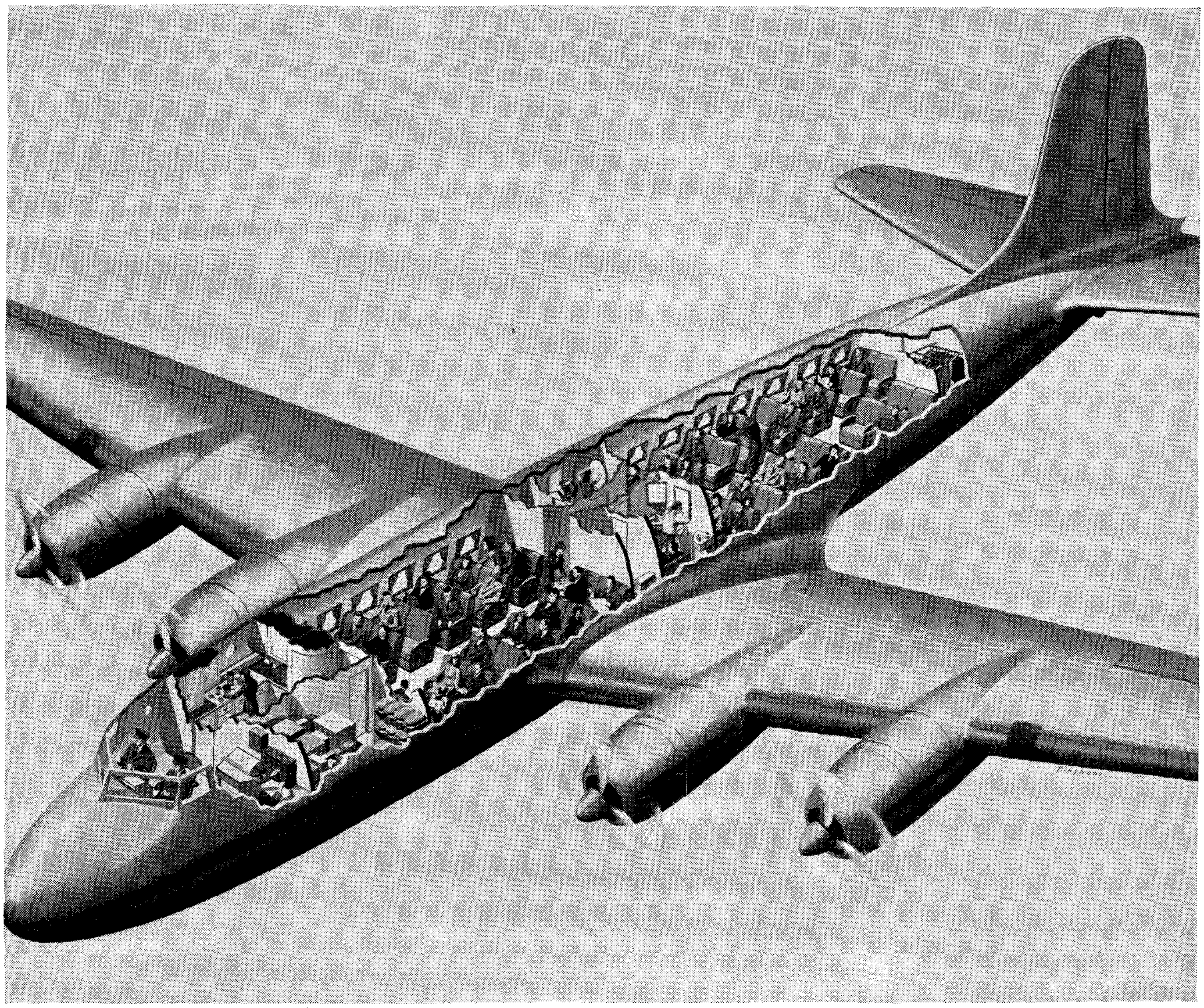
THE American MAGAZINE

Skinner's
RAYON PRINTS

Memory Book Print

A sentimental blouse with a demure bow neck in Skinner's Memory Book Print. There are generations of memories in a Skinner label . . . almost a century of quality unmatched.

Today, wherever you find it, the Skinner name means there is nothing better. William Skinner & Sons, New York. Est. 1848.



You'll find new comfort in the clouds in the *Age of Flight*

No matter how you travel in wartime America today, you won't find the comfort which public carriers would like to offer. All transportation facilities are overtaxed by an unprecedented volume of traffic. Today, for example, 85% of United's business is of a wartime nature.

But United is planning ahead, preparing an expanded and even finer air service for the future. And all of us are looking forward to the day when more people will become acquainted with the comforts of air travel. Nowhere is greater promise of new travel comfort to be found than in the coming Age of Flight.

After victory, United will put into service new, 44 to 50 passenger Mainliners — huge, four-engine planes with a speed of 220 miles an hour. They will carry a payload — passengers, mail and cargo — four times as great as today's largest commercial ships, and will fly coast to coast in 11 hours!

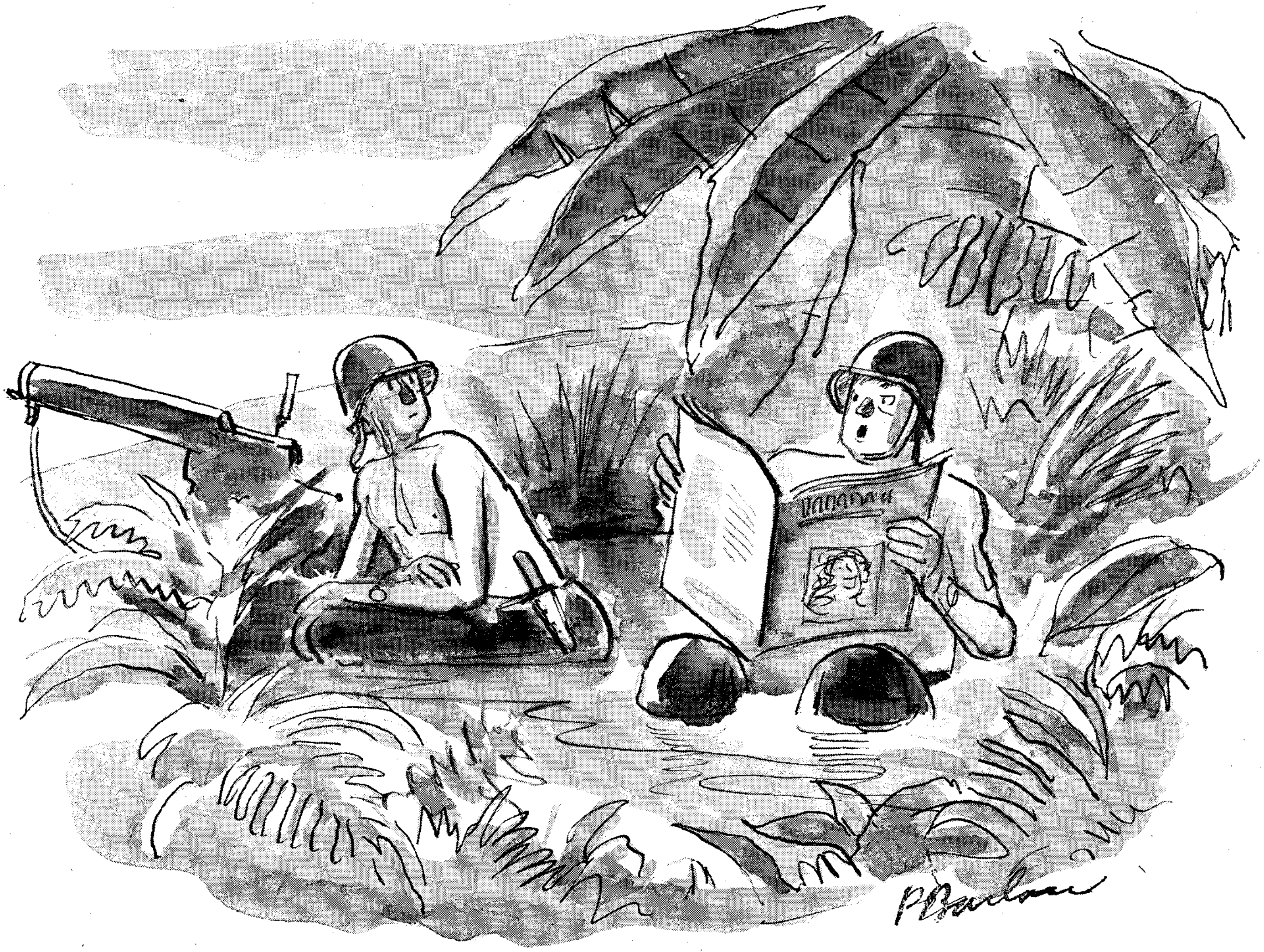
You will find comfort never before known to air travel. You will enjoy even finer dining service, sleep in soft, restful, roomy berths. There will be commodious dressing rooms; big, cushiony seats for day travel.

This is not a far-off dream, at all. Planes identical to these luxurious Mainliners of tomorrow were designed for United before the war. Without major structural changes, these planes were turned over to the U. S. Army Air Transport Command and are today proving their dependability and efficiency all over the world.

Improving the service for its passengers, at fares that are continually being lowered, has always been a chief concern of United Air Lines. In the postwar era, we will be able to offer ever greater comforts and conveniences.

★ *Buy War Bonds and Stamps for Victory*

UNITED
AIR LINES
THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY



"It says here we're fighting for blueberry pie"

We think a soldier fights for more than this, or any of the other transient things current surveys tell us. A soldier's war aims may be pretty realistic... such as getting back home and discarding once and for all his G. I. outfit. But we'd shut up shop if we didn't suspect that he fights for the right to rise in the world...to live constantly better.

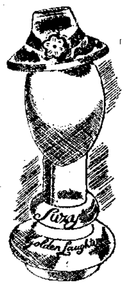
We've been in business, now, for a hundred years and some few days...simply because Americans wanted to live better than their folks lived and better than the Joneses down the street. Out of our experience, we even make bold to suspect that some American on New Georgia Island does a little dreaming about the surroundings he wants to have.

We're looking forward to his return. He's the man we'd rather do things for than anyone else.

W&J SLOANE

575 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Since men are not alike... be two different women with



SUZY'S GOLDEN LAUGHTER

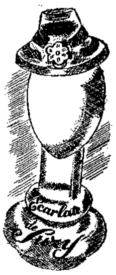
—for the man who's easy-going, light-hearted, not too dependable—but fun to be with.

He doesn't know why—but watch him linger, when you wear this warm and winning bouquet of light flower-scents, so tantalizingly mingled.

ÉCARLATE de SUZY

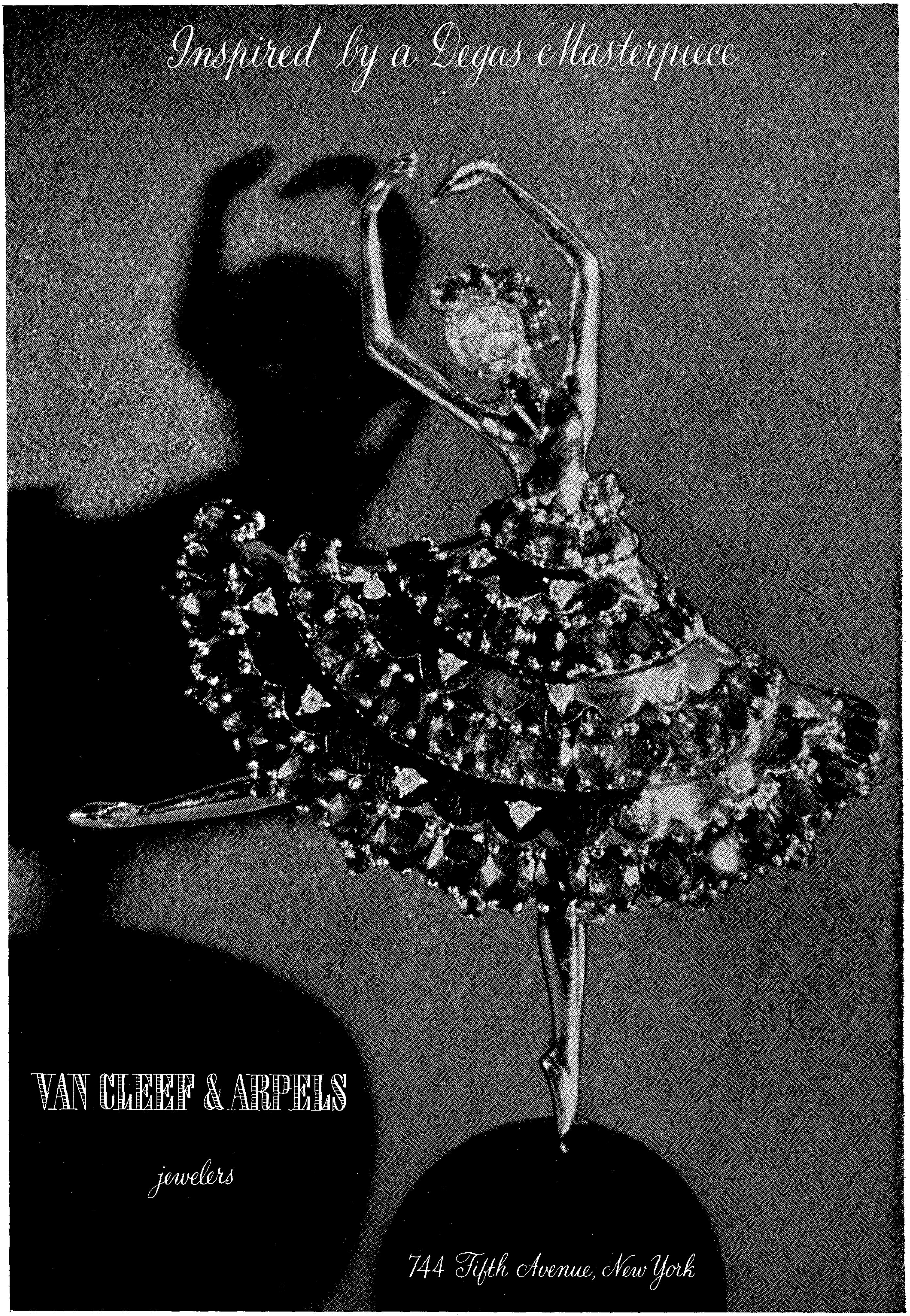
—for the man who's direct, decisive, sometimes difficult, always interesting.

Most perfumes he considers obvious. But he never gets over appreciating the subtle and complicated fragrance of your Écarlate de Suzy—and your taste in choosing this dry, winey, exhilarating perfume.



Suzy Perfumes

Distributed by S. P. F. of America, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York. Made in U. S. A.



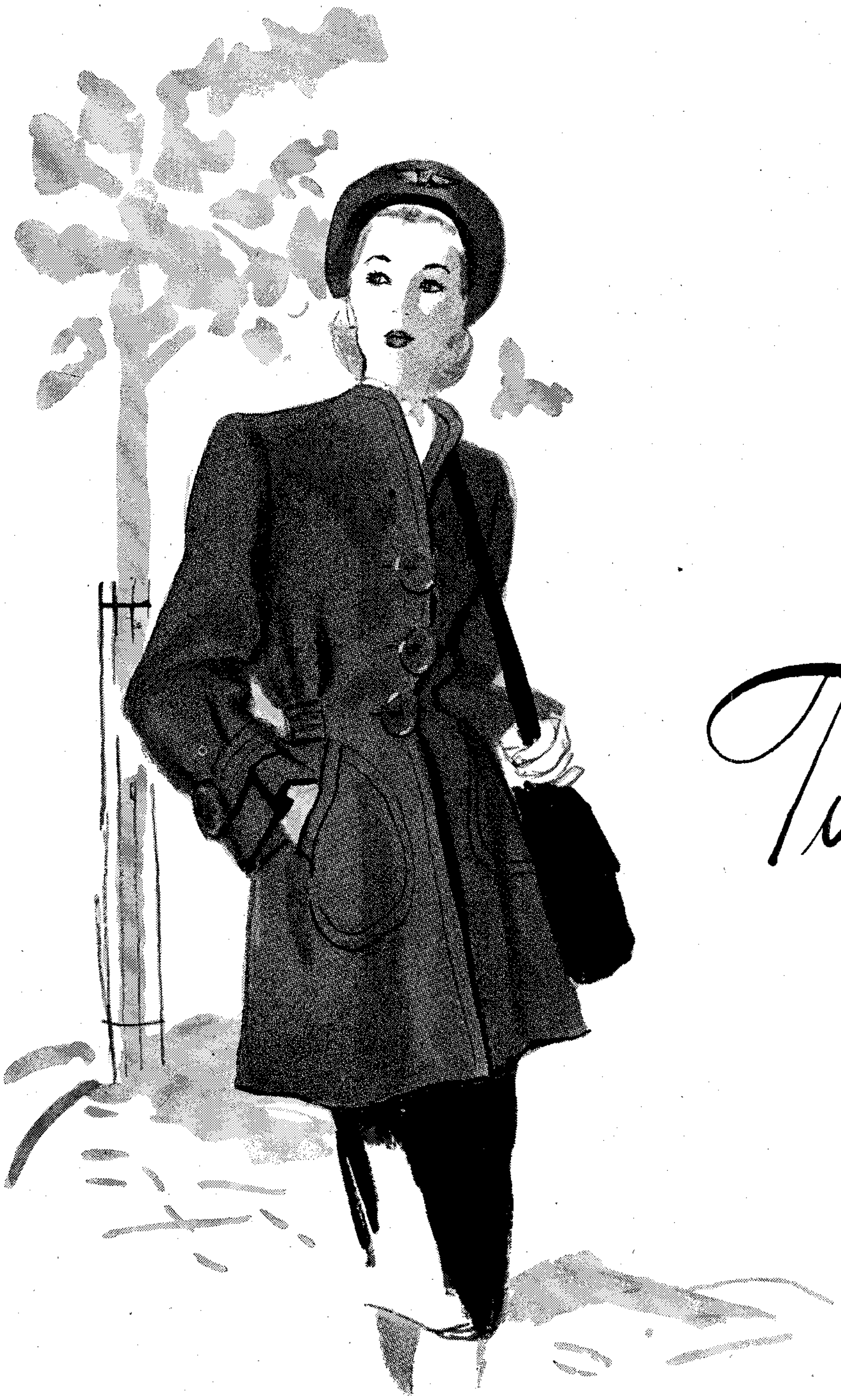
Inspired by a Degas Masterpiece

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

jewelers

744 Fifth Avenue, New York

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK



Tunic Coat

belted at the waistline and then flared! In that vibrant new color, Tangerine, that catches all eyes as you sweep by. Soft, all-wool fleece. Also in shocking, gold, kelly green, navy blue. Sizes 10 to 18, 69.95.

Altman coat fashions, third floor

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

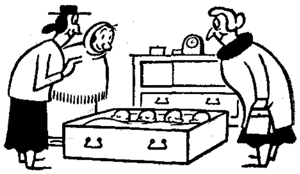
Notes and Comment

Fashion Note: At least one lady of the Red Cross has had the hat of her uniform made by Lilly Daché. A friend of ours saw her being fitted.

Educational Note: A recently married couple discovered that they had hidden from each other their membership in Phi Beta Kappa. The bride thereupon confiscated her husband's key and had the pair made into earrings.

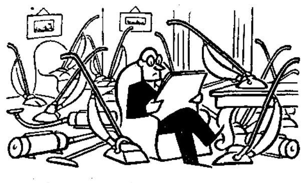
The ethical dispute between those who don't want the German cities bombed and those who do is a familiar interlude in war. Both camps usually ignore the fact that war is, in essence, an atrocious performance. At one crazy extreme is atrocity, at the other crazy extreme is gallantry. In between is war. The side which begins the war commits the first and ugliest atrocity; then the other side accepts the challenge and, if it is serious about winning and is convinced of the decency of its own position, is soon forced into whatever forms of atrocity are being used against it. That is an unlovely thing for the pacifistic, the religious, the sensitive mind to contemplate, but it is inescapable. The bombs of Rotterdam, the bombs which buried the English children in the English ruins, eventually become the bombs of Berlin. The spectacle is sickening beyond words, but in war (as in any long sea voyage from which there is no turning back) nausea is not sufficient ground for altering course. To head off the bombs of Berlin, one would first have had to head off the bombs of Rotterdam, and this was not done. Today's atrocity is general. It envelops us all, and no clergyman, merciful in his pulpit, can escape responsibility by the easy trick of introducing some local ground rules at this late date. Any such person who still has the strength for intellectual processes had better employ it not in fending off bombs from Berlin but in examining the inexcusable pattern of life which can again set a first bomb in motion—wherever it may fall, and dropped by whatever side or in whatever cause.

When the quadruplets of Derbyshire were born to the British barmaid, Nora Carpenter, the person we were sorriest for was Clarence Streit. Mr. Streit had, after all, devoted the best years of his life to an attempt to make union with Britain seem plausible and vivid, but the truth is that union had never seemed either plausible or vivid until an American staff sergeant named Bill Thompson got to work on the theme. Four babies in a bureau drawer, illegitimate but cute, seemed completely acceptable on both sides of the ocean as evidence of compatibility, unity, virility, and a bright common destiny for the Anglo-American race. All that now remains is to make the thing legal, first for Bill and Nora, then for the rest of us. The local cinema has given Nora flicker tickets for life, which is probably as good a beginning as any.



Elsa Maxwell, in a column about Dewey, pointed out that our Presidential candidates, as often as not, have nothing in particular to recommend them. Miss Maxwell was disturbed by the fact that people get to be Presidential timber in a haphazard way, which is certainly true. Why, she asked, wouldn't it be just as sensible to pick a name at random from the phone book? This idea sounded so promising that we opened our directory without a moment's hesitation and let our fateful finger fall. Our candidate turned out to be a fellow by the name of Dee—Michael F. Dee, 32 Bway, a lwyr. Any political party that's interested in him can reach him at DIgby 4-0171. He's probably had as much political experience as Willkie, at that.

If signs and portents mean anything, and we're almost inclined to believe they do, something really big is due to happen. A sixteen-year-old boy walked into a Brooklyn police station the other day and pelted the cops with eggs. A timber wolf was reported on the loose in New Jersey, and a whale managed to get stuck in the Lewes canal in Delaware. A Tennessee attorney asked for postponement of a case because he had a new set of teeth and could not yet enunciate properly, and in a court in New Jersey an attorney hit his client with a chair. The *Daily Worker* came out with an editorial defending Wall Street capitalists against Henry Wallace's charges, calling them "clear-headed," and Abercrombie & Fitch devoted a window to the Russian way of life. A man bit the end off another man's nose in a Jersey bar. Someone left a trench mortar in a smoking car on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and a woman in Indiana reported that she had lost ninety dollars out of an open-toe shoe. A local night club named the Torrid Zone burned down before it had a chance to open. California police picked up a sleepwalker who was carrying an alarm clock set to ring at six o'clock, and Newark police got suspicious of a man with a hundred and ten vacuum cleaners in his apartment, all of which, as it turned out, he had bought legitimately. A literary agent sold the Urdu-language rights to a novel called "Escape." A woman in Hartford bought a bond with $375 she had been saving up for a divorce, because she "hated



Hitler more," and the Department of Commerce announced that it had developed a device to measure the amount of creep in a shirt-tail.

Sic Transit

IT'S just as well that no tunnels or subways will be dug for the duration, since the only employee of the Board of Transportation who was ever able to make them come out exactly right has just retired, at the rather advanced retirement age of seventy-six. He's a smallish, hale old gentleman named Henry August Brandis, who was, for example, partly responsible for the fact that the two crews digging the Holland Tunnel met midway under the North River with a discrepancy of only one-eighth of an inch in the joining of the two holes. That's *good.* His part was tuning up and adjusting the transits and other surveying instruments used by the city engineers, so that the factor of mechanical error would be negligible. We have Mr. Brandis's word that this is a chore calling for years of practice—"and who else but Henry Brandis has had sixty-one years of practice?" he mildly asked us. The Board of Transportation, for one, doesn't know who else, which is why he was retained for six years after the regular retirement age. The Board just said flatly that he was indispensable.

Mr. Brandis's municipal career didn't begin until he was sixty, quite a while after he had retired from business as a manufacturer of surveying instruments. But we'll get back to the beginning. His father was an instrument maker—supplied the engineers who built the Brooklyn Bridge. Young Henry left P.S. 18, in Brooklyn, at the age of fifteen and joined his father in the business. He learned to make levels, transits, theodolites, range finders, sextants, and box compasses, turning the metal parts on a footpower lathe. He found he had a natural bent for transit making, and for the next forty years he made a transit every two weeks—a transit, by the way, being the common type of surveying instrument, involving a small telescope, a tripod, etc. "You turned each piece to suit yourself alone," Mr. Brandis told us, "and weighed and measured and fitted them all together, and when you got through, each one was your own work of art, to thine own self true. Now what do the smarties do? They have an assembly line, just as if a transit were a refrigerator, and where is the romance in that?" Mr. Brandis continued to roll his own until 1923, when he sold his plant and goodwill to another company. For the next few years he supported himself by playing the stock market. "Never made a killing, never went under," he reported to us. "I'd sell a little razor blades, buy soft drinks on margin, sell some railroads, and buy a batch of baby powder. It was sort of interesting for a while, but then I'd moon over those transits I used to make. I'd dream of them at night. Sometimes I'd wake up and think the bedposts were transits on tripods, and I'd be as happy as a transit maker, until I realized they were just bedposts."

There's no telling what kind of state Mr. Brandis might have got into if he hadn't, one day while out strolling on the Eastern Parkway, stopped to chat with a group of surveyors who were working on some problem having to do with the A Train. They were beefing about the fact that it sometimes took as long as four months to get a transit repaired and adjusted. "I know a fellow named Henry August Brandis who can do it for you in precisely one hour," he told them. This led, in practically no time at all, to his being installed in Room 507 at the Board of Transportation Building, along with a lathe, drill press, grinder, and other necessary equipment. In sixteen years at this job, Mr. Brandis rebuilt and repaired surveying instruments of every type, and on occasion went right down with the sandhogs to make adjustments on the spot. When his retirement was announced, his superiors issued a statement mentioning his punctuality and faithful service—sort of an understatement, really, since he had made a practice of arriving two hours early and staying two hours late. He's a bachelor, and his outside life consisted principally of dining at a cafeteria, going home, reading a newspaper, and going to bed. "Never read a book in my life," he says, placidly.

When Mr. Brandis had been working for the Board of Transportation for a couple of years, somebody remembered that he had never taken a civil-service examination and was therefore technically not qualified for the job. He obligingly took the exam and passed it with a record-breaking mark. Then somebody pointed out that he was too old to be allowed to take civil-service exams. At this point the matter was dropped by common consent.

Old Favorite

A THIN dowager in black Persian lamb approached the box office of the National Theatre, where "The Cherry Orchard" is playing, and asked for a single seat for the Saturday matinée. "Not *too* close to the stage," she added. "I've already seen it."

Adventure in Bobby Socks

WE give you, second-hand, the report of three young lady students of the Columbia School of Journalism who, above and beyond the call of curricular duty, disguised themselves in bobby socks one evening and went to Times Square to land themselves an exclusive story on the shadowy world of soldiers, sailors, victory girls, and the police department. The journalists are Florence Brudney, Betty Lou Moorsteen, and Edyth Efron, all twenty-one. We interviewed Miss Brudney and Miss Moorsteen in a booth in the West End Cafeteria, across Broadway from the Columbia campus, a few days after their adventure. Miss Efron was out of town. "We planned to write not an exposé but rather an interpretive article with light touches," Miss Brudney told us.

On the evening in question, the girls met at Miss Brudney's house and assumed their disguises. Miss Moorsteen wore, in addition to socks, a short red cotton skirt, a blue pea jacket with quartermaster's insignia on it, and a red ribbon in her hair. Miss Efron wore slacks and a trench coat decorated with a sergeant's stripes and a police lieutenant's bar. Miss Brudney wore skirt, sweater, and jacket. "About ten-thirty," Miss Moorsteen said, "we started up Broadway from Forty-second and three sailors followed us right away, but we didn't speak to them." "We were still a little inhibited," said Miss Brudney. The girls did, however, manage to wave cheerfully to a couple of traffic cops in an effort to attract attention, their journalistic purpose being to get pulled in. The cops just waved back. "A few women said, 'Look at the bobby-socks girls,' though," said Miss Brudney. At Forty-fifth Street, the girls finally stopped and let the sailors catch up with them. "We asked them if they would like to participate in an experiment and explained that we wanted to get arrested," said Miss Brudney. "We explained that we were reporters. First they just said it sounded like a new approach, but they believed us after a while. They were very sweet about it. They helped us stage four pickups."

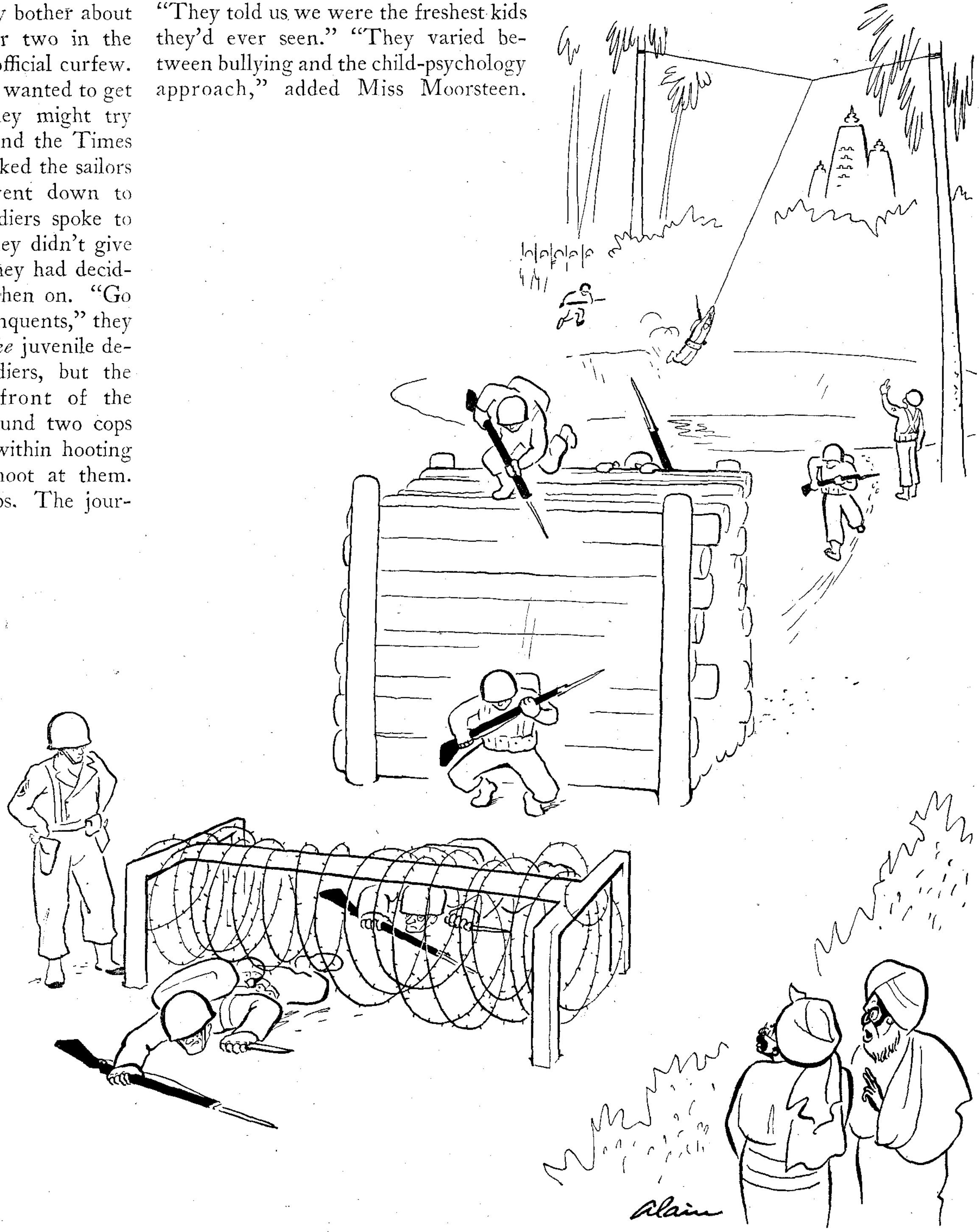
A traffic cop at Forty-fifth Street failed to respond to the most flagrant sort of bobby-sockism going on right under his nose, and Miss Brudney became piqued. She went over and asked him if there wasn't a ten-o'clock curfew and couldn't girls her age be arrested at this hour. The cop said traffic was his racket, not delinquency, and anyhow the police didn't generally bother about young girls until one or two in the morning, in spite of the official curfew. He said that if they really wanted to get into trouble, though, they might try Forty-second Street around the Times Building. The girls thanked the sailors for their efforts and went down to Forty-second. Some soldiers spoke to them on the way, but they didn't give them a tumble because they had decided to work alone from then on. "Go away, we're juvenile delinquents," they told the soldiers. "We *like* juvenile delinquents," said the soldiers, but the girls walked on. In front of the Times Building, they found two cops and, taking up a stand within hooting distance, proceeded to hoot at them. "Go home," said the cops. The journalists persevered, and in the end the cops reluctantly took them off to the Temporary Juvenile Aid Bureau, at 105 West Forty-fourth Street, where there were two plainclothesmen and two plainclotheswomen on duty. Beyond them, only one little colored boy, a runaway waiting to be called for, was in the place, and the girls thought the staff looked rather pleased to see them. "There was a noticeable licking of chops," said Miss Moorsteen.

The girls gave assumed names and addresses and identified themselves imaginatively. Miss Efron said she had spent some time in the Brooklyn State Hospital and Miss Brudney said Miss Moorsteen was her weak-minded cousin from California. In addition, Miss Brudney gave her address as 410 West Seventy-second Street, which one of the policewomen at once pointed out was impossible on account of the Hudson River. They all said they were born in 1926. When a cop asked them how old they were, one said fifteen, another said sixteen, and the third said seventeen, thereby giving the man an idea of what he was up against. "They grilled us for two hours," said Miss Moorsteen. "We put on dumb expressions and we used tough accents," said Miss Brudney. "They told us we were the freshest kids they'd ever seen." "They varied between bullying and the child-psychology approach," added Miss Moorsteen.

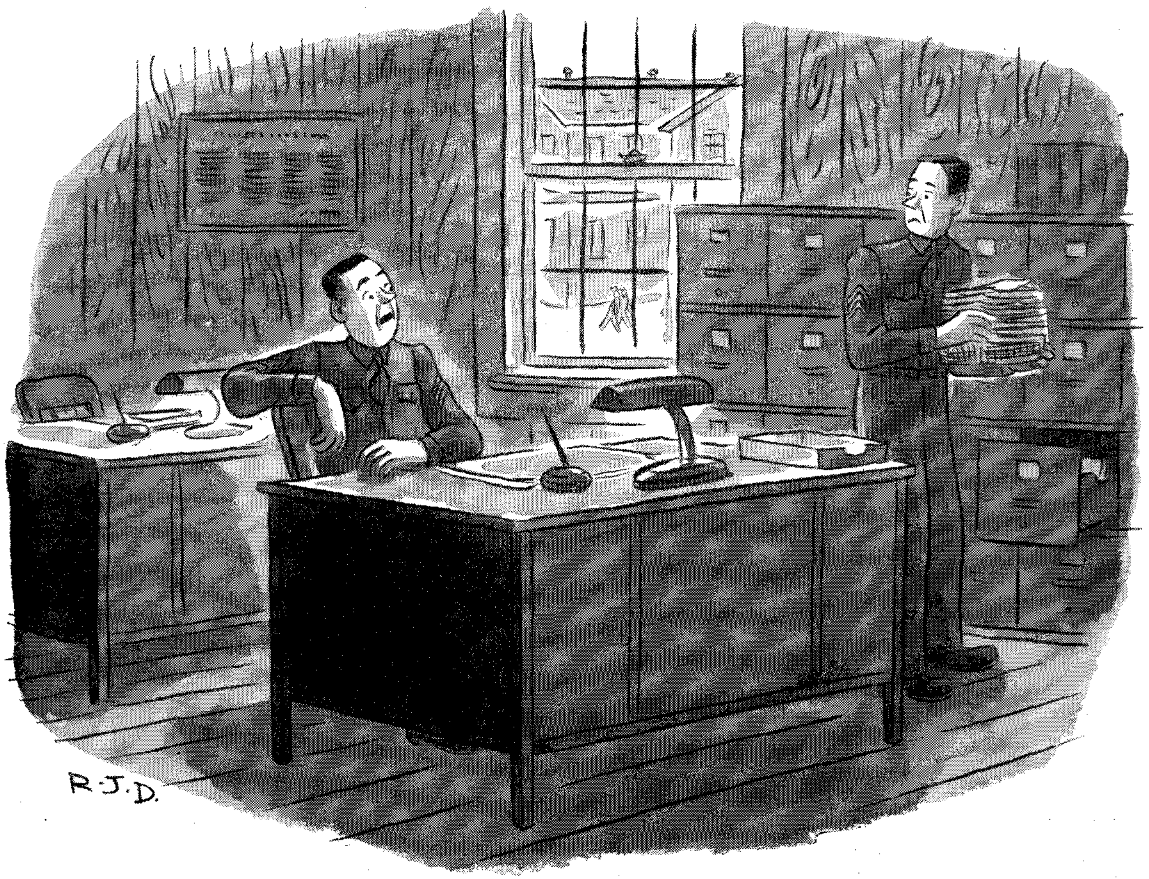
The girls' ruse was finally penetrated when one of the policewomen looked through Miss Moorsteen's pocketbook and found her driver's license, whereupon they confessed. "They told us we'd fooled them completely," said Miss Brudney. "They were really very pleasant about it."

Frankie and Johnny

As we got this story, a suburban matron steamed into the Biltmore, late for an appointment with her hus-



"It's probably some form of penance."



"This is a hell of a place to be stuck. Any good second lieutenant could handle this job."

• •

band, who had arranged to take her to lunch with a business acquaintance. Not finding him in the lobby, she made for the dining room. At the entrance, the headwaiter asked if he could help her. "No, thank you," the matron said. "I just want to go inside and look for my husband. He's lunching here with a friend." At this, the headwaiter unobtrusively blocked her way and casually inquired, "A lady?" "No, a man," she said. "Oh, that's all right, then," he said, bowing her in.

Waiting for the Ad Men

THE world's most exhaustive collection of books relating to tobacco—five thousand-odd volumes, gathered by a local tobacco magnate named George Arents and now valued at more than two hundred thousand dollars—has come to rest at last in the Public Library, where a special room, the Tobacco Room, has, at Mr. Arents' expense, been fitted up by W. & J. Sloane as an exact duplicate of Mr. Arents' study in Rye. Mr. Arents has reserved for himself the right to borrow the books, and, his office being close enough to allow him to drop in whenever he likes, he is happy as can be. We visited the Tobacco Room last Monday and had a talk with a Miss Dixon, who told us she had been connected with the collection for a matter of fifteen years. She's just finishing up with the cataloguing and arranging of the volumes, after which she will withdraw and the management of the collection will be formally turned over to the Library.

In addition to books, the Tobacco Room houses a cigar-store Indian named Squanto—"The man from Sloane's thought he was wonderful," Miss Dixon said; a cigar-store Scotsman, holding a snuffbox, which dates back to the Scottish Rebellion of 1745; some jars from an eighteenth-century English tobacco shop; and a portrait of Mr. Arents, hanging over a motto that goes, "The Man Who Smokes Thinks like a Sage and Acts like a Samaritan." "It's from Bulwer-Lytton," Miss Dixon reminded us. "You remember Bulwer-Lytton." She said that the collection is by no means completed. Mr. Arents plans to make additions to it from time to time; for example, he'd probably toss in a first-folio Shakespeare if anybody could find in it a reference, however indirect, to tobacco. Practically all the great English authors are represented in Mr. Arents' collection except Shakespeare. Years ago a book dealer heard that Mr. Arents would buy a first folio if a reference to tobacco could be found in it, and he showed up one day screaming about the word "pipes" he'd discovered in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The pipes turned out to be flutes. Bacon, a contemporary of Shakespeare (if not actually Shakespeare himself), mentions tobacco freely. There's probably a project in this for a Ph. D. thesis.

So far, none of the Library's clientele has shown up under the assumption that the Tobacco Room is a place thoughtfully provided for smokers. "I've thought of that," Miss Dixon said when we asked her. "I could tell them that we have anti-tobacco literature here, too." The Tobacco Room isn't officially open yet and visitors are fairly few. The average is three callers a day, such as, say, a confused lady Victory gardener in search of information about cross-breeding, a Yale graduate student, and an advertising man from Benson & Hedges, looking for some fresh slants. Miss Dixon regards the advertising man as a portent. "I expect the rest of them will descend on me in platoons before long," she said.

Advice of Counsel

WE have heard from a schoolmaster who found himself sitting in a bus beside a small, sharp-featured man in shabby but neat clothes. He was studying a tattered newspaper clipping which our informant saw was an editorial headed "The Criminal's Privilege of Silence." At Foley Square the small man folded up the editorial, put it in his inside pocket, and left the bus, a block from the Criminal Courts Building.

Report from Tokio

WHEN we read that Jap troops now use the battle cry "To hell with Babe Ruth!" we recalled that in

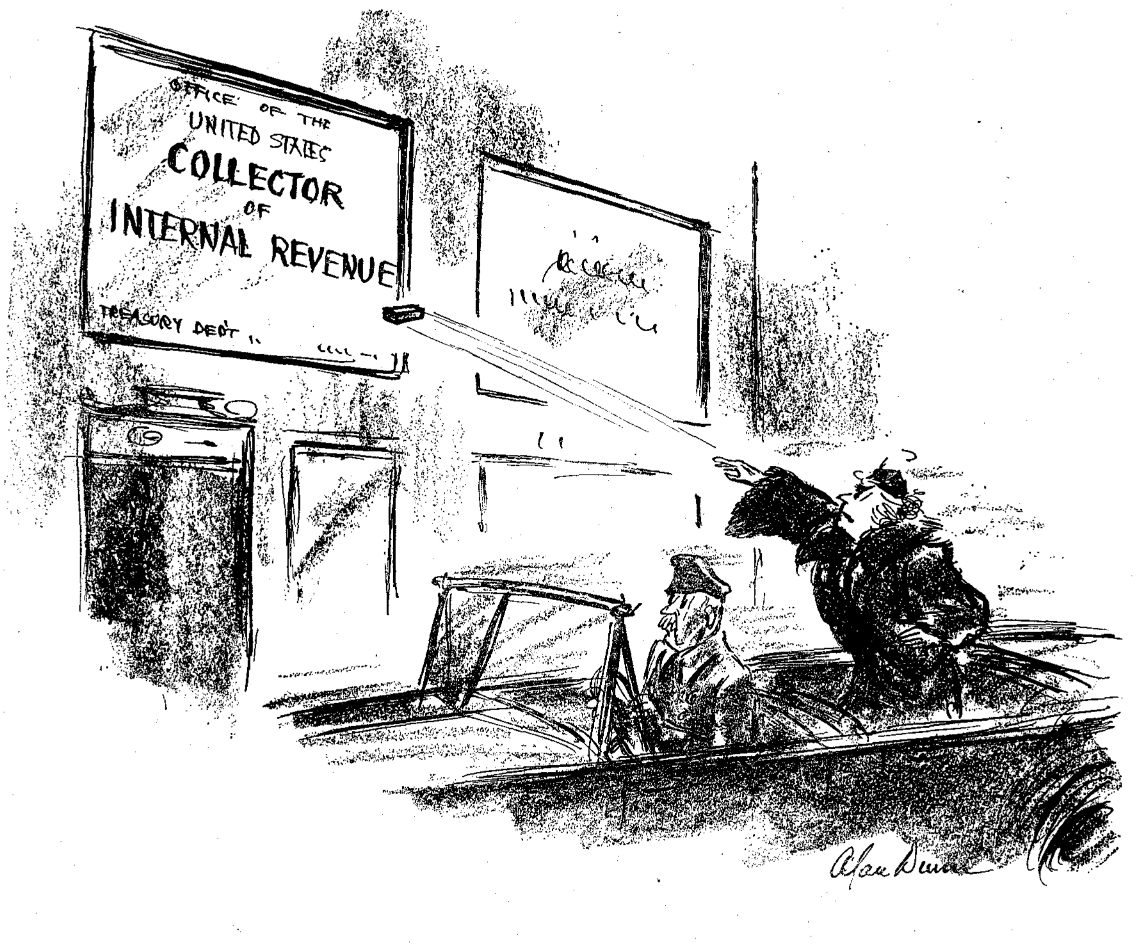
1934 Ruth had conducted an American ball club on a triumphal tour of Japan. One thing leading to another, we had a talk with the Babe himself last week at his apartment on Riverside Drive, where we found him nursing a scratchy throat and taking the Japanese slur in his stride. "Sort of thing you'd expect from the itty-bittys," he said. "I figured at the time that they were acting *awful* friendly. Why, we arrive at Yokohama and there's one million of the little fellows lined up, bowing and cheering and carrying American flags in one hand and Jap flags in the other. We take the train to Tokio and there's another million standing around near the station, all too damned polite. We schedule a practice game at a secret hideaway and when we arrive sixty thousand Japs are there first, yelling their lungs out. We get up in the mornings and are invited to eight different breakfasts by assorted committees. We step out of the hotel room and they're jammed in the corridors and down on the street, waiting for autographs. They were lovely to us, just lovely." As for the games, Ruth said they were held in stadiums, one of them about the size of the Yale Bowl, the only covered portion consisting of ten or twelve boxes reserved for the Royal Family. During the month's tour the Emperor never once turned up. "Wasn't a game we played," Ruth said, "but some royal uncle or nephew wasn't sitting out there under the canopy, so everybody lined up and saluted the cluck, while a cannon went off and a siren blew to let the neighborhood know the game was starting. Hell of a way to play ball."

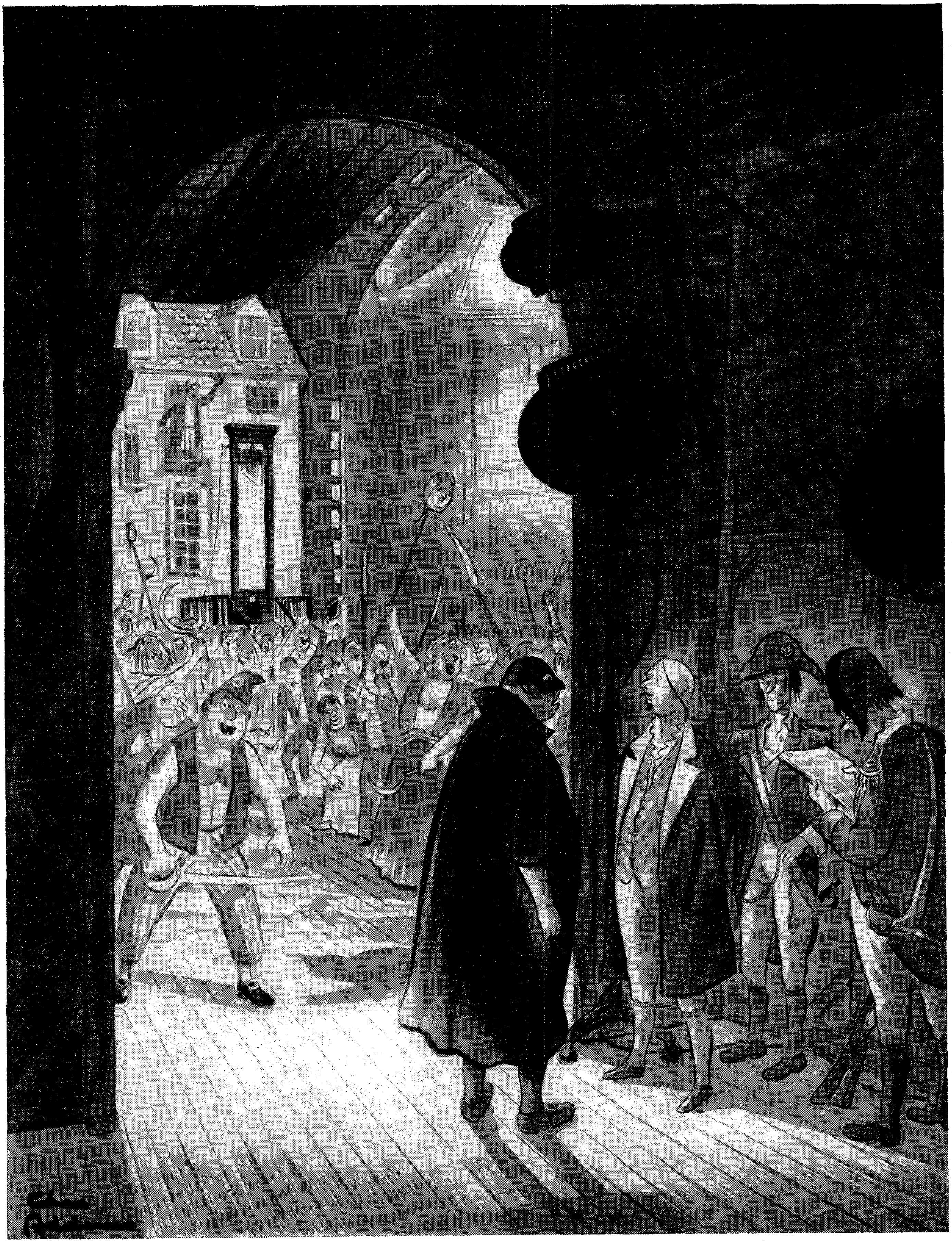
Ruth said it was common for a hundred thousand Japs to pedal out to the stadiums on their bikes, about sixty thousand of them generally arriving by twelve o'clock the night before and standing patiently in line. The Jap players never disputed a decision, Ruth told us; they'd just smile, bow, hiss, and continue with the game. Under no circumstances will Jap crowds razz a player, but they make considerably more noise than Americans. "They're wild men in the stands," he said. "I'd go to bat and they'd yell 'Hooray, God of Baseball, God of Baseball, yee yee yee!' I'd dust off my pants at second and they'd roar fit to die. They don't know the difference between good plays and bad ones, so they yell at everything." Ruth feels that Jap managers tend to mishandle their pitchers, warming them up for a half hour and then making them sit down and cool off for another thirty minutes before the game. "By the time the pitcher starts, he's as cold as a turkey," Ruth said. Pitchers who are batted out of the box save face by bustling to the sidelines and throwing the ball around for twenty minutes or more. We gathered that while Ruth has high regard for the Japs' skill at fielding, he doesn't think much of their hitting prowess. "I knocked out thirteen home runs, but I never saw a Jap hit one over the fence," he said. "A bat is about as big as a Jap, and the fact is, the itty-bittys can't hit."

Throughout the tour, Ruth had a feeling the Japs were studying the Americans, picking up pointers at every turn. "They listen a lot," he said, "and then put two and two together." Ruth gave several baseball talks, mostly at Meiji University. In return he received, with flourishes, a silver cigarette case inscribed with a picture of Fujiyama. Occasionally he offered unsolicited advice during a game. He recalls running into first one afternoon and finding the Jap baseman's foot in front of the bag. "I suggested he better not do things like that, that he'd be happier with his foot behind the bag," Ruth said, "but the Jap told me that was the way he played ball, so I said, 'O.K., son, but the next time I come around I'm liable to take that foot off.' " The Americans played the best Japanese teams and won all seventeen games, but Ruth said they had some close shaves, especially one day when they went eight innings with neither side scoring. "That stadium was turned absolutely wrong side around," he said, "and the sun was right in the batters' eyes, but in the eighth Gehrig got sore and stepped into one, and over the fence it sailed." A few minutes later the siren went off again, and the game was over.

Fun

WE trust we are not revealing a vital naval secret in telling our readers that a small airplane carrier recently spent a few days at anchor in the Hudson, clearly visible from the apartments on the Drive. We wouldn't mention it at all except that a little spy named Miss Riley has informed us that the seamen passed much of their time roller-skating on the landing deck.





"Excuse me, Walter, that's my cue."

THE WILD TURKEY

A TWIG snapped in the darkness. The two brothers who were sitting in the blind stiffened at the sound. They glanced at each other, choked off their breath, which was turning to vapor in the cold, and cocked their heads with motions so identical that they might have been obeying the same set of reflexes. Off in the darkness, there was a faint rustle of leaves that could have been made by the wild turkeys the brothers had come to hunt.

"Maybe it's them," whispered Paul, the younger of the two. "What do you think?"

"Keep quiet, you fool," Robert whispered back. "You want to scare them away?"

Paul said nothing, straining his ears to listen. He felt very cold. The damp chill that went through his hunting jacket and woollen shirt seemed to be running in a steady trickle down his spine. His teeth began to chatter and he clamped his jaws together, forcing the thin rattle to stop. There was another rustle of leaves, louder than the first, and he saw his brother slowly lift his gun. The sound of the leaves seeped into the darkness, losing form and emphasis, and then, abruptly, the silence was broken by a series of muffled thumps.

"Rabbit," Paul said, still speaking in the same hushed whisper. "Off to the left."

Robert nodded and lowered his gun. "The little stinker," he said. "Going to get his tail blown off someday." He shifted the stump of his right leg so that he rested more comfortably on the small wooden box on which he was sitting. "And he ain't the only one," he added. "Them Japs' eyes may be squinted but there ain't nothing squinted about their ears. You go talking out loud in a foxhole . . ."

Paul picked up his gun, making sure the safety catch was on, and laid it in his lap. He was also sitting on a small wooden box which, like Robert's, had once held a dozen or so cartons of shotgun shells. "Don't you worry about me," he said. "I'll come back and I'll come back all in one piece. Wait and see."

"I'll wait." Robert rested his gun upon the knee of his one good leg and the stump of the other. "That's all I *can* do—wait. The whole rest of the world can get into this war, but me—" He gave a repressed snort of disgust. "I might as well be an old man eighty-nine years old. All I say is that I hope you shoot Japs better than you shoot ducks."

"It will be different with Japs," Paul said.

"You're damned right it will be different," Robert said. "Japs shoot back. Ducks don't."

They sat motionless again, hunched against the cold, waiting for the turkeys to come and feed upon the corn that was scattered before the blind. Paul took off his gloves and began blowing on his hands. He told himself he had come on this hunt only to please his brother, who had built the blind and visited it every morning during the fall to bait it so that the turkeys would make a habit of feeding before it regularly, and then he told himself, almost belligerently, that he wished he were home sitting by the fire.

"Don't make so much noise," Robert whispered through his teeth. "What's the matter with you, huffing and puffing like a broken-down steam engine? You want them to hear?"

"They won't hear," Paul said. "They haven't left their roost in the pines yet."

"What difference does that make? All the noise you're making, they can hear you *on* the roost. Ain't you ever going to learn how to hunt?"

Paul didn't answer. He stopped blowing on his hands and began putting on his gloves. Ever since he could remember, he had been afraid of Robert's anger, and he didn't want to do anything that would make him angry now. He felt in the right-hand pocket of his hunting jacket and pulled out a package of cigarettes. "You want a smoke?" he asked cautiously.

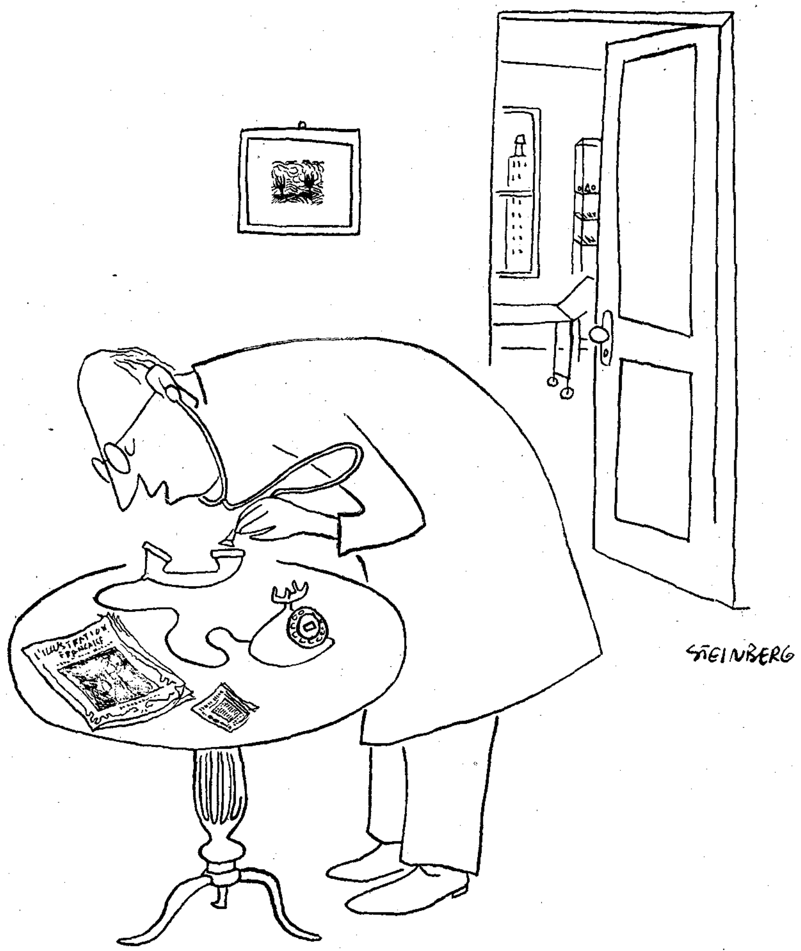
"No, thanks." Robert's voice lost some of its irritation. "You cold as I am?"

"Colder. I've never been this cold. When will it start getting light?"

"Any old minute now," Robert said. "The sun will be rising over the trees in half an hour or so. The turkeys will be late getting here this morning—they always stay late on the roost when it's cold like this. When they do get here, though, there's going to be one less gobbler in the state of South Carolina. That gobbler is already just as good as dead."

Paul bent over and struck a match. He cupped the flame so that its light would not shine through the walls of the blind and lit a cigarette. The smoke, going down into his lungs, felt warm and good. "How will we work it if there's just one gobbler in the flock?" he asked. "There's still a law against shooting hens."

"In that case, you take first crack at him," Robert said. "I'll back you up and get him when he flushes in case you miss—but *don't* you miss, do you hear? I want you to kill your-



"Now inhale deeply, Mrs. Saunders."

self a turkey before you go off to the war. It's kind of a disgrace that you're seventeen years old and ain't shot yourself a turkey yet."

"You never would take me with you," Paul said.

"Don't let on like it was my fault," Robert answered. "You never wanted to come. When I think of all the trouble I had making you go duck hunting last year . . ." He grunted and shook his head. "Not that I think *that* was such a hell of a good idea."

Paul drew in on his cigarette. He looked at his brother and quickly looked away.

Robert noticed his shifting glance. "Forget it," he said harshly. "Don't you know when I'm kidding? What happened could have happened to anybody."

Paul didn't say anything.

"I told you to forget it, didn't I?" Robert said. "You got other things to think about right now. What you want to think about is shooting yourself a turkey." He paused, trying to keep the anger from coming into his voice. "Remember what I told you. Give the flock lots of time. If you don't make any noise, they'll stay out there all morning. Just wait until you've got your gobbler straight down the barrel of your gun and then let him have it."

Paul dropped the end of his cigarette to the earth floor of the blind and crushed it under the heel of his boot. A spark remained alive, dully glowing, and he kept on twisting his heel until the pinpoint of fire was out. "If there's only one gobbler in the flock, why don't *you* shoot him?" he asked.

"I told you he was yours, didn't I?" Robert said. "What's the matter—don't you want to kill yourself a turkey?"

"I guess so."

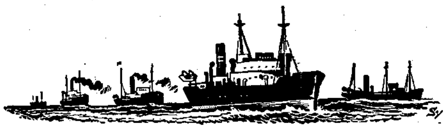
"You *guess* so! Why the hell did you come, then? If that's the way you feel, why didn't you stay at home?"

"I'm just afraid I'll miss," Paul said. "That's all."

"You don't worry about missing," Robert answered. "There ain't any reason for you to miss, and if you should, I'll get him when he flushes. Or maybe you think I won't be able to hit him on account of this peg-leg stump of mine. Is that it?"

"Don't call it a stump," Paul said.

"Why not? A stump is a stump, ain't it?" Robert twisted his neck as though a noose were about it, and Paul could hear him gritting his teeth. "And that's what I've got," he went on. "The stump of a leg with a wooden peg strapped on to the end of it. But if you think it makes any difference to me, or that I hold anything against you, you're crazier than a bull bat. Suppose I can't go off to fight in the war like I want to—one of us had to stay home and look after Mamma and the farm, didn't we? Now, damn it, keep quiet. We've probably gone and scared them turkeys away."



The dawn came slowly. A cold gray light covered the earth like fog. The shapes of trees began to appear, their branches draped with moss, and off to the left, on a pond where the wild ducks fed, there was a subdued quacking, occasionally overridden by the hungry honking of a goose. The sounds of the wild fowl made Paul remember

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INVASION

We wait for the final battle as though it were
The kiss that wakes the princess. When it's over
We shall, of course, live happily ever after,
Each in his house, surrounded by his sons.
It has been written thus.

It also has been written that we are glorious,
Virtuous, noble, courageous, and everything else.
Has it been written, too, that what we touch
Turns instantly to dust, that our dreams are troubled,
And that we sometimes weep?

Written or not, put it down now. File it away
In duplicate, triplicate, anything. Keep it beside you.
We work, my dear friends, under difficult conditions
And we want these facts to be somehow recorded.
It is not too much to ask.

Meanwhile, what was potential becomes more real,
And what was only script is Spectacle.
The seats that are left are on the aisle; the critics
Have cancelled all their engagements for that Day
And for the night to come.

Under the rain and fog the scene is mounted.
The half-track moves to the left, the mortar crew
Upstages the Engineers. The great tanks rumble
Toward the pale backdrop on which a sea is painted
And the barges, the barges.

The prelude to the end is an end in itself.
Not all the actors will rise to take the applause
From their foxholes, slit trenches, and shell holes. Very few
Will stand up dark against the cold, roiled sand
On the cratered beach.

But those who will remain, the virtuous, the noble,
The brave, the glorious, the ones who took
Their time, who had decent cover, who used their heads,
Will accept a few roses from selected hands,
Or even a single flower.

From the silence of the landing craft we salute the world—
The flame-thrower and the demolition man,
The automatic rifleman and the master of the tank.
If our faces blur it is only because of distance;
You know us, every one.

—Harry Brown

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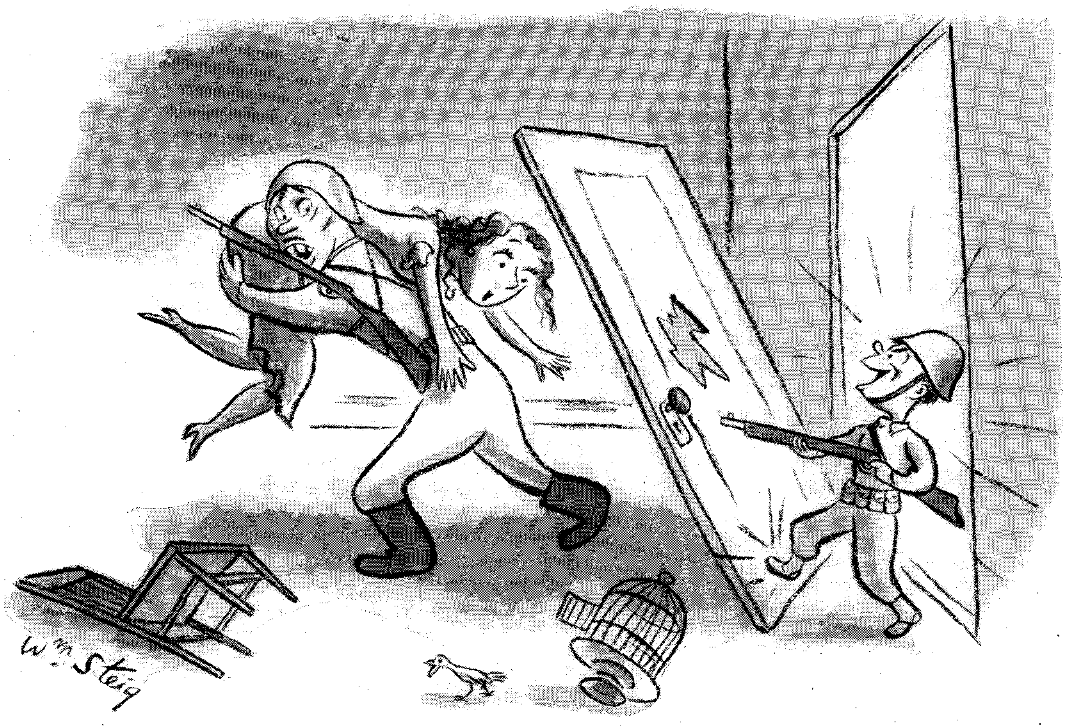

DREAMS OF GLORY

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again how Robert had lost his leg—a goose had been honking on that morning too. All the details of the accident came back to him, even to the color of the rusty strands of barbed wire strung between the sagging fence posts, and he could see Robert lying on his back with his face twisted with pain and the bright gush of blood streaming from the wound the load of the shotgun had made just above the knee, and, protruding from the flesh, the jagged wet splinter of bone which, in a way he had never been able to understand or explain, was part of the bubbling terror of his brother's blood.

A crackling of leaves broke suddenly into his thoughts. He felt his brother go rigid, and then, peering through the aperture in the forward wall of the blind, he watched the turkeys come into view. The flock seemed to be made up only of hens. There were five of them, walking one after the other from the shadow of the trees, the color of their plumage changing from glossy black to a delicate shade of tannish bronze as they came into the light of the open place before the blind. They began to feed upon the grains of corn, clawing the earth with powerful strokes that left long scars upon the soil, churning and scattering the leaves. Robert sat in a kind of animal stillness, housed in his predatory passion, his gun to his shoulder and his cheek leaned against the stock.

Paul reached for his gun. He lifted it so that its muzzle was level with the aperture before him and squinted down the groove between the barrels. At that moment, not more than ten yards from him, a gobbler moved warily from the shelter of the trees. The bird stood absolutely still for a moment, his heavy wattles sagging down to the stiff tassel on his breast, and then began to feed. Paul kept him covered as he moved about, knowing there would never be a better moment to shoot than this, but he could not bring himself to fire. The explosion would be just like the explosion that tore off Robert's leg, and the turkey would die in its own blood, and for an instant, as Paul squinted down the barrels of his gun, he stared into a future which he wished he could escape. He could feel his brother's eyes upon him, commanding him to shoot, and there were a few moments of raging stillness in which his will wrestled with Robert's will, his fear of rousing his brother's anger darkened and confused by all the similar fear he had known in the past. The gobbler kept on feeding before the blind—wild, proud, wonderfully alive.

"You shoot him if you want to," Paul said at last. "I won't."

The sound of his voice caused the turkeys instantly to flush. The air whirred and whistled with the flapping of wings. Robert jumped up to fire, swinging his gun along the gobbler's line of flight, but the wooden peg strapped to the stump of his leg struck the box on which he had been sitting, throwing him off balance. He fired both barrels, one right after the other, but the gobbler flew unharmed through the crash and disappeared beyond the trees.

"You fool!" Robert screamed. "You hammer-headed fool! Why didn't you shoot? Why didn't you?" He lifted the butt of his shotgun above his head, a look of burning hatred on his face, and Paul waited for the blow to fall. "It's on account of you that he got away," Robert went on. "Everything's on account of you. If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't be a cripple. It was you who didn't have sense enough to see that your safety catch was on before you started going through that fence. It's on account of you that I've got to stay home while you go off to the war. If it wasn't for you—" His voice broke and he lowered the butt of his gun and then, all of a sudden, he began to cry.

Paul looked at him, watching the tears run down his cheeks, and, in the sorrow he felt, the endless pity, he went to him and put an arm about his shoulder. "Come on," he said. "Let's go home."

The sound of his voice was strange to him, and the look in his brother's eyes was also strange, but strangest of all was the emptiness he felt. There was a sudden lightness in all the places where fear had been, almost a giddiness, and for an instant, as a wild rejoicing mounted in him, he was afraid that he was going to shout aloud.

—Hamilton Basso

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THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*Frank Sullivan in PM*]

If the newspapers would agree to limit the space devoted to politics between now and November to a one-column daily summary of all campaign activities, the newsprint shortage would be greatly relieved and the editors would deserve the gratitude of every right-thinking voter. And if the newspapers do any such thing I will eat a complete Sunday edition of the New York *Times*, want ads and all, while straddled on the revolving globe in the lobby of the New York *News* Bldg.

BEWARE BODY BUILDING

I'VE been reading in the papers lately that what with the war and the welding and all, ladies ought to take up Body Building. "FIRM UP THOSE LAZY MUSCLES," the advertisements order innocent readers. "TRY BODY BUILDING COURSE NOW." Speaking from bitter experience, I think people should know about Body Building before they recklessly go around firming up those lazy muscles. I took a little flyer in it once and it practically ruined my life.

It was spring in Columbus, Ohio, circa 1931. The birds and the bees were mating all over the Ohio State University campus. I had a beau named Charlie who danced "Tiger Rag" to perfection, my professor in International Money Markets, Economics IV, had a lovely mustache, a local newspaper, which employed me sort of part time as a reporter, raised my wages from $14 to $14.50 a week, and in general I felt fine.

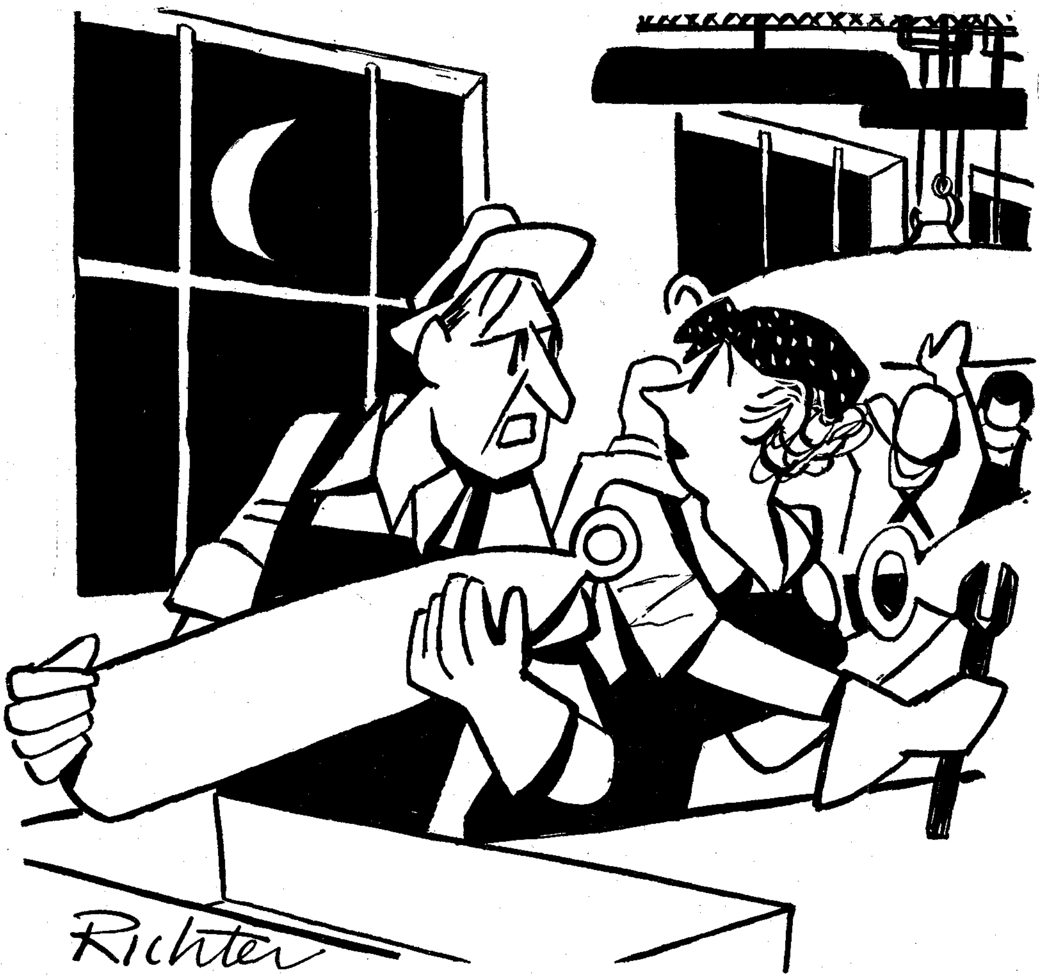
Enter Body Building.

I was as innocent as a young dove that fatal afternoon the Women's Undergraduate Counsellor called me in and gave me that stern ultimatum: Body Building or else no diploma. You see, in order to be graduated from Ohio State University, the female student was required to pass two years of what was obscurely entitled Physical Education. You could sign up for field hockey, for instance. Field hockey was in the dead of winter. You wore commodious black woollen bloomers, Ground Grippers, and either a red or blue sateen jumper over your heavy sweater. You also packed a large, vicious hockey stick with which you belabored the shins of the young ladies on the opposing team. The teacher, a jolly type, blew a whistle and exhorted her pupils to get some spirit into the game: "Show your mettle there, Reds! Blues! Watch that puck!" And all the time the wind blew and the snow sifted down your neck and people hit you in the shins with hockey sticks. I played field hockey for two weeks, after which I quietly turned in my pretty red jumper, reverently laid away my hockey stick, and transferred to Gymnastics II-a. Gymnastics II-a is where you climb ropes and leap over dangerous structures called horses. I lasted two sessions at Gymnastics II-a and then I fell off something I had climbed up. I think it was a ladder. Something quite high. I knew I was going to fall off and I kept howling, "I'm going to fall off!" The teacher kept shouting back, "Nonsense!" After a while I fell off. This made the teacher very angry and we parted for good, on the worst possible terms.

AFTER a few more experiences like that, I had failed every course the Physical Education Department had to offer except an obscure little item listed as Body Building IV-a in the catalogue. I thought this had a rather ugly sound—how right I was!—and besides I was bored with the Physical Education Department. I decided to ignore Physical Education and see what happened. Nothing happened. Years passed, lovely, laughing years. Finally I was a senior, with a diploma practically mine, seeing myself, in my mind's eye, floating around the campus in one of those four-cornered cardboard hats, looking like something out of the Elgin Watch ads. Ah me, I was a dreamer in those days.

Now we come again to the Women's Undergraduate Counsellor. She always used to call me McGurnsey, although that is not my name. "All right, McGurnsey," she would say, "you yellow journalist, you." This referred to a few trifling articles I had written for my employers, denouncing the Women's Undergraduate Counsellor as a waste of public money. I used to plead, in self-defense, that I was just a wage slave, writing under instructions, which was true, but the Counsellor seemed to feel that I ought not to barter my soul for a lousy $14 a week. On the whole, she was right, but I still didn't care for her very much.

So, when I got her latest summons, the spring of my senior year, I figured it was just another big free-speech issue, but it turned out to be much worse than that. The Counsellor called my attention to the university regulations about passing out diplomas, commented briefly on my interesting record in Physical Education, and announced that the Registrar, in view of my heady successes in Economics IV, etc., was prepared to forgive and forget if I passed Body Building IV-a. But this was my last chance.



"Miss Gebbert, I'm nuts about you. I stay awake all day thinking about you."

No mortarboard, no Elgin watch, no engraved parchment, no Senior Prom, no nothing—unless I made good as a Body Builder.

After twelve years, I can now look back on Body Building IV-a and state dispassionately that I have almost never heard of anything worse. In the first place, we body-builders wore a gray cotton one-piece bathing suit, supplied by the university at fifty cents a throw and probably designed to humiliate you and serve you right for not passing field hockey and Gymnastics II-a. One-piece gray cotton bathing suits would perhaps not be so very bad if you looked like Ginger Rogers, but we body-builders did not look like Ginger Rogers. All the girls who did were field-hockey *aficionadas* or maybe soccer queens. We body-builders were just the dregs. Either we were tall and lean and knobby all over, the Abe Lincoln physique, plus glasses, or we were stolid characters, square from the waist up and down, like myself. In any case, we were never born to grace one-piece gray cotton bathing suits, especially when they came in only one size, a medium job, guaranteed to fit the normal figure. The normal figures, of course, were all out playing field hockey.

I lasted through the first few sessions of Body Building all right. I loathed it, but I had the Counsellor's ultimatum ringing in my ears, and so I one-twoed, one-twoed away with the rest of the girls, batting my arms around in a rather silly way and pretending that I was riding a bicycle while flat on my back. We had music while we body-built, too. "The Stars and Stripes Forever." "One-two, one-two! Miss McKenney! We're riding a bicycle, Miss McKenney. Uphill, if you please! *Miss McKenney!*"

I had erroneously concluded that with thirty-nine young ladies, costumed in gray lint, flat on their backs, kicking around thirty-nine pairs of bare legs, either very thin or very fat, we had pretty well reached the lower depths. I was all wrong. The teacher had new treats in store for us.

"Stance!" she cried one day, with hideous enthusiasm. "Posture!"

Even now, when I think of Stance! and Posture! I feel quite a lot like screaming. Stance! and Posture! consisted of trotting up and down a broad flight of stairs with some books piled on your head, all the while arching your neck muscles and goggling at yourself in an immense mirror. We body-builders used to come down the stairs ten at a time, one great mass of gray bathing suits, crashing dictionaries, and bulging eyes. We arched our long, thin, scrawny necks or we quivered our double chins in a pitiful attempt to follow instructions: "You're peacocks, girls! *Peacocks, I said.* Miss McKenney! Why aren't you arching?" To which I could only reply dismally that I *was* arching, but it didn't show. Enough of Stance! and Posture!

Body Building IV-a came Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 11 A.M. You were allowed two cuts. The third time you didn't show up you were doomed. I took my two cuts Monday and Wednesday of the fourth week. And then early Friday morning Columbus had a gang war. I suppose it served me right for passing up Stance! and Posture! but at the time I felt that heaven itself had conspired to doublecross me. Friday at ten-thirty I was down at the city jail, interviewing the most long-winded gun moll it has ever been my misfortune to meet. Every time I started nervously for the exit, Body Building in mind, dopey old Evangeline would sing out, "That reminds me, Miss, like that time we stuck up the First National Bank, boy, that was a good 'un, we killed lots of people, it was all bloody all over!" Of course I knew she was making it all up just to get a good press, but I'd stay another five minutes to talk her out of it—suppose the rival afternoon paper blossomed out with a few little bank robberies I couldn't account for to my city editor? It just goes to show that you can't serve Mammon and the Women's Undergraduate Counsellor simultaneously. By 11:10 A.M. I was all through with both gun molls and Body Building IV-a.

Three days later I was the centre of a big psychiatric feud, the Women's Undergraduate Counsellor versus the university Department of Psychology, with plenty of bad blood on both sides and me firmly caught in the middle. I guess it was all my fault, but it certainly was a surprise. I went around to see the Women's Undergraduate Counsellor, pleading for one more chance at that good old Body Building IV-a. I knew the Counsellor was slightly prejudiced against crime news in the papers, so I covered up on the gun-moll episode and claimed that I just plain forgot Body Building that fatal Friday.

"How do you mean, you forgot?" said the Counsellor, a formidable lady with pure white hair combed into bristly bangs. "McGurnsey, I can hardly believe that. Even though you needed Body Building to get your diploma, it slipped your mind. Is that it?"

I gulped. It sounded rather bad the way she put it, but I couldn't suddenly trot out the gun moll. Not now, I couldn't.

"Never mind," the Counsellor said, suddenly getting chummy. "These things can be cured."

"What?" I said.

"You have a block," the Counsellor informed me with brisk enthusiasm. "Lots of people have blocks. It's nothing. Your mind is just resisting Body Building."

"Well," I said.

The Counsellor settled down for a heart-to-heart talk. It seemed that if you caught a block in time it was a mere triviality. But if you let a block flower into full bloom, you eventually ended up thinking you were Napoleon or Caligula or Elbert Hubbard. The Counsellor knew of somebody who thought he was Elbert Hubbard. He went around making scrapbooks until his family had to put him away. At this point I tried to tell the Counsellor about the gun moll.

"Ah, McGurnsey," she said, "don't be ashamed of your block, my dear."

We talked for a long time, but in vain. The Counsellor got the Department of Psychology on the wire and told them about my block, and evidently they cheered hoarsely. I guess they didn't get blocks just any old day. Finally she hung up and pronounced sentence. "Every day at eleven," she said, "their Miss Gillepsie will treat you."

"Treat me?" I inquired in a hollow voice.

"Psychoanalysis," said the Counsellor happily. "It does wonders."

She drew a firm line in red ink through Body Building IV-a on my schedule and wrote in, "Psycho, Mondays etc. at 11."

"Report there daily, McGurnsey," she said pleasantly but with considerable firmness, "and I'll see that the Registrar certifies your diploma."

WE now come to the big *Sturm und Drang* period in my harried career. The Department of Psychology, in the person of Miss Gillepsie, probed around a little in my excessively normal mind and then sent me back, with a snort of indignation, to Body Building IV-a. Too late. The Counsellor had really fixed things up for me with the Body Building teacher; she had told her that the horrors of IV-a had unhinged my mind, more or less. Stung by this insult to her course, the teacher would have no more of me. On the contrary. The moment she saw me wandering around without a keeper she squealed to the Women's Undergraduate Counsellor. The Counsellor saw red and telephoned Miss Gillepsie.

"I'm sending McGurnsey right back!" she bawled. "You take care of her!"

"Is that so!" Miss Gillepsie replied furiously.

"There was this gun moll," I kept muttering, wringing my hands in the background.

Miss Gillepsie got so mad at the Women's Undergraduate Counsellor that she hypnotized me, for revenge. The general idea was that Miss Gillepsie would show the Counsellor I did not have anything wrong in the head or know the reason why.

I was slightly wary of this hypnosis business at first, but Miss Gillepsie talked me into it. I might have known it would turn out badly. People ought not to fool around with their minds. You never know what will happen. In this case, my whole life practically went to pot. You see, I didn't know how long hypnosis took. We started off at 11 A.M. with me staring at a twirling steel globe and Miss Gillepsie droning away, "You're going to sleep, you're going to sleep." When I woke up it was 1:30 P.M. and I had missed a big golden-wedding assignment I was supposed to cover for my employers. Miss Gillepsie was triumphant because the hypnosis had proved, just as she thought, that I was a simple extrovert without a neurosis to my name, but I was a little nervous because my employers were apt to get sore if you missed golden weddings. So while Miss Gillepsie was busy on the phone, gloating to the Women's Undergraduate Counsellor, I was thoughtfully wending my way downtown on a streetcar, thinking up good excuses to tell my city editor. In the end I decided just to tell him the truth. I'd got in enough trouble making things up.

"Hypnotized?" cried the city editor. "No kidding?"

One thing led to another and the next day the paper had a big feature story, with my byline in eighteen-point type, entitled, "I Was Hypnotized by Ohio State University."

The story was perfectly accurate, but in lieu of photographs of this big event the staff artist had drawn some little pen-and-ink sketches featuring Trilby and a man who looked like Dracula. Our home edition hit the streets at eleven o'clock. By noon the protests were pouring into the office of the Women's Undergraduate Counsellor. Hordes of outraged parents were threatening to withdraw their daughters from the university before somebody hypnotized them when they weren't looking. The Counsellor tried to tell them you couldn't hypnotize an unwilling subject, but parents are touchy about their daughters and hypnosis is widely misunderstood by the American public.

The next day I had a notice from the Registrar's Office stating that in view of my failure to comply with university regulation 2356-2A (student must receive satisfactory grades in two years of Physical Education) I could not be considered a candidate for the Bachelor of Arts degree at the coming university commencement exercises.

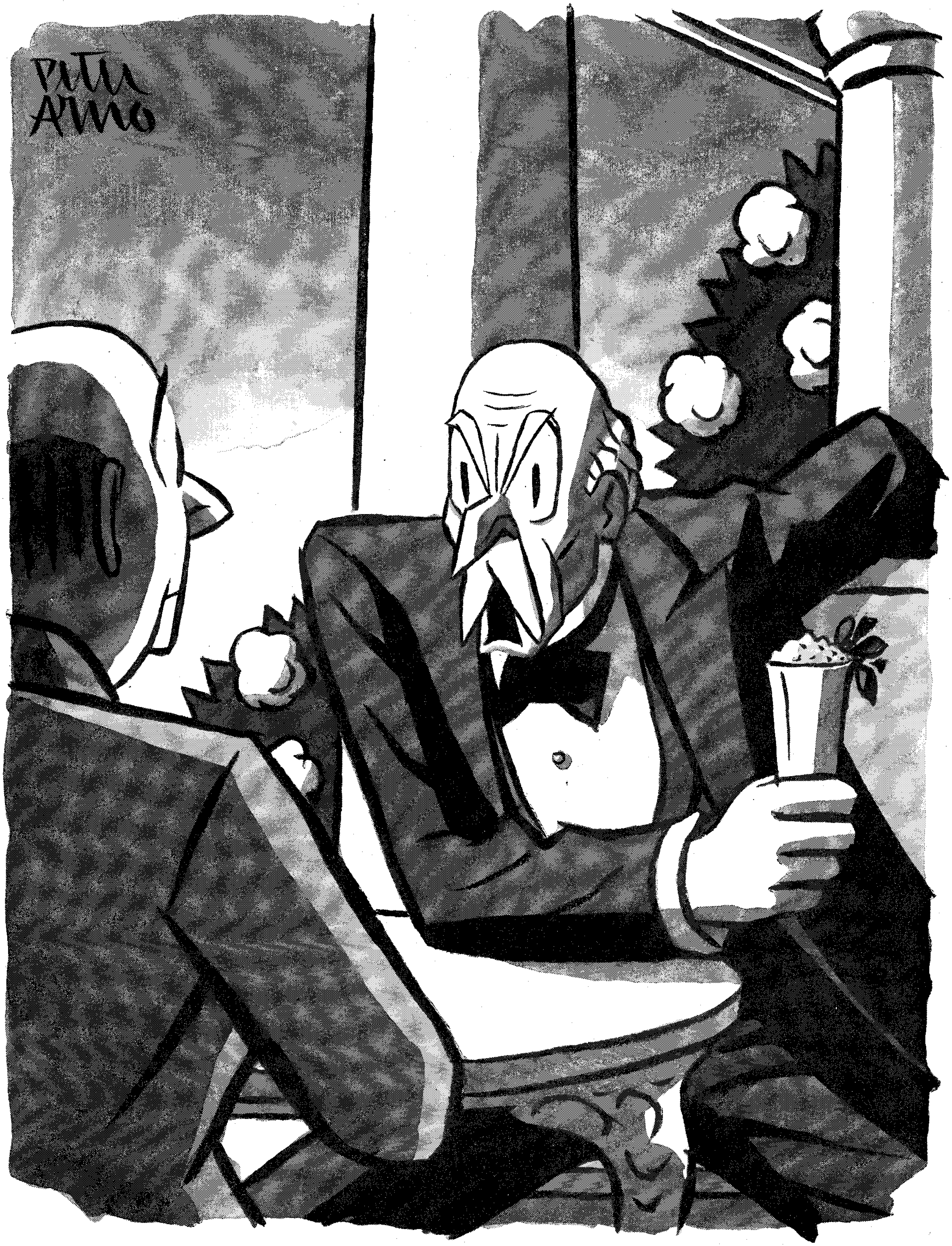
Well, this gives you a rough idea of Body Building. Watch out for it.

—RUTH McKENNEY

•

His bureau handled 13,386 cases of missing persons last year. Of these 5,033 were women and girls and 6,302 men and boys.—*The Times.*

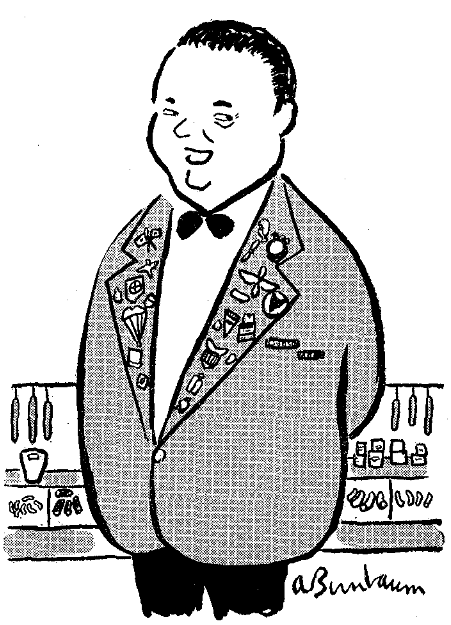
Well?



"What would I do if I were General Eisenhower? I'll tell you what I'd do if I were General Eisenhower. I'd do exactly what General Lee would have done if he'd been General Eisenhower! That's what I'd do if I were General Eisenhower, suh!"

PROFILES

THE BARD IN THE DELICATESSEN



Louis G. Schwartz

RARELY have a man and his environment been in greater harmony than Louis G. Schwartz and the Sixth Avenue Delicatessen. Both are physically small but spiritually colossal. The delicatessen, which is on Sixth Avenue between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth Streets, is a hole-in-the-wall only nine feet wide and seventy-five feet deep, but it dispenses, over the counter and at tables in the rear, approximately a ton of corned beef and pastrami every seven days. The delicatessen mirrors its rich and sporty clientele, radio and theatrical celebrities who work or live in the neighborhood and a substantial backlog of merchants and their families. An order for one turkey sandwich is considered a chore, whereas an order for a thousand turkey sandwiches with Russian dressing and cole slaw, to go out, is filled joyously and considered an inspiring challenge. In this setting, Louis G. Schwartz, one of the establishment's four waiters, is the glittering, central jewel. For some years now I have known Schwartz and held him in high esteem, and I often drop into the delicatessen for the sheer pleasure of watching him at work. Schwartz, who is known to everyone in his acquaintance as Louie the Waiter, is a short, round blob of a man, with plump pink cheeks and a bouncy walk. He is forty-two. His customers and colleagues consider him a hero. They admire him as a waiter and respect him as a poet ("Send a Salami to Your Boy in the Army" is one of his more widely quoted rhymes), but they reserve their awe, as I do, for his ability to sell War Bonds in large amounts to customers who enter the store with nothing more in mind than a plate of chopped chicken liver. Singlehanded, he has sold almost exactly four million dollars' worth of War Bonds since Pearl Harbor. No other waiter in New York—or anywhere else, for that matter—can touch his record.

Louie's prowess has not gone unnoticed. For one thing, he has shaken hands with Secretary Morgenthau at the Treasury's offices in Rockefeller Center; Walter Winchell buys bonds from him in unrevealed quantities and occasionally mentions him with enthusiasm in his column; he has appeared at bond rallies with Mayor LaGuardia, who is approximately his size and shape; he has been heard on the radio program "We, the People;" the American Women's Voluntary Services have made him their only male honorary member in the metropolitan area; and he has received an Award of Merit from the Treasury in the form of a scroll, along with a letter signed by the State Administrator and the State Chairman of the War Finance Committee. Louie always carries this letter with him, to establish his identity with new prospects. "You'll buy War Bonds sooner or later, so get them today from Louie the Waiter," he recently whispered in the ear of a startled newcomer to the delicatessen, a man who simply wanted supper. Then he pulled out the letter and read, " 'Just think what it would mean to the war effort if every waiter in New York City sold only twenty-five per cent of your total. Congratulations!' " Louie backed away and paused. "From the U. S. Treasury!" he cried, and wheeled off to another table. By the time Louie returned, the customer had about regained his composure. "A bowl of pot cheese, please," he said meekly, "and a fifty-dollar bond."

In many respects, Louie is the ideal salesman, a paragon of tact, good humor, and stubborn devotion to his product. The Treasury has prepared countless pamphlets, posters, throwaways, and elaborate sets of instructions to aid bond salesmen, but Louie considers all these devices unnecessary. His success is almost entirely due to the force of his personality. Being at peace with himself and with the world in which he works, he smiles often and radiantly. Furthermore, he has a constitutional inability to take no for an answer. "About drives I am ignorant," he told a customer who begged off buying a bond on the ground that he was waiting for the Fourth War Loan Drive to start. "Here every day is a drive going on." The man bought a hundred-dollar bond and went back to his noodle soup. Louie evaluates his customers as they study the menu. While they are deciding whether to take, say, the Sixth Avenue Special (a three-decker sandwich: tongue, hot pastrami, chicken-salami, Russian dressing, and cole slaw) or the Jack Pearl Special (a three-decker: spiced beef, tongue, lettuce, and tomato), Louie studies their clothes and their appearance in general. By the time they look up, he has made an estimate of how big a bond they're good for. He may revise this figure during the course of the meal, but generally he sticks to the figure he set for himself at the start. He may occasionally go up, but he rarely goes down. Several weeks ago a florid gentleman in a double-breasted pin-stripe blue serge beckoned to Louie and asked for an extra portion of butter. Louie, who had started to talk War Bonds to the man, had marked him down for a hundred-dollar one, but a certain quality of desperation around the corners of the man's mouth called for an instant revision. "That will cost you exactly three hundred and seventy-five dollars," Louie told him, then headed for the kitchen. When he returned with the pat of butter, the man's check was on the table.

TODAY, at the height of his powers, Louie is selling an average of seven thousand dollars' worth of bonds a week. On occasion he has taken in nine or ten thousand dollars over a brisk weekend and he has even made a couple of hundred-thousand-dollar sales. Since his clients do not receive the bonds until several days after they have paid Louie for them, his cash business is based on complete confidence between buyer and seller. Louie rarely carries less than four hundred dollars in cash in his pockets, representing purchases made by customers who merely hand him the money and do not ask for a receipt. "I would no more want a receipt from Louie the Waiter," one of his clients said a while ago, "than I would request myself to give me an I.O.U." Louie works a nine-hour shift at the delicatessen, from six in the evening to three in the morning, and he utilizes practically every spare moment, on duty and off, to extract bond money from his customers. He makes phone calls, sends notes, and collects cash on daily tours to the offices and homes of his clients. In his apartment he keeps a file of steady customers, alphabetically arranged in several notebooks, and consults it constantly to see who is due for another bond. He estimates that he spends about fifteen dollars a week out of his own pocket for postage, carfare, and phone calls to prospective buyers. Last Christmas all his regular clients received a greeting card bearing a rhyme composed, of course, by Louie: "Buying War Bonds helps a lot, To put the Axis on the spot." Louie is constantly hopping to the phone while he is on duty, to accept War Bond orders; when he is out of the store, the proprietors either take the messages or tell his customers to call him at home. To make matters easier for people who phone in for bonds while he is off duty, Louie has arranged to be listed in the next Manhattan telephone directory as "Louie the Waiter War Bonds 1370 6AV CI 7-6289." No. 1370 is his home address, three doors from the delicatessen. He and his wife have an apartment there.

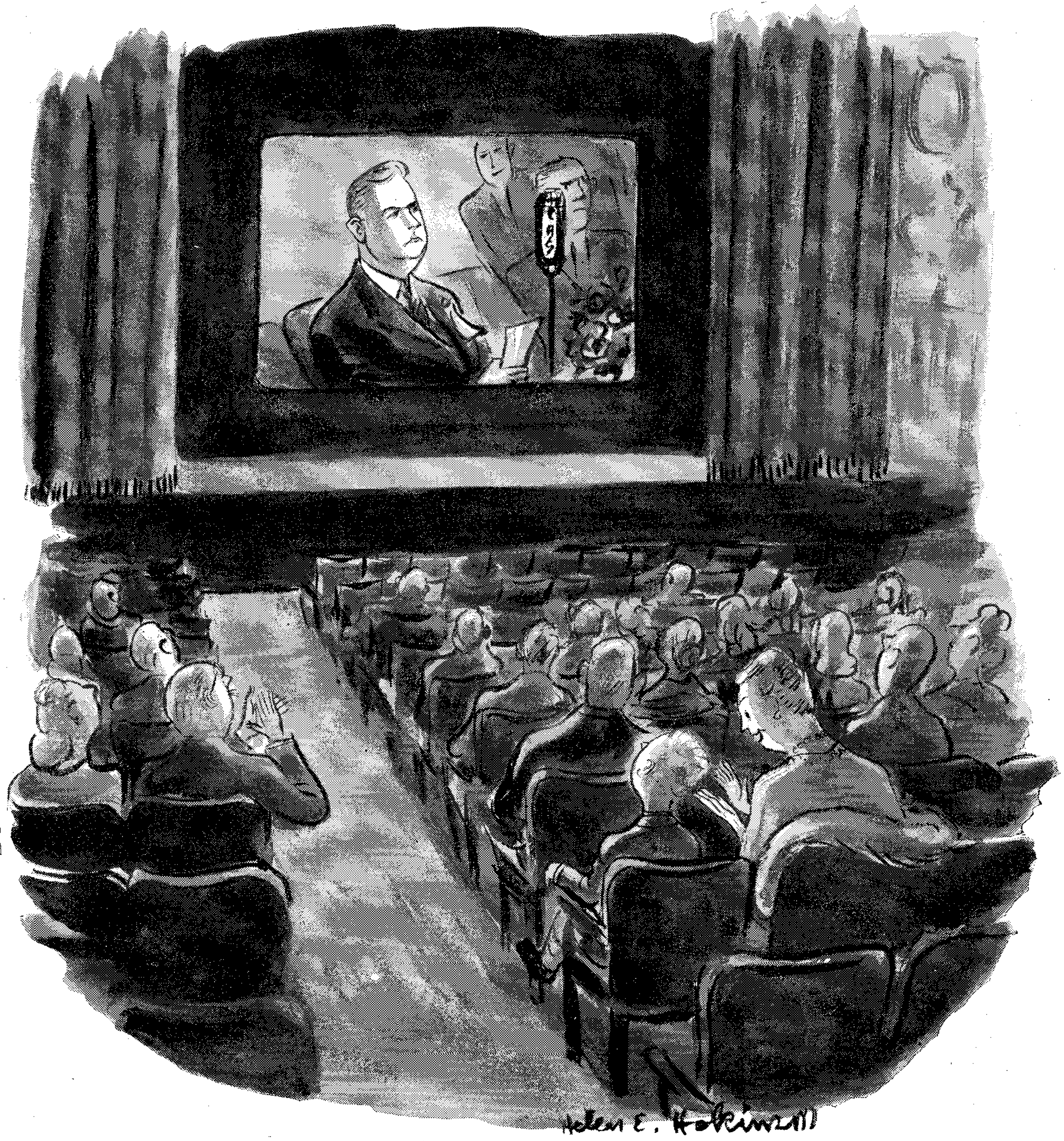
Louie's devotion to War Bonds has been heightened by the war record of his son-in-law, Lieutenant Thomas Berschig. Berschig, a navigator in the Army Air Forces and a holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, was on his fortieth combat mission when his plane was shot down over Foggia, Italy, last November. Observers saw him bail out, but there was no word of his whereabouts for several weeks. On Christmas Eve, the War Department notified his family that he was a prisoner in Germany. Louis passionately believes that every War Bond actually shortens the war, and after every sale he feels that he has brought Lieutenant Berschig one day nearer home. When we entered the war, Louie had merely a normal interest in bonds. He began selling them at the suggestion of a group of ladies from the War Bond section of the American Women's Voluntary Services who occasionally eat lunch at the delicatessen, their office being around the corner, on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street. Four days after Pearl Harbor, Louie was serving corned-beef sandwiches to the ladies. One of them, a Mrs. Edell, admired his pale-blue waiter's jacket. Both lapels were covered with assorted insignia, including those of the Infantry, Medical Corps, and Signal Corps, all gifts from admiring customers in the services.

"A stunning jacket," murmured Mrs. Edell.

"How about an A.W.V.S. button?" Louie said.

"Sell War Bonds for us and a button is yours," Mrs. Edell said.

Louie agreed, and shortly after lunch Mrs. Edell returned to the delicatessen with a pile of green application blanks and a red, white, and blue enamel A.W.V.S. pin, topped by an eagle. "There's a fellow at the front table wants a hundred-dollar bond," Louie told her as she walked in the door, which should have given her some inkling of the shape of things to come. Mrs. Edell briefly instructed Louie in the fundamentals of filling out the blanks and put him on his own. She hoped he might sell perhaps three hundred dollars' worth of bonds weekly. He hit nine hundred the

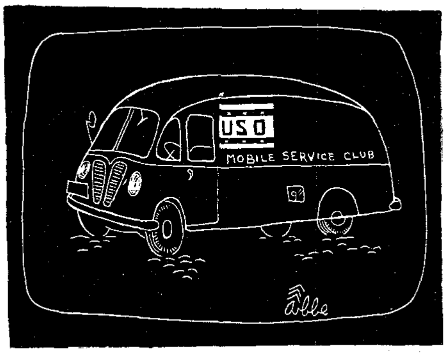


"Clap for Mr. Bricker, dear."

first week and seventeen hundred the second. By the end of January, every menu in the place bore the slogan "You'll buy War Bonds sooner or later, So get them today from Louie the Waiter." That month's take was $10,875, and Louie remarked to Mrs. Edell that he felt he now had an established business.

Once a day, Louie takes the cash he has collected to his bank, the First Federal Savings & Loan Association, in Radio City, and waits there while the bonds are filled out; he doesn't clear his cash sales through the A.W.V.S. Checks, however, are delivered to Mrs. Edell at the A.W.V.S. headquarters. She turns them over to the Treasury and in due time the bonds are mailed to their owners. For a brief period during his early boom days, Louie felt guilty about turning over all his check business to one organization, and he began apportioning his receipts among the A.W.V.S., the local office of the War Finance Committee of the Treasury, and a bond booth at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-second Street. Louie felt that this wealth-sharing scheme was only fair, but Mrs. Edell couldn't see it. She finally collared Louie in the delicatessen one evening and almost brought tears to his eyes by recalling his humble beginnings in the bond business. "*Who* gave Louie the Waiter an A.W.V.S. button at a time when he desperately wanted one?" she asked. Louie stood silent, staring hard at a tablecloth. "*Who* ate a corned-beef sandwich four days after Pearl Harbor and suggested that Louie the Waiter sell bonds?" she continued. "You," said Louie. Two days later he appeared at the A.W.V.S. offices with a bulging envelope representing his total haul of checks for the week. Today, Mrs. Edell is mellow about the whole thing. "Louie strayed from the fold," she says, "but he's back home now."

A large pen-and-ink portrait of Louie by Al Hirschfeld, the cartoonist, hangs on a wall in the delicatessen. Hirschfeld, who is an old friend and client, drew the portrait for him one night as a sort of tribute to his war work. It faces a poster on the opposite wall that says, "The next $2,500,000 will buy 18 Thunderbolts." Louie feels that the achievement of this goal will compensate, in a small way, for the loss of his son-in-law's plane. The lapels of his blue waiter's jacket have kept pace with his business and are now completely covered with buttons and pins, including insignia of the Free French, the Junior Women's U.S.O., and an E (for Efficiency) given to him by a vice-president of Bendix Aircraft, a steady buyer of both bonds and meals. His decorations flop up and down on his lapels and jingle as he walks. Sometimes, as he bounces down the narrow aisle of the delicatessen, both arms loaded up to his elbows with plates, the sheer weight of the food and decorations give him a forward tilt. Old-timers at the delicatessen regard Louie's heavily laden lapels as no more than appropriate to his eminence.



LOUIE'S affinity for delicatessens is a product of heredity and environment. He was born in an atmosphere of cold cuts. His father was something of an adventurer. He emigrated to America from Warsaw in his teens and soon afterward he joined Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders and saw action in the Spanish-American War. In 1900, he settled down in New York and married a girl recently arrived from Odessa. When Louie, the first of four children, was born the next year, his parents were living on the lower East Side and his father was waiting on table at Weinberg's, a well-known kosher restaurant on Grand Street. Louie's first job was peddling the *Jewish Daily Forward*, a newspaper published near his school, P.S. 147, on Henry Street. A

CONCERNING THE COMMON MAN

I'm planning now a ten-year plan
To try to find the Common Man;
I have no friend who will admit
That he—or even she—is it.
I cannot claim that I descry
The lineaments that stamp the guy.
I ask a common-looking lunk
Carting away some common junk.
"The Common Man? Oh, no, not me.
The Common Man?" he says, "Who's he?"
I ask the Farmer in the Dell,
He vaguely says that he's heard tell;
I ask the worker at his job,
I broach the matter to a gob,
I quiz the driver on the bus;
He's not, nor has he seen, the cuss.
The Common Man controls no rackets,
He's not the boss in the high brackets,
Nor Archbishop nor Problem Child,
He is Pure Average undefiled.
Though no one is he, and no one's met him,
Currently you'll not forget him.

This is the Common Man, His Age.
He shapes the books, he struts the stage,
He is the hope of all mankind,
He's what all thinkers keep in mind.
Peace and One World depend on him,
Without his voice the future's grim.
So be he white, black, brown, or yellow,
I'd dearly love to meet the fellow.
The Common Man is, I declare,
Not half so common as he's rare.
When found we'll see that he's well fed,
Well clothed, well housed, well taught, well bred,
We'll free him from hunger and from thirst,
But bless us, we must find him first!

—IRWIN EDMAN

• •

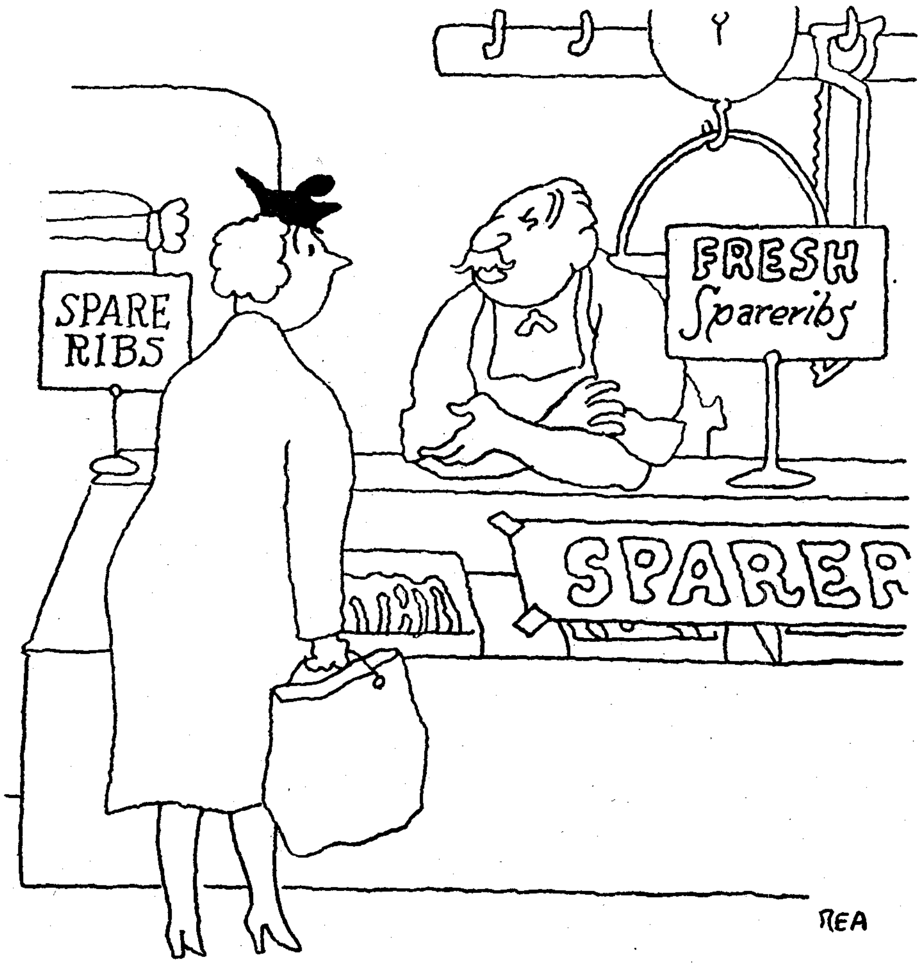
schoolmate recalls that Louie sold more papers than any of the other neighborhood boys. "That Louie was a smart salesman," he said recently. "He made every paper sound like a bargain attraction." When Louie was ten, his father decided to go into business for himself and moved the family to Fourteenth Avenue in Brooklyn, where he established Schwartz's Family Restaurant, a combination delicatessen and eating place. It was a success from the start. Mrs. Schwartz rose at six-thirty to get breakfast for her children and for a shift of telephone operators who worked across the street. The Schwartzes lived next door to the restaurant. Mr. Schwartz took over in the late afternoon. When the restaurant first opened, it offered a seven-course dinner for thirty-five cents. The meal ran the gamut of fruit cup, soup, roast, salad, dessert, and coffee. Rising prices and growing fame gradually pushed the table d'hôte to seventy-five cents, but there were few complaints. The counter of the delicatessen was stacked with every kind of cold cut, salad, and sausage known to man, except pork products. Mrs. Schwartz's cooking became the talk of the Yiddish-speaking population of Brooklyn. The conversation grew most animated over her homemade gefüllte fish, kreplach (a kind of ravioli), poppyseed cookies, plum jelly, almond horns, potato pancakes, and twisted bread (called *challe* and served with gefüllte fish).

THE LOYAL SONS OF ERIN
THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST PATRICK

"Which one is Mayor LaGuardia, Daddy?"

• •

In Brooklyn, Louie attended P. S. 164 and then Manual Training High School. He always came home for a quick lunch and a few minutes in the kitchen to help with the dishes. After finishing school, he went to work full time in the restaurant. His father taught him to carve, cook, make triple-decker sandwiches, wait on table, and buy food. There was ample scope for his talents, for as the restaurant expanded it took over a second floor and then spread to the building next door. The place had fourteen regular waiters and could handle banquets for five hundred people. During the last war, the manpower shortage became almost as acute as it is today, and Louie was put in charge of the recruiting department. Driving a large red Flint, he would speed down to Court House Square in Brooklyn and try to tempt the bums snoozing on park benches to throw in their lot with Schwartz's Family Restaurant. Dishwashers were the hardest to corral. They got three dollars a day. In addition they demanded guarantees of unlimited coffee, apple pie, and corned-



"No, Madam, it's not our special for today. It's what we got."

• •

beef sandwiches, as well as transportation in the Flint from bench to restaurant and return. "They always had a piece of something in their mouths," Louie says, "but sum totalling, they were a blessing because they liked us and never broke dishes."

Business fell off after the war and Louie's father decided to sell the restaurant and retire. Today the elder Schwartzes live comfortably in Brooklyn on their savings and a Spanish-American War pension. Louie married a Brooklyn girl, had a brief fling at studying law in the office of an uncle, and finally went to work waiting on table at Isaac Gellis's delicatessen, on West Seventy-second Street, in Manhattan. The Schwartzes have two daughters. Soon after their first one was born, in 1922, she showed signs of being asthmatic in the New York winter, so Louie shifted to an Isaac Gellis delicatessen in Miami Beach and took his family with him. For the next fourteen years, he alternated between Isaac Gellis Miami Beach winters and Isaac Gellis Seventy-second Street summers. Many of his customers went South too during the cold weather and he built up a considerable clientele, which used him as a sort of private post office. Friends up North wrote to friends down South, merely addressing their letters to the delicatessen % Louie the Waiter. By the time Louie returned to New York for good, in 1936, and accepted a post at the Sixth Avenue Delicatessen, he was known in the trade as a waiter of talent and personality.

FROM the outset, Louie was happy at the Sixth Avenue Delicatessen. His customers in part were old friends, people who had been served by him for many years. Because of their common appreciation of the fine points of delicatessen, a close friendship grew up between him and the man who then owned the place, Mr. Irving Asness. This deepened when Louie created a three-decker sandwich composed of sliced turkey, tongue, and corned beef, with Russian dressing and cole slaw, and suggested that it be called the Uncle Irving Special, in honor of the owner. Mr. Asness was pleased, and he was delighted when Louie began composing verse about the delicatessen's *schtickles*. *Schtickles* are small chunks of sausage—bologna, pastrami, and so on—stuck on toothpicks and generally placed out on the counter. They are traditional in Jewish delicatessens. *Schtickles* sell for five cents apiece and satisfy the appetites of hungry customers while they shop. People don't eat *schtickles*, they *nosch* them. *Nosch* is a Yiddish term covering the vast field of eating between meals. To Louie, the sight of a *schtickle* on a counter represented an entire way of life and cried out for a poet, or minnesinger, to do it justice. Louie's verses were written on the backs of the round cardboard tops of Tulip coffee containers and were placed beside the *schtickles*. He began, somewhat pretentiously, with:

Oh Romeo! Where Art Thou?
Said Juliet and sighed.
At Irving's Sixth Avenue Delicatessen
eating a
Schtickle
for a
Nickel
he replied.

It was not long before Louie's interest in the world outside the door made itself felt. There were hints of Louie the War Bond Salesman in his second and third poems:

In most lands one may vote
the way he must
Here in America—We are thankful
for our
Schtickle
for a
Nickel
And in God we trust.

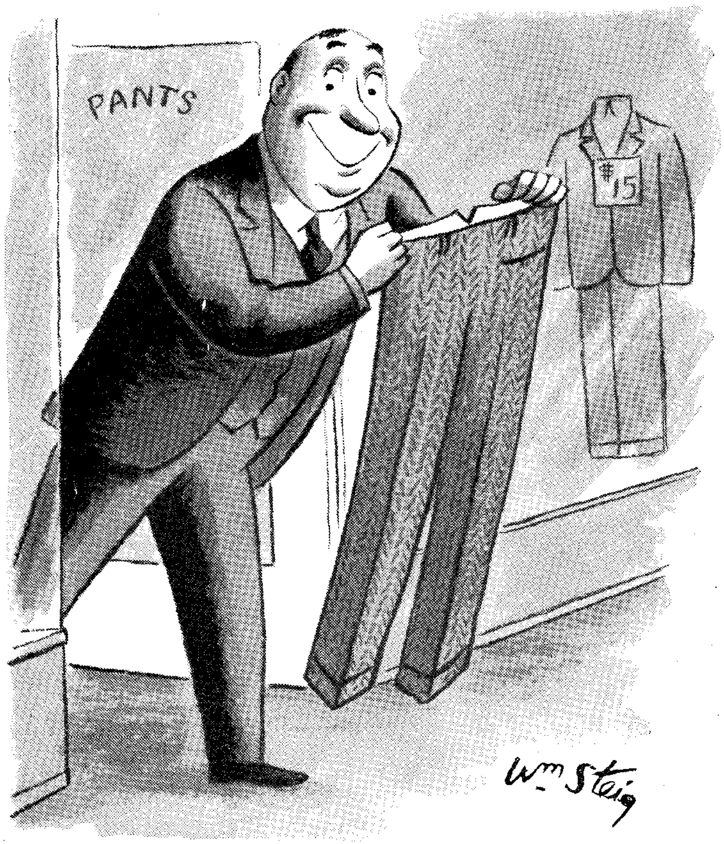
Turmoil over there
Peace over here
The
Schtickle
for a
Nickel
Writer wishes you a Happy
New Year!

Customers of the delicatessen were delighted with the verses and, by popular demand, Louie turned out a fresh one each week. Many were merely gay doggerel, without significance, such as:

A tisket
A tasket
our
Schtickle
for a
Nickel
Is good for your bread basket.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
our
Schtickle
for a
Nickel
Is Good for You.

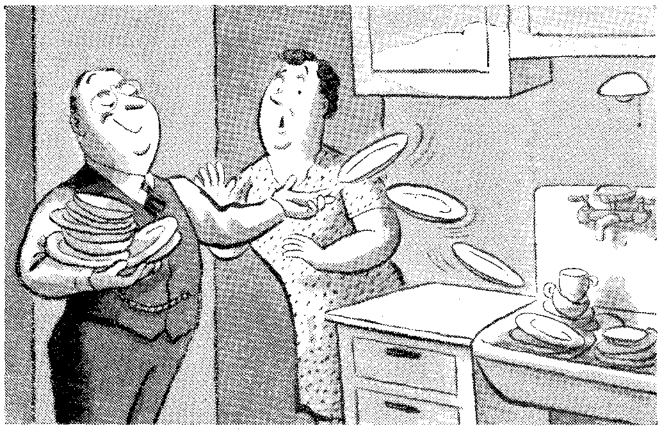
These days, Louie, preoccupied with War Bonds, has given up composing



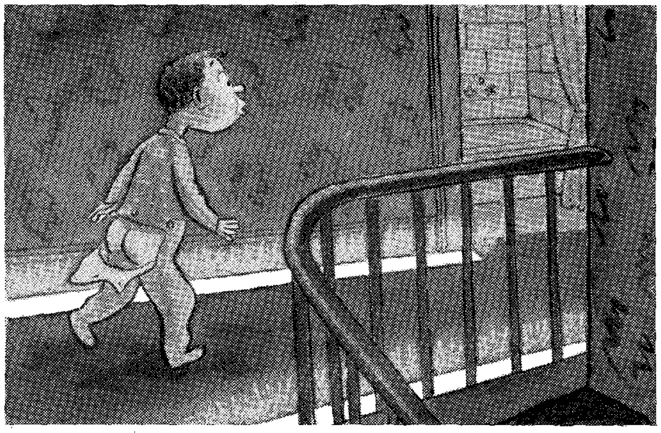
PLASTIC PANTS

to match your coat and vest?

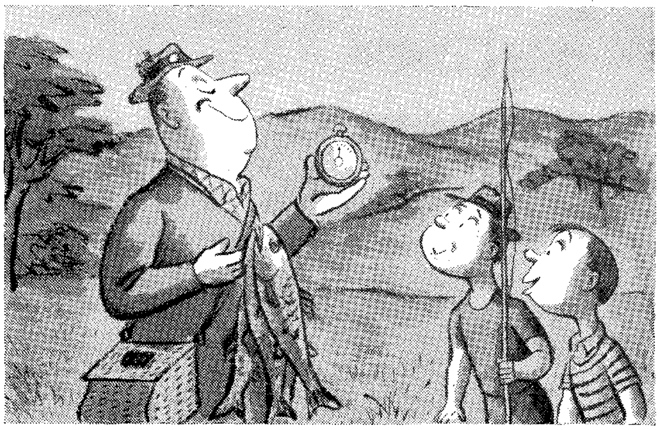
1 **"I'm not joking,"** said our plastics expert. "Your post-war Sunday suit may be spun entirely of plastic yarn. Soft, long wearing, stainproof..." He may be talking through his hat, but you can bank on this: When better and trickier plastics are made, Taylor Instruments will help make them—from raw material to finished product!



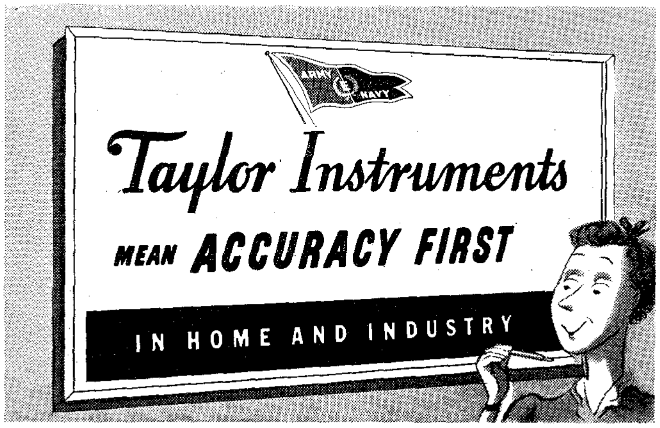
2 **Plastic dishes, for instance,** that won't bust when you drop 'em (the Army's using some right now). Plastic shoes with a permanent shine. And beat this: plastic windows that you can see out of—but not into!



3 **And here's a dandy!** Phosphorescent plastic floors—a permanent night-light! We're not in the plastics business. But we're supplying the plastics industry with the instruments needed to make their products *better!*



4 **What have we got** up *our* sleeve? Some swell ideas, including this plastic Fisherman's Barometer that tells when fish are biting. If you can't get the Taylor Instrument you want *now,* blame the war—and buy more Bonds!



5 **You can still get** Taylor Fever Thermometers. And if you're in industry, your Taylor Field Engineer may have good news about deliveries on instruments you need! Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester and Toronto.

schtickle-for-a-nickel verse. He confines his versifying to timely adaptations of old works, which he uses to increase bond sales. Thus the one about Romeo and Juliet now goes:

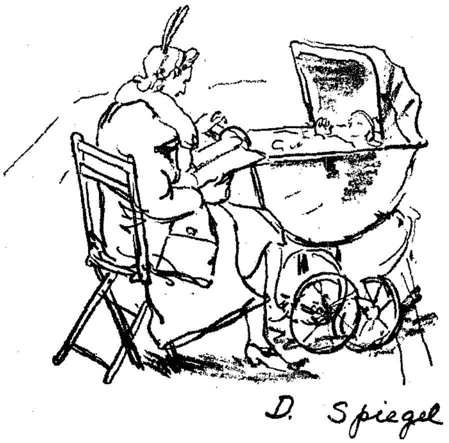
Oh Romeo! Where Art Thou?
Said Juliet and sighed.
At the Sixth Avenue Delicatessen
Buying a War Bond
From Louie the Waiter
He replied.

Shortly before we went into the war, Louie composed a long narrative poem relating in detail the eating habits and idiosyncrasies of his more noted customers. It is entitled “Every Day but Monday” and is, in essence, the “Beowulf” of the Sixth Avenue Delicatessen. The title derives from the fact that Monday is his day off. Louie delights in reading it to friends around the fireplace in his apartment and interpolating extemporaneous remarks that increase the homespun flavor of the piece. “Listen to this!” he will cry, and read from his manuscript. “ ‘Belle Baker—the incomparable—likes nothing at all but chicken and matzoth ball! Then there's Alexander Smallens without his hat, He eats his sturgeon sandwich in one minute flat!’ . . . Absolutely,” Louie will interpolate. “The whole meal takes five minutes. He reads his mail and tears it up and gulps black coffee and whoosh! he's gone. Absolutely! Listen! . . . ‘And Leon of Leon and Eddie's has one wish, For chopped herring, black olives, and gefüllte fish!’ . . . Honest to God! He drinks Coca-Cola *and* celery tonic *and* tea at the same time! Listen . . . ‘And Al Jolson hasn't come down a peg, Give him chicken—boiled—the leg.’ . . . Has to be hot, *very* hot. . . . ‘Here's Bobby Clark—but serve him quick—Real hot chicken soup with noodles thick!’ . . . You like it?”

Today the Schwartz family is scattered, and Louie and his wife, Anna, live alone in a comfortable three-room, mahogany-and-chintz apartment. His elder daughter, Lieutenant Berschig's wife, lives in Hollywood, Florida. His younger daughter recently left for the West Coast to marry a sergeant in the Marines whom she met at a servicemen's party in the fall of 1942. Together with a girl she knew, who also had a Marine in tow, they had returned to the Schwartz apartment after the party. Mrs. Schwartz prepared a midnight supper of noodle pudding and platters of steaming chicken and spaghetti. Both Marines ate with gusto, and shortly afterward one of them married the daughter's friend. Miss Schwartz, a thoughtful type, did not act quite so impulsively.

Mrs. Schwartz, a buxom, friendly woman, has a talent for dressmaking and has for years made all of her own and her children's clothes. “Everything but the handbags,” Louie says. She also knits the black bow ties he wears in the delicatessen. Louie is subdued and respectful in her presence. He often sits, small and unobtrusive, in his living room poring over his War Bond records, and Mrs. Schwartz, an intense housecleaner, occasionally doesn't see him and almost sweeps him out. Her major activities are inviting servicemen to the house for dinner and worrying over her husband's health. She feels that he works too hard and too long. However, she is very proud of his accomplishments. “Is my Louie doing a wonderful job!” she will say to a friend over the phone. “Sixteen hundred dollars in bonds last night alone!” Louie is unsparing in praise of his wife. “My Anna,” he often observes in the delicatessen, “is a regular one-woman U.S.O.!”

The Sixth Avenue Delicatessen is owned today by three men. Such an arrangement is common among delicatessen keepers, who generally take turns behind the counter and thus avoid large payrolls. Mr. Asness retired a few years ago in a fit of annoyance at the delicatessen business. “I decided to quit,” he told Louie, “when I came out from behind the counter and saw thirty people at the tables and thirty mouths filled with pastrami sandwiches. Something inside me snapped.” Mr. Asness sold out and went to Florida to recuperate. The new proprietors enlarged the place slightly and there is now room for forty-eight people to eat pastrami sandwiches. Rather extensive further alterations are in prospect, and when they are finished the restaurant will accommodate seventy-five. Old customers are none too happy about the impending changes; they feel that much of the delicatessen's character derives from its smallness. The most active of the proprietors, Mr. Ben Weisman, stoutly defends the improvements as being not only inevitable but also healthy signs of normal growth. “I'll know when to stop,” he tells complainers. “*I* know that this business runs on memories, memories of old delicatessens from your youth. Stop worrying.” Mr. Weisman keeps a careful watch on trends in his business and has concluded that cold cuts are far and away the most popular dish. This, he thinks, is solely because ninety per cent of his customers were weaned on them. “Start worrying the day we take out the cold cuts,” he says. He is an analytical man, and he often gets concerned about Louie's future, especially since Louie recently began to show signs of restlessness. “In my love for Louis G. Schwartz,” he has said, “I yield to no man. But the important thing for Louis G. Schwartz to remember is that someday, praise God, the war will end and people will sell their bonds and try to forget about the war. Many people keep telling him he should become a hot-shot insurance agent, but it is important for Louis G. Schwartz to remember that he is a fine waiter. I will go so far as to say that he is the *finest* waiter anywhere. He's a fine waiter, and *that's* why he sells so many bonds.”



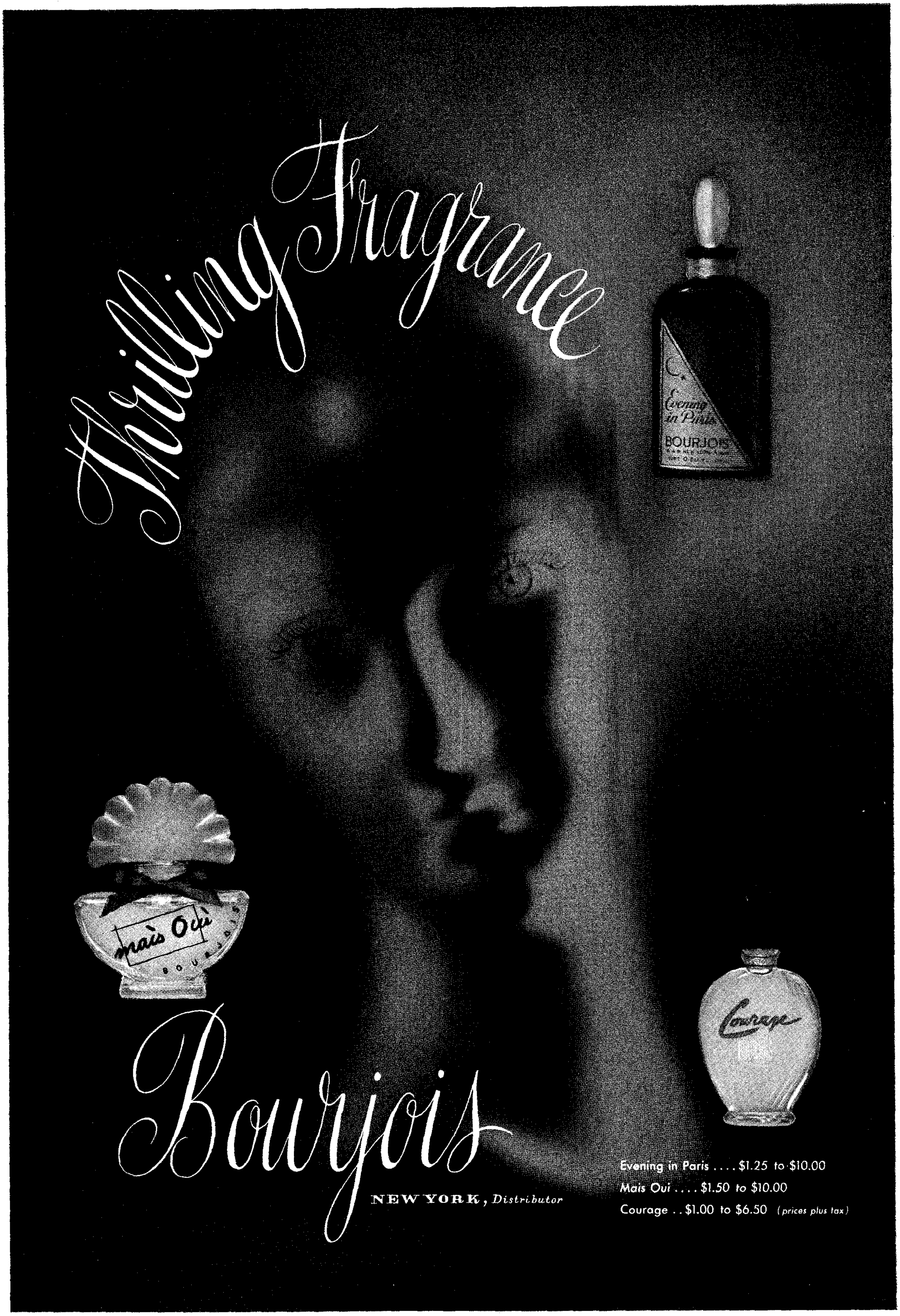
LOUIE's day begins around noon, when he rises and hurries to his phone to start working on bond prospects. Leafing through one of his notebooks, he makes anywhere from six to a dozen calls before he leaves the apartment. One afternoon he invited me to accompany him on his collection route, and I arrived at the apartment while he was telephoning. “Yep, yep,” Louie was saying. “I've been waiting to hear from you. Fine, fine. Be over in an hour.” Louie put down the receiver and turned to me. “*He* apologized to *me*,” he said. “He's a couple days late for his next bond.”

After Louie had made several more telephone calls, we left the house and walked up Sixth Avenue. “One big thing a waiter must never forget,” Louie said as we walked along, “is to get the upper hand the moment he gives the customer the menu. Absolutely necessary for the waiter's peace of mind. Give the customer the upper hand and nobody has pleasure eating or waiting on table. Excuse me,” he said suddenly, ducking into a bar. I tagged after him.

“Hi, Uncle Charlie!” Louie cried to a gray-haired man behind the cash register. “Saw you beckoning through the window. Got anything?”

“A thirty-seven fifty for me,” said the man. “Cash!”

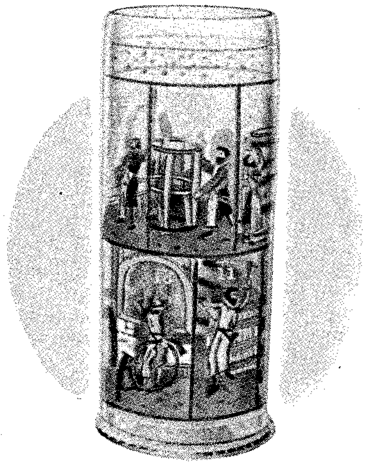
“Thanks, Uncle Charlie,” said Louie,


Thrilling Fragrance
Evening in Paris
BOURJOIS
Mais Oui
BOURJOIS
Courage
Bourjois

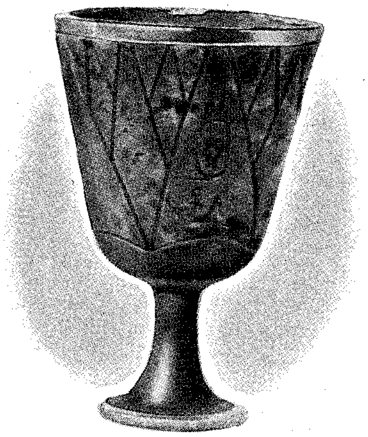
NEW YORK, *Distributor*

Evening in Paris . . . . $1.25 to $10.00
Mais Oui . . . . $1.50 to $10.00
Courage . . $1.00 to $6.50 (*prices plus tax*)

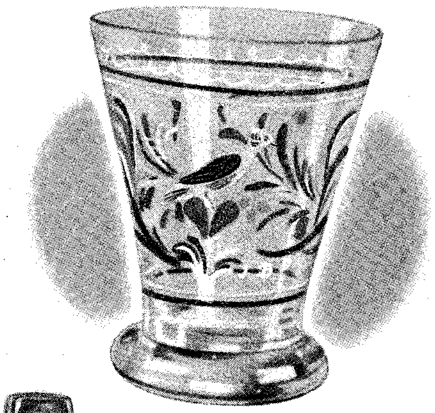
What makes these glasses famous?



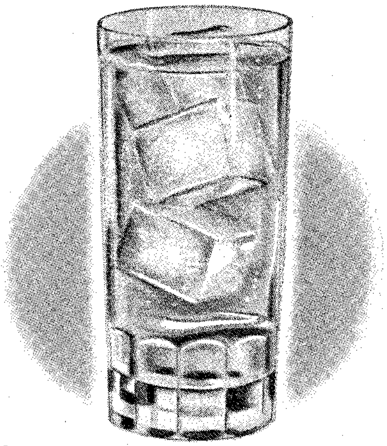
Medieval Enameled Glass made in Bohemia in 1616. Its decoration represents the cooper's trade. From the standpoint of color, Bohemian enameled glassware is the finest in the world.



Glass Goblet...inscribed with the name of Thutmose III. Egyptian, XVIII Dynasty—about the year 1490 B.C. A truly priceless treasure because of its antiquity.



Early American Glass... Stiegel-type, blown in 1770. From Stiegel's famed glass works in Mannheim, Penna., came the most beautiful glassware ever made in America.



Highball Glass containing the Black Label of Johnnie Walker. Since 1820 this imported scotch has been renowned for its rare mellowness and well-rounded flavour. Any glass will become a prized possession when it holds the Black Label of Johnnie Walker.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label
Johnnie Walker
Black Label

BORN 1820
Still going
strong

Due to British War Restrictions—gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle—but *inside* good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

BLACK LABEL · 12 YEARS OLD (86.8 Proof)

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer*

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

pocketing the money. "You'll get the bond in a few days."

Louie and I hurried out of the store and continued up Sixth Avenue. "Regular customer," he said. "Waits for me to walk by. Like I was saying, absolutely any customer gets the upper hand with a waiter is liable to get demanding. They want more of this and quicker of that. Then the waiter gets stubborn and there's trouble. It's human nature. Pardon me," he said, diving into a small jewelry store. The proprietor, a red-faced man in gray tweeds, was busy with a customer, who was poring over a tray of costume jewelry on the counter. "My friend Louie the Waiter!" the proprietor said, turning away from the customer and pulling a small white envelope from his cash register. "Two hundreds and a fifty. Total of a hundred eighty-seven fifty," he said. "Make out the hundreds for Malcolm and the fifty for Hilda. You got the names and addresses?"

"Sure, sure," said Louie, taking the envelope. "How've you been?"

"Dizzy," said the man.

"Likewise," said Louie.

"The whole family," Louie said to me when we reached the street again, "are very fine people. As for waiters getting the upper hand, I don't mean being tough, nothing like that. Is merely a matter of being in a good humor. You make the customer feel you know him and you like him and you're looking after him. Makes no difference how tired you are. You smile and the customer smiles. The customer smiles and he has an appetite. He has an appetite and he eats more. He eats more and the proprietor smiles. So everybody's happy and the waiter has the upper hand."

By six o'clock Louie had visited a cigar store, a clothing firm in a loft building, and a long list of clients in and around Radio City, including a fashionable diamond merchant and a theatrical agent specializing in name bands. In all, he had collected $2,365 in cash and checks, as well as a thirty-cent cigar. On his way to the delicatessen, Louie looked tired. The bounce had gone from his walk. With his hands in his pockets and his hat pulled low over his eyes, he looked like any small, harassed salesman. "My legs will hold out five years more," he said, half to himself. "How long can a waiter last if he walks all night and walks all day? Five years."

Mr. Weisman was behind the counter at the delicatessen when Louie and I got there. "Three people left these

Safe Passage—Sight Unseen

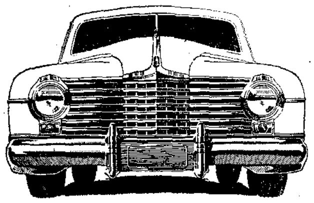
THROUGH blinding fog and sleet in the North Atlantic, across the vast, dazzling expanse of the South Pacific, into strange harbors and along mountainous coasts move the Allied convoys and their escorting ships of war.

On hundreds of them is that magic instrument—the Sperry Gyro-Compass—made by Dodge for the surer guidance and safer passage of those valiant ships and crews.

Making the great Gyro Compass called for tooling of the highest order. Making it in quantity production was one of the most exacting of manufacturing jobs; with some ten thousand individual parts for every compass—with tolerances, balance, and perfection of final performance such as gallant ships and lives might depend upon.

Nothing in the history of Dodge surpasses this production accomplishment—unless it is the same kind of precision work on the great Bofors guns for the same ships, or the thousands of Dodge fighting trucks that have gone to battle areas as part of the cargo.

A War Record to Read and Remember!



The two million Dodge cars and trucks at home are doing a good wartime job. Their tire mileage is remarkably high and their gas consumption extremely low. The engineering features that became famous in peace time are of vital importance now.

★

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, CBS, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

Let's All Back the Attack—
Buy More War Bonds

DODGE
DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

AN URGENT REQUEST
to members of the world's most distinguished After-Shave Club

BECAUSE certain ingredients are needed in war production, the supply of Aqua Velva is limited. Yet—the demand is at an all-time high today. As a result, there is less Aqua Velva for everybody who wants it.

Avoid waste. Aqua Velva is the world's most popular after-shave lotion, but please use it judiciously. Cool and tingling, just a few drops leave your face feeling wonderfully refreshed. Clean, fresh scent.

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

James Thurber
George Fielding Eliot
Burgess Meredith
Ely Culbertson
Lauritz Melchior
Albert Spalding

Williams
Aqua Velva
for After Shaving

BUY A GOOD BRASSIERE

Behind the Sweater Front

WITH THE RIGHT Life-Bra

For flat-chested normal and full figures. At all the better stores. $1.25 to $3.50

TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT

"TAILORED TO FIT" Formfit MADE BY
THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK

checks for bonds," he said. Louie stuffed the checks into a pocket and headed toward the rear. "Fred Allen was here for a sandwich," Mr. Weisman called after Louie, "and he asked for Edgar Allan Schwartz. He says you're a great poet."

I stood by the counter talking with Mr. Weisman, and Louie disappeared into the kitchen. He emerged a moment later, wearing his blue waiter's jacket, his collection of buttons flopping against his lapels. He bustled down the aisle, nodding right and left to customers. His round red face was beaming. His eyes had the quiet, happy look of a man who has come home after a hard day's work. "And what will the lovely lady have to eat?" he asked an elderly woman at a front table. "Pastrami on rye? Perfect. We'll make it hot, *very* hot." Louie cupped a hand to his mouth. "One pastrami rye for the lovely lady—*hot*," he called to the counter man. Then he turned back to the customer. "America's winning 'cause she's on the alert," he said. "Now you buy a War Bond for dessert!" —PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

ON SENDING HOME MY CIVILIAN CLOTHES

Good duds, goodbye. Before I shut
The last lid that will shut you out,
Look back, untroubled and serene,
Tie, shirt, scarf, gloves, and gabardine.
Weathers that never touched my skin
Came down on you, my next of kin.
And though your seat and elbows shone,
The glint was mine, and mine alone.

Goodbye. Where every sun that rises
Calls us up in new disguises
I have clamped badges to my coat
And hung a number round my throat
And set an engine on my will
To measure, pity, stalk, and kill.

—JOHN CIARDI

•

However that may be, Spangler's talent for talking with his foot in his mouth has made him a great favorite with the Democrats.—*The New Masses.*

Such pronouncements by the head of their machine make them begin to wonder whether the party can afford to be saddled with a chairman who so perfectly exemplifies the famous Irishism—"every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot into it."—*The Nation.*

Every time Mr. Spangler opens his mouth his foot is already in it.—*The New Republic.*

Anybody want to try a new figure of speech?

An automatic thread grinder being readied for shipment at Springfield, Vermont.

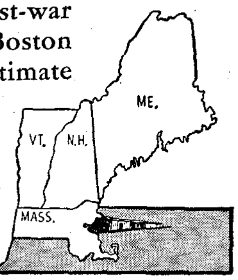
TAKE IT AWAY

The lathes and grinders that roll across shipping platforms in Vermont have won an AA-1 rating with industry the world over. On their performance depends America's ability to keep "tooled-up" for war; on the continuing shipment of such machine tools depends the world's ability to "re-tool" for peacetime production.

In scores of villages and towns throughout Northern New England, communities far removed from the larger industrial centers, shipping platforms have achieved vital importance. To them come carloads of raw materials and semi-finished goods from industries all over the nation. Over them pass the completed products of New England's ingenuity, its outstanding ability in creative engineering, its readily adaptable source of naturally skillful native workmen.

New England has proved that it can adapt itself to any manufacturing activity. And, in so doing, it has presented the nation's industry with new potentialities of progress — potentialities that offer new and more economical manufacturing facilities, a vastly increased supply of trained labor, a new and strategic importance in its nearness to foreign markets.

New England's present day advantages are also future advantages; its war production experience has pre-conditioned it for the competitive days to come. For those who would utilize the strength that is New England, either by way of future manufacturing contacts or by the selection of post-war locations in this region, the Boston and Maine Railroad offers its intimate knowledge of the area it serves — Northern New England.

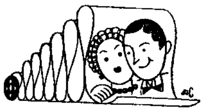


BOSTON *and* **MAINE**

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS - ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Backfire



WHEN you make a picture, as Mr. Arthur Ripley has, in which the background is so heavy with weird atmosphere that it drives some of the characters a little screwy, you run the risk of driving the audience a little screwy, too. In "Voice in the Wind," an adaptation, directed by Mr. Ripley, of a story by Mr. Ripley about some European refugees stranded on the island of Guadeloupe, there is a constant fog and the constant hooting of a fog horn. The dreariness of the place, emphasized by this monotonous hoot, has an extremely depressing effect on the already harassed refugees, and it is my guess that it will have somewhat the same effect on the customers. The refugees, practically to a man, would like to get off the wretched island, and it may be that a certain fraction of the audience will want to get out of the theatre.

Atmosphere is the main feature of the picture. The story is about a Czech concert pianist (Francis Lederer) who is arrested by the Nazis and beaten into a state of mental collapse before he is able to escape. He winds up in Guadeloupe, where he is adopted by a pair of sinister Italian brothers (Alexander Granach and J. Carrol Naish) who run a sort of Murder, Inc., rubbing out refugees with enough money to make it pay. The girl the pianist left behind him (Sigrid Gurie) also turns up on the island in a state of collapse, brought on by the disappearance of her lover. She is in the custody of a sad, elderly refugee couple (J. Edward Bromberg and Olga Fabian). A number of rather violent things happen, and there's enough excitement here and there to give you spasmodic fits of interest. The homicidal Italians are pleasantly, if somewhat elaborately, gruesome, and then, too, there's some very nice piano playing, probably not actually done by Mr. Lederer. Generally speaking, though, the atmosphere weighs you down, and you have the impression, which I neglected to confirm with a watch, that the picture is much too long. Before it's over, you may go mad, do you hear me, mad.

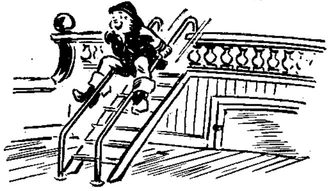
IT takes quite a while, in "Shine On Harvest Moon," to get around to the title song. Other old numbers come

HAVANA CLUB
BRAND
Straight Cuban
RUM
86 proof
BERNHARD
Distilled and bottled by JOSE ARECHABALA, S. A., CARDENAS, CUBA
Sole Agents for U.S.A.: CONTINENTAL IMPORT DIVISION of R C Williams & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.

Columbia Room
JOSE MORAND and his orchestra
At dinner and supper nightly except Sunday
Open for luncheon.

Broadway Cocktail Lounge
DICK KUHN and his orchestra
For cocktails, dinner and supper, except Monday.

NO COVER • NO MINIMUM
HOTEL ASTOR
TIMES SQUARE



SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER, "Before hitting the donkey's breakfast I'm cutting the painter to bleed the monkey aboard the bark *Wanderer.*"
Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

Le Beaujolais
(formerly Maud Chez-Elle)
French Specialties
17 East 60th St. Rhinelander 4-9459

DIAMOND BACK TERRAPIN Served at
The King of the Sea and his Royal Family of Fish
FAMOUS SEA FOOD HOUSE On 3rd Ave. Bet. 53rd-54th Sts. Tel. EL. 5-9309
OCEAN-FRESH SEA FOOD PREPARED TO ORDER

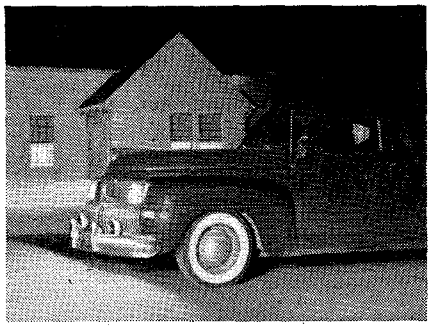
Work with a wartime De Soto

War workers E. H. Krug and his pretty daughter Dolores have an early morning breakfast before driving to work. Krug is factory manager of a big Detroit war plant.

There are half a million of these fine De Soto cars registered and running in the United States. Many thousands of them have joined the essential work of the war and, in that role, are performing with distinction. Not only is their performance reliable, but their great economy of tires, gas and upkeep expense makes them well suited for the exciting, and often strenuous, jobs required of them.

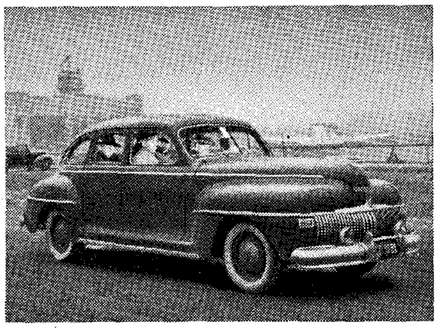
• • •

This quick picture story has been selected at random from thousands of similar ones. The pride and confidence of this De Soto owner are typical, and the work done by him and his car is a genuine example of wartime service to the Nation.



Krug lives in Centerline, Mich., 15 miles away. In early morning darkness, he and his daughter leave at 6:45 a. m. Their De Soto is their only means of transportation.

Pulling up for his ration of gas, Krug chats with the attendant who knows Krug's efficient and economical car is typical of many other De Sotos which he services.



Day breaks as he passes busy Detroit City Airport. Krug has driven a quarter of a million miles in De Sotos. "They never fail," says Krug.

Day or night emergency calls, demanding Krug's immediate return on a moment's notice, require instant and unfailing transportation. Here, Krug is returning to the big war plant at 3 a. m.

Like other De Soto owners, Krug services his car often. "This is my tenth De Soto," says Krug. "I keep it running smooth with frequent dealer inspections."

Your De Soto dealer can help you keep *your* De Soto running smooth, too. Make periodical inspection dates with him so he can watch your car and use his trained help and factory-engineered parts whenever necessary. Frequent dealer inspections are your best insurance for a smooth and efficient car.

DE SOTO
APPROVED
SERVICE
PLYMOUTH

★

DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections — bomber fuselage nose and center sections — vital assemblies for anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks — and a variety of special manufacturing services to American war industry.

★

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK — BUY MORE WAR BONDS

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, EVERY THURSDAY, 9:00 TO 9:30 P. M., EASTERN WAR TIME

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
Great All-American Whiskies harmonized into one have made it
America's Luxury Whiskey
P&T
FOUNDED 1840
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Blended and Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. New York, N.Y.
–backed by over 100 years of Knowing How
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

along from time to time, and there's a good bit of narrative, some of it pretty fanciful, based approximately on the lives of Jack Norworth and Nora Bayes, but if you came to hear the Norworths' well-known moon song, you'll have a long wait. At one point, the authors are shown in the process of putting a few snatches of the words and music together, inspired by the sight of a harvest moon and the need for a new number for their variety act, but they decide to postpone the job, and there's a good deal of plot before they get back to it again.

Norworth is played by Dennis Morgan and Miss Bayes by Ann Sheridan. Miss Sheridan naturally has a lot of singing and charming to do, and the chances are she is not quite as good at it as the late Miss Bayes. Now and then, as she is shown on a stage wowing an audience, the question of just what is putting her over so big comes up. This is a hazard that has long confronted personalities who are employed to represent other, more vivid personalities on the screen. The picture itself is unwieldy and rather slow, but it may have a mild nostalgic appeal to those who are particularly susceptible.

UNIVERSAL is apparently under the spell, at the moment, of "The Arabian Nights." The studio has already turned out a picture called "Arabian Nights," and though I don't see how its reception at the box office could have been encouraging, another with the same principals, Maria Montez and Jon Hall, called "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," has now come along. At a rough estimate, there are 1,001 Arabian Night stories, so you can see that there are enough potential vehicles in the book to occupy Miss Montez and Mr. Hall until they are old and gray. Those of us who see any sizable number of them, though, will be gray before our time. "Ali Baba," like its forerunner, is in Technicolor and makes abundant use of polychromatic scenery and costumes, as well as dreamy names like Abdullah and Mahmoud and Hulagu Khan.

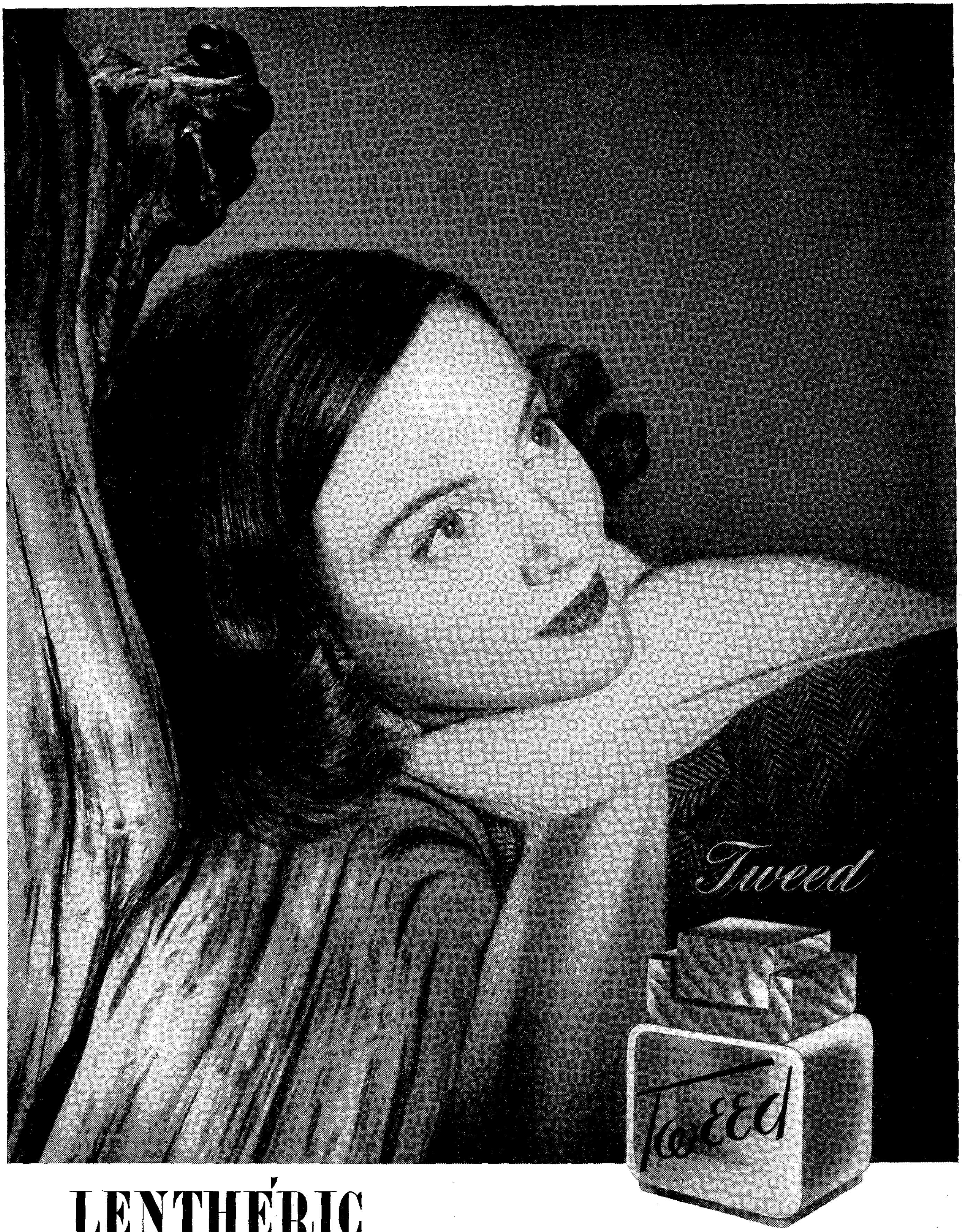
—DAVID LARDNER

•

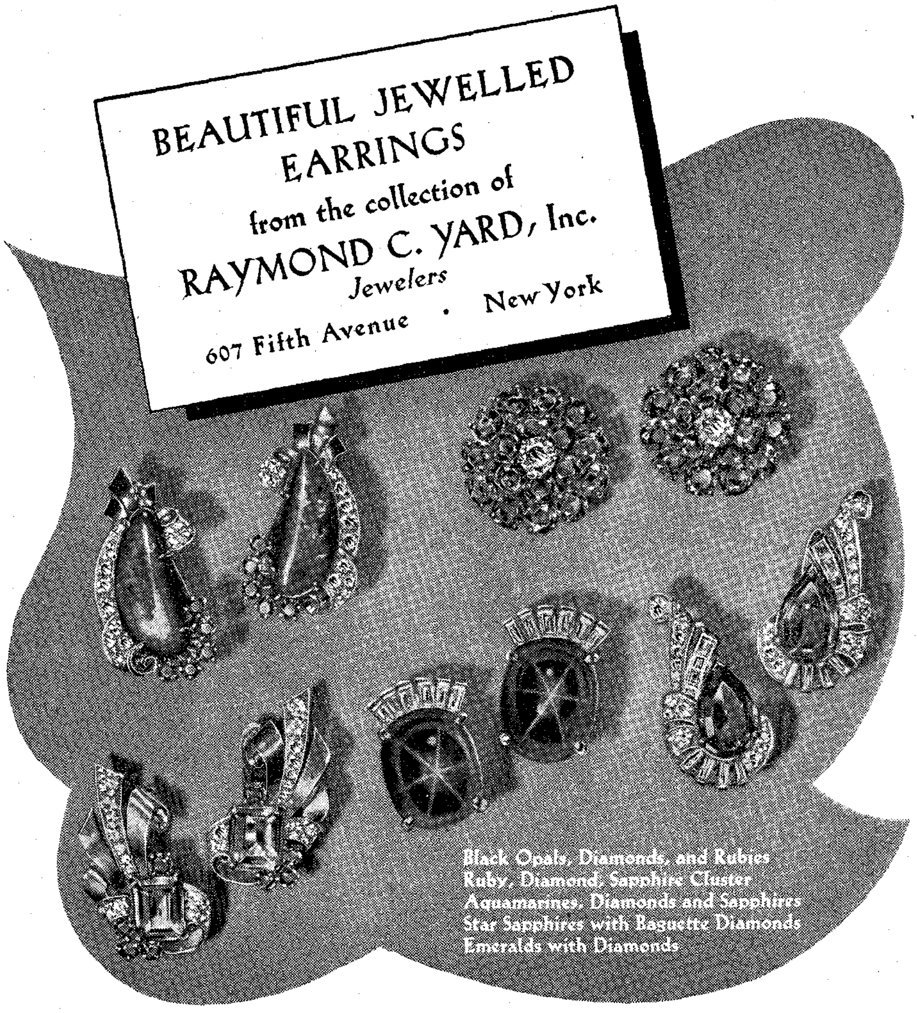
SING, HEAVENLY CONNECTICUT MUSE!

[*Postcard received by a resident of Westport*]

WESTPORT WOMAN'S EXCHANGE
ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY
From rations and marketing please refrain,
We want you to come to the Woman's Exchange,
From ten to twelve on the 25th,
Our coffee and doughnuts you can't resist.

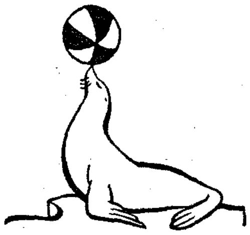

Tweed
Tweed

LENTHÉRIC
perfumes



BEAUTIFUL JEWELLED EARRINGS
from the collection of
RAYMOND C. YARD, Inc.
Jewelers
607 Fifth Avenue • New York

Black Opals, Diamonds, and Rubies
Ruby, Diamond, Sapphire Cluster
Aquamarines, Diamonds and Sapphires
Star Sapphires with Baguette Diamonds
Emeralds with Diamonds



LOOK BEFORE YOU LIP

Hold it, friend. Next time you're lucky enough to get a drink of Carstairs White Seal whiskey, pause and perceive. Before you raise it to your lips, note the golden beauty of this grand whiskey, then enjoy a whiff of its mellow fragrance. Why? Because frankly, friend, it's scarce . . . and you owe it to yourself to squeeze every last bit of enjoyment out of this hard-to-get Perfectly Balanced Blend.

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

OF ALL THINGS

THE President has announced that an officer on active service in the armed forces may not campaign for office but may accept a nomination for one. In other words, if his hat blows off and lands in the ring, it's perfectly O. K.

•

When the Red Army captured a section of the Odessa-Warsaw railroad, they practically cut the Germans' eastern front in two. The Nazis can now boast that they have twice as many armies in Russia as they used to.

•

It seems remarkable that our fliers, in the bombing of Berlin, have never hit so conspicuous an object as Air Marshal Göring. Perhaps he is no longer considered an important military objective.

•

President Ramirez of Argentina, who chose a while ago to take a rest, has now resigned. He probably decided that his tired feeling would outlast his term of office.

•

Washington observers report that several kind words have recently passed between Congress and the President. It's even possible that we'll get peace at home before we get it elsewhere.

•

The Treasury Department is getting ready to ask Congress for a fifty-billion-dollar boost in the debt limit. As we understand it, this piece of change will come out of the pockets of the class of 1995.

•

The Republicans have won eight out of the last ten special Congressional elections. It begins to look as though the chief sufferers from the manpower shortage are the Democrats.

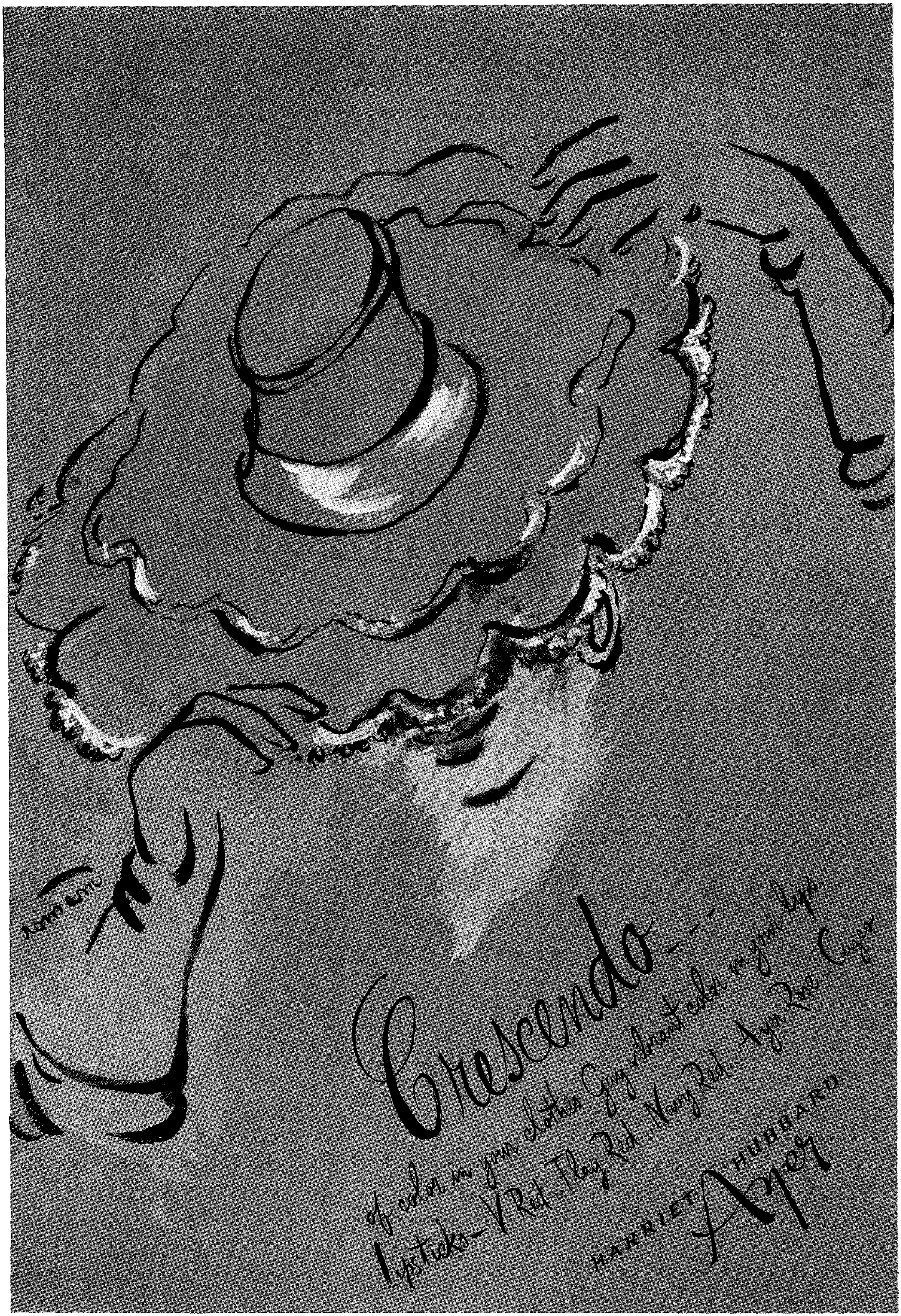
•

New York party leaders have been asked to give their approval to the proposal to raise the subway fare from five to ten cents. None of our local statesmen, however, seems anxious to risk his political fortune for the sake of a thin dime.

•

As this is written, there is a difference of opinion as to the whereabouts of the German government. Some people say it has left Berlin, others think it has simply moved into a deeper cellar.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER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of color in your clothes. Gay vibrant color on your lips.
Lipsticks— V Red.. Flag Red... Navy Red... Ayer Rose... Cuzco
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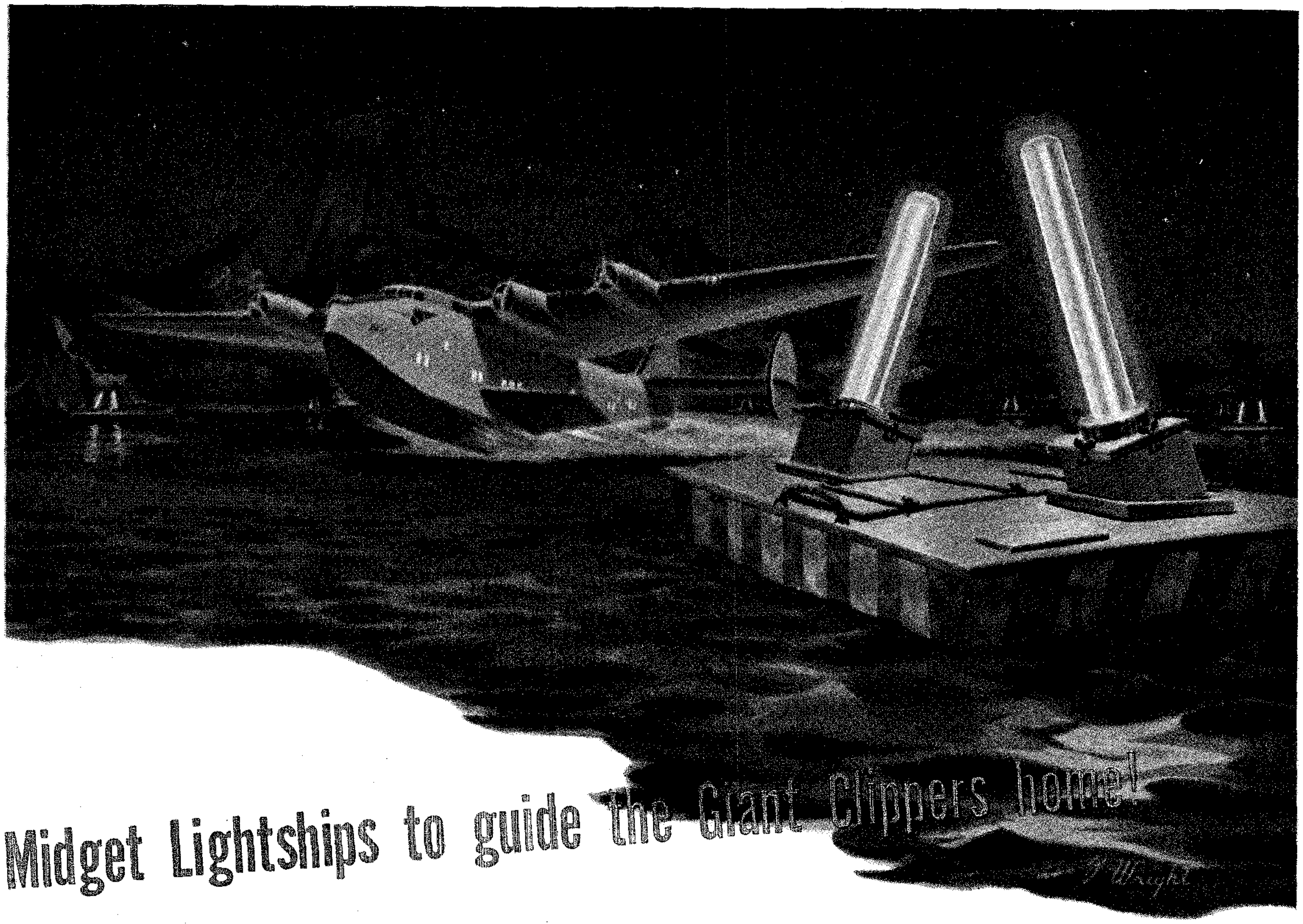

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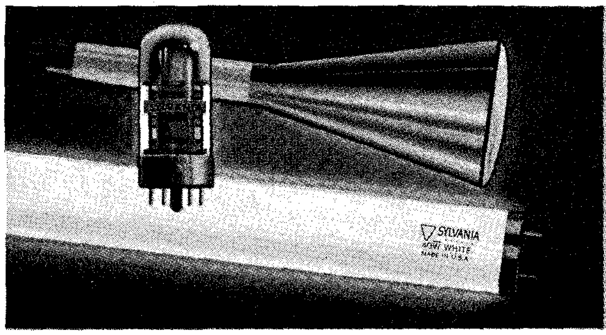

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A REPORTER IN ENGLAND

ALL that Baedeker has to say about Darwen, Lancashire, is "20¼ M. Darwen, a cotton town of 36,000 inhabitants." The 20¼ means miles north of Manchester on the London, Midland & Scottish Railway. I went up to Darwen a short while ago to see something that has become a rarity in Britain of late years—an election. The Conservative Member of Parliament elected for the Darwen Division at the last general elections, in 1935, had died. A by-election was being held to pick his successor, just as a special election would be called in the United States to fill a vacancy in a Congressional district. Because by-elections are the only ones being held in Britain these days, each assumes a disproportionate interest as a test of public sentiment. Each also has a certain nostalgic charm for those Britishers who are interested in obsolescent phases of the national life. Lancashire people are a hard-headed lot—Darwen is what the Manchester *Guardian* calls "a high-grade constituency" intellectually—but they have no particular local grievance against the Government such as might influence the result of a by-election in the East End of London, where the voters take the release of Sir Oswald

ffront That I

SCRUTINEER AT DARWEN—I

At Darwen, as I knew from reading the London papers, the Conservative, or Government, candidate was Captain Stanley Prescott, a young barrister recently discharged from the Army because of his health. There was also one independent candidate—a young woman named Honor Balfour, a journalist, who was a member of the national executive committee of the Liberal Party but was running, of course, without organization approval. Anybody can present himself as a candidate in a British election by obtaining ten signatures on a nominating petition. He must also deposit a hundred and fifty pounds, as a sort of guarantee that he isn't just being funny. If he fails to receive one-eighth of the total votes cast, he forfeits his deposit. A candidate doesn't even have to be a resident of the division in which he is running.

I made the dull journey from London to Manchester on a glue-colored Sunday afternoon. At Manchester I had to take a taxi across town from one railway station to another, where I got a train for a place called Bolton ("centre of the fine cotton-spinning industry . . . 177,000 inhabitants"—Baedeker).

At Bolton I got a train for Darwen. By the time I arrived, it was black night. I was met by a newspaperman named Pollard, who was covering the election for the London *News Chronicle*. I have friends in the *News Chronicle's* London office, and they had asked Pollard to find me a billet. He was waiting for me under the dim lamp by the gate at which arriving passengers give up their tickets. We spotted each other simultaneously. Pollard was unmistakably a journalist; he wore a wide-brimmed black hat, a black coat, striped trousers, and spats. Less typically, he had a beard and eyebrows much like Lenin's. He announced that he had a taxi, and on the way out to it he told me he had found a bed for me at the place where he was staying. "It's a devil of a town to find a billet in," he said. "There are only two places where you can get bed and breakfast. The Conservatives are staying at one and the Independent Liberals at the other. We're sleeping Independent." On the way to our quarters, he told me that the campaign was beginning to liven up, since there were only three days to go to election, which fell on a Wednes-

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Lyrics by OGDEN NASH

day. "I really think Miss Balfour would have a chance if she had any kind of a machine behind her," he said.

THE place where we stayed was of the sort known in England as a "private hotel," which means that it has no public restaurant, bar, or pretensions. It was a big house, apparently originally the residence of a successful mill man, and it was full of great, drafty, high-ceilinged rooms. Pollard and I left our coats in a lofty, L-shaped hall and he led the way into the drawing room, in one corner of which four people were huddled about a coal fire. It was comfortable in the room if you could get within two feet of the fire. Lancashire people are less standoffish than southern Britishers; a Lancashire man has his choice, from childhood, between liking company and freezing to death. Pollard and I wedged ourselves in near the sides of the fireplace by a sort of double enveloping movement, and Pollard introduced me to the four other people. They were two couples—Mr. and Mrs. Willie Baines, who ran the hotel, and Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Davies, friends of Miss Balfour's who had come to town to work for her election. Mr. and Mrs. Baines looked rather like brother and sister, with red, upturned noses and

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"THE TOWN'S NUMBER ONE HIT"
—*Leonard Lyons, Post*

resentatives for the duration. The individual thus triply ordained is officially styled the Government candidate; opposition, if there is any, must come from an individual running as an independent. A considerable number of Government candidates have had walkovers.

be a disadvantage to Miss Balfour, I knew, because the professional agents, who live in their districts and know all about them, are shrewd at getting out the vote. They have a national association, like a trade union, which prevents undercutting or horning in on other agents' territories. Every time a professional agent runs a campaign, he gets a fee of seventy-five pounds, or about three hundred dollars, from his party.

"The electoral truce must have been an awful blow to the party agents," I said.

Pollard said no, the agents had been busy during the long wait, keeping the party organizations, particularly the Conservative one, in shape. "Then, too," he added, "it seemed that all the agents fitted well into administrative war jobs, like the local Food and Fuel offices. Just a coincidence, naturally."

Mr. Davies, a tall, fair young man in civilian dress, told me that he was a flying officer in the RAF and was spending a ten-day leave in the atmosphere of political excitement that had pleased him in prewar days. He had once stood for Parliament himself before the war, he said—he must have been in his early twenties then—and he was looking about now for a good division to contest when a suitable Tory died. Miss Balfour, he said, would probably come along and help him. He talked as if he had in the back of his mind a complete list of ailing Tory M.P.'s, with Harley Street odds on the death of each.

WE soon sat down to the evening meal. Miss Balfour was out of town, since Sunday was scarcely a day for campaigning. There are still a sufficient number of Sabbatarians in England to affect the result of an election. We had a fair enough meal of tomato soup, cold pork, and trifle, which in this instance was broken bits of sponge cake in a wartime version of whipped cream. On weekdays, I was informed, no meal except breakfast was served at the hotel. The only place in town where one could get lunch or dinner then was the Criterion Café, in the centre of the town,

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★

You hear that a boy you knew has gone to glory with a Congressional Medal. You hear a girl you knew in pigtails sing—or tell how she and her sister nurses dug in when the Krauts strafed her hospital tent. Or you hear Ed Murrow in London, just landed from a Marauder raid of a German airfield in Belgium.

To hear collector's items you must not only hear but listen *acutely.* Your reward will be golden. And by the way—what *is* the most interesting thing *you* ever heard? We'd like to hear your choicest "item"...

★

(Shorter story this week than usual; paper shortage)

this is CBS
...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

an establishment also owned by the Baineses. They worked almost full time at the café, locally pronounced "caffy," and had barely enough help to keep it going. All of the pubs in town were up against the labor problem, so none of them any longer served meals. "Everyone works in cotton mills and war plants," Pollard explained. "Quite different from depression times, when Darwen had five thousand unemployed. When you counted the families, that meant that more than half the town was on the dole."

"And if the war work were to end suddenly, half the town would be on the dole again," Mrs. Davies said, "unless the Government has established a rational system of unemployment insurance. That's why people all over Britain are so uneasy about a Government that refuses to announce a definite policy about creating employment after the war, or the Beveridge plan, or anything else. And no Tory candidate can even promise to work for a program until the party leaders have told him what it is and the whips have told him how to vote. The people have a feeling that they're going to be fooled as they were after the last war and that they may not even have a chance to vote on it."

"The registry list was made up in 1939," Mr. Davies explained, "and it's so hopelessly out of date that from a third to a half the country is disfranchised. To begin with, nobody who became twenty-one after 1939 is on the list. Then, all the people who moved to new towns for war work have lost their votes in the towns they came from without gaining a vote in the towns they moved into, and there has never before been such a shifting of industrial population and white-collar workers and men and women called up for service. Right here in Darwen, out of thirty-nine thousand voters on the list, the town clerk estimates that three thousand have died and at least ten thousand have moved to other divisions. The under-twenty-fives have no votes, and at least ten thousand people from other towns who have moved in to work here have no votes either. Instead of advocating a new registry list, Tory papers are beginning to say now that it's no use holding elections when the vote can represent only a small part of the public. The Government argument is that it's too much paperwork to get up a new list during the national emergency; it would interfere with the war effort."

In a rich Lowland Scots voice heavy with scorn, Mrs. Davies said, "What is

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Margaret Elliott
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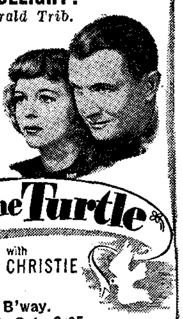

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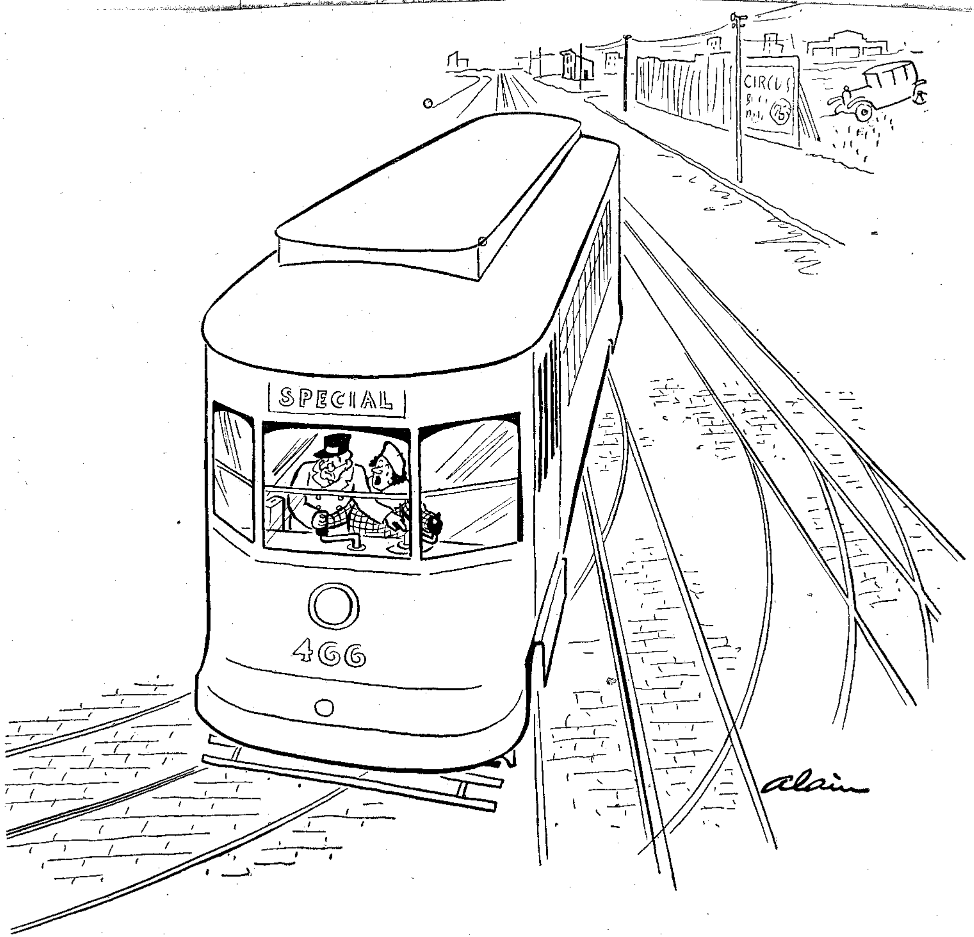
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cheerful smiles. Both were compact, lively, and just under middle size, and both spoke pure Lancashire, with its telegraphic economy of words. Mr. Baines wore tortoise-rimmed glasses, which gave him what is considered in Lancashire an American air. "I'll be glad when election's done," Mr. Baines said to me. "Gaffers here so interested they're forgetting to die."

"Mr. Baines is Darwen's leading—in fact, only—caterer," Pollard explained. "A ruddy monopolist if ever you saw one. And the funeral baked meats are one of his most profitable specialties. After a Lancashire burial the mourners have what you would call a big feed."

"Ham funeral, we call it," Mrs. Baines said.

"We bury 'em with ham," her husband said. "Sometimes we bury 'em with pork tongue or with steak and kidney, but ham be proper thing. People here think it shows respect for dead to set good table after church."

"We had one old lady while back who said, 'We'll have bottle of port and bottle of sherry; nowt's too good for him.' And him dead, of course," Mrs. Baines said. "But Willie's only joking. Election does wake place up. My father was Liberal agent in part of Blackburn when

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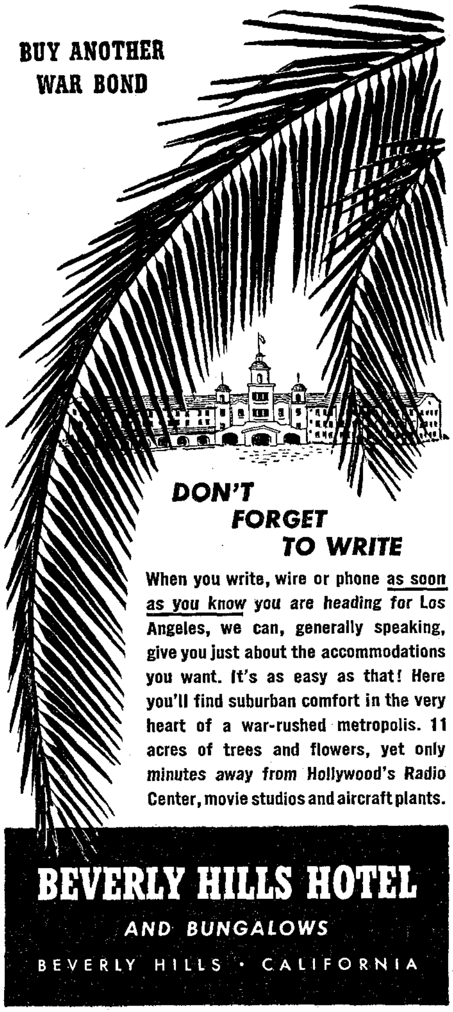
support of Catholic schools, whereas the Government had declared for only partial support, so they were determined to vote against the Government.

WHEN we had finished eating, we sat around the fire waiting for supper, which in Lancashire is a regular evening meal served at around ten-thirty. I was curious about the backstage aspects of British elections and asked Mrs. Davies who was going to pay for Miss Balfour's campaign and how much it would cost. She told me that Miss Balfour would pay, but whether she had borrowed money from friends to help make the run, she couldn't say. Election expenses were limited by law to fivepence-ha'penny for each urban voter and sevenpence for each rural voter in a Parliamentary division, which meant that in a division like Darwen, which had forty thousand voters on the list, a candidate could spend at most a thousand pounds. "But nobody ever spends the limit in wartime," she said. "Not even a Tory candidate." By paying due Scottish heed to the odd pennies, she expected that she could keep Miss Balfour's outlay down to between three and four hundred pounds. This would pay for leaflets, posters, automobiles with and without loudspeakers, and the expenses of a few campaign speakers who would come in from outside. Almost all Miss Balfour's workers were unpaid volunteers. "There isn't much in it for her even if she's elected," Mrs. Davies said. "An M.P. gets only six hundred pounds a year, of which only one hundred is tax-free. That means three hundred and fifty pounds a year altogether after taxes. She'll have to work full time in Fleet Street, I expect, to keep up her position as a Member."

Unlike American congressmen, Members of Parliament must pay their own secretaries or stenographers. Often two or three Members club together to pay the wages of one girl, who thus earns as much from her Parliamentary duties as any one of the M.P.'s she serves. The general effect of the extremely low pay for Members of Parliament is to make the House of Commons a rich man's club. Journalism is one of the few callings that can be fitted in with Parliamentary duties, since a journalist can earn a living outside while spending a reasonable amount of time at Westminster. Conservative members are expected to donate their salaries, and in many cases several hundred pounds a year besides, to the support of the party organization in their divisions, which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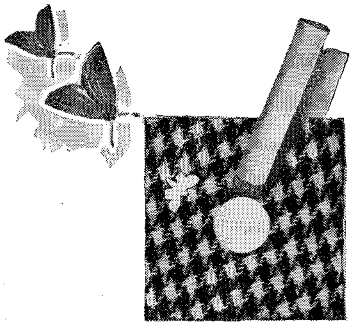
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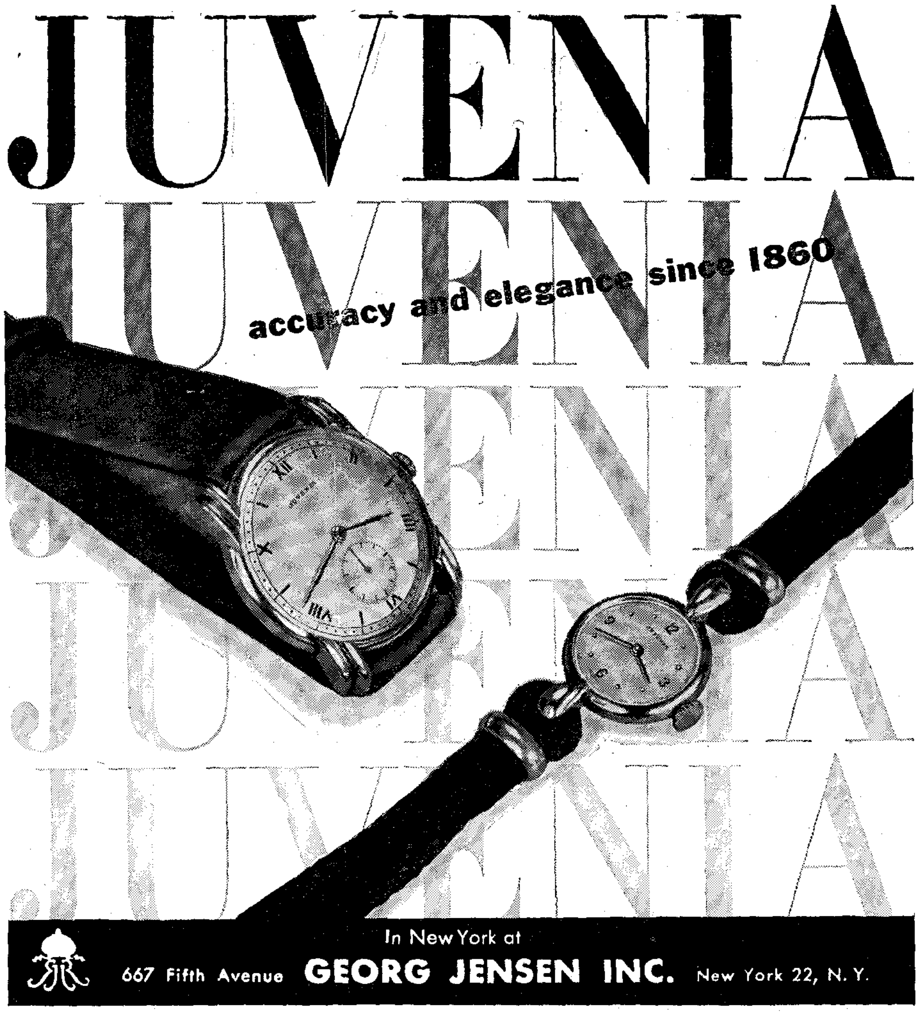
almost as serious as the denial of the vote is the slow deterioration in the quality of Parliament under this system of election by rubber stamp. When parties knew they had to put up men whom the voters would choose over a reasonably good opponent, they had to pick candidates of some quality. Now they can pick anyone, no matter how insignificant he is. Have you met the Tory candidate?" she asked. "He's just a stooge. But the posters say, 'Churchill's Choice,' and the voters are told that it's unpatriotic to ask questions."

" 'Churchill's Choice!' " said Mr. Baines contemptuously. "Churchill doesn't know as Prescott exist. Some party secretary sends a stock endorsement signed 'Churchill,' and that's that. Churchill have somewhat else to think about."

The talk got onto the specific iniquities of the local Tory committee. There was a weekly newspaper in town called the Darwen *News*. The editor, a man named Riley, had refused to print any news about the Independent Liberal candidate, her speeches, or her meetings.

"It'll be worth hundreds of votes to her, the *News* treating her that way," said Mrs. Baines. "People in caffy talk about nothing but that. They say when it gets out it will give Darwen a bad name."

"It's exactly Hitler's attitude toward political news," said Mrs. Davies, her cheeks pink with that crusading ardor so becoming to Scottish women. "There's little difference between a bad Tory and a superior grade of Nazi, I've always said. And have you seen the posters the Tories have put up, Mrs. Baines? 'Darwen Old Age Pensioners for Prescott' and 'Darwen Catholics for Prescott'! They know well that the Old Age Pensioners' Association and Father Lineen have both endorsed Miss Balfour." People over sixty-five receive a pension of ten shillings, or two dollars, a week from the British government; on that they are supposed to live happily ever after. Old people who need a supplement to this pension have to satisfy the authorities that they are without savings or resources. Sir William Beveridge has proposed that this pension be raised in 1945 to twenty-five shillings a week, and after twenty years, when his plan of social insurance would come into full force, to two pounds, or eight dollars, a week. Miss Balfour had come out for the Beveridge proposal, Mrs. Davies said, so the Darwen pensioners had adopted her as their champion. As for the Catholics, they wanted full state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makes real wealth pretty nearly a *sine qua non* in that party.

As the evening wore on, we were joined by a man named Tom Williams, a crony of Mr. Baines and works manager at a Darwen factory, and by a Londoner named Marrow. Mr. Marrow, who was in his middle forties, wore a double-breasted suit and spats and was ostentatiously preoccupied with a pipe. His hair was slicked back on his head and he thrust his chin forward in the manner of a man who knew his little book and was all too ready to read a page out of it. He sat in a low chair, and when he leaned forward, brandishing his pipe, his trousers cuffs rode up past the tops of his socks, revealing firm, white, hairless calves girdled by what the English call sock suspenders, as if he were posing simultaneously for Prince Albert Tobacco and Paris Garters. The healthy glow of his complexion, heightened by a thin film of sweat, suggested an advertising connection with a patent bran. Marrow, who sold something or other and stopped at the Baines hotel every fortnight when he was selling it in Darwen, was offended, he told me, at the whole notion of an election. "Let me ask you a question," he said. "What would the effect be on the rest of the world if the Government candidate was to be defeated?"

"What rest of world?" Williams asked. He was a tall man with a long head and nose and a slow, Lancashire way of talking. "They have elections in States, don't they? And in Australia? And Government there gets beaten and war goes on."

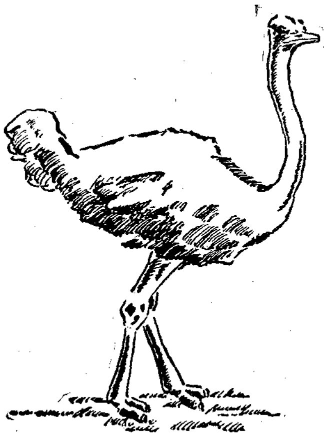
"I mean the rest of the world," Marrow said impatiently. "Jerry wouldn't be half pleased, would 'e?"

"Miss Balfour is for getting on with war," Williams said. "Tory chaps were for appeasement, all but Churchill. Jerry doesn't care who's elected. Besides, who's voting, man—us or Jerry? More brains we have in Parliament, better we can fight. Because Miss Balfour is for Beveridge plan and planning for after war doesn't say she wants Germans to win."

"But what bloody use would it be 'er going to Parliament if she did 'ave a bloody chance?" Marrow demanded, now a bit excited. "She couldn't do not a bloody thing, without no party be'ind 'er."

"What can Prescott do?" Williams said. "Better have someone that will try than someone that can only do what party says."

"It's no bloody good trying to plan for after this war," Marrow said au-



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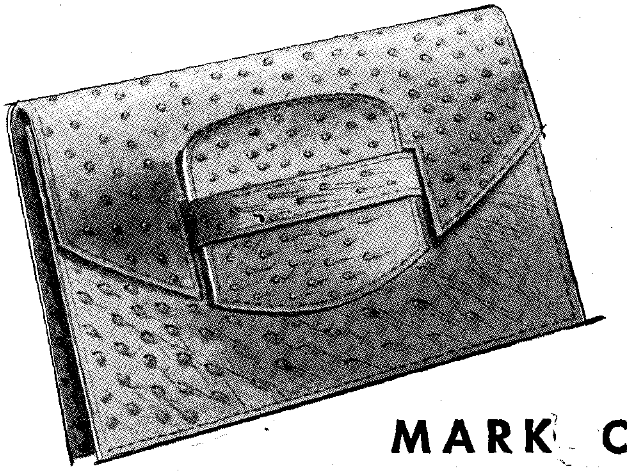

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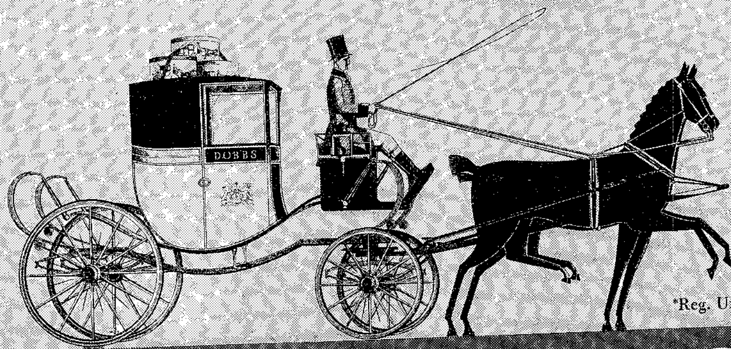

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thoritatively. "What 'appened after the last war? We 'ad a bloody 'ard time. And we'll 'ave a bloody time again," he added, with seeming relish. "Face up to the facts. Politics is no bloody good. What we want is get on with our job."

"What job?" Davies asked.

"Whatever job we got," Marrow said doubtfully. " 'Ousing, for example. We ought to bloody well start building 'ouses instead of talking about it."

"Exactly," Davies said. "We want the Government to state a definite policy on the ownership of land and acquire land now to rebuild the bombed areas."

"Let them get on and build the bloody 'ouses and they'll find bloody land to put 'em on," said Marrow.

"Now, now, man," said Williams, "you can't build 'ouse without land to put it on! Would you keep it in air, like balloon?"

"Well, all I've got to say, as a man of the world wot's seen a thing or two in my time," said Marrow, "is, what about raw material? Suppose you buy your bloody land. All right, say the Government '*as* bought the land. Suppose there ain't enough raw material to build the bloody 'ouses? Ah, a lot of bloody good your bloody planning did you then, din't it?"

"But, man," Williams said in a pleading tone, "unless you know how much land you have, you don't know how much raw material you need, do you, man?"

"Individual bloody ingenuity and individual bloody enterprise," Marrow said, "is by what we rise and by what we fall."

I went to bed shortly afterward in a room considerably colder than I expect my tomb to be. —A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the first part of a three-part article on a by-election in Darwen, England.)

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN

[*Adv. in the Chicago Sun*]

BARE FACTS
RE: SUN-CHASING

Get into it—the sun! Plunge into it up to your bare arms, your bare legs, your bronzed and beautiful back. Idolize it in south-bound clothes that slash away all superfluities and turn you over to the glories of the ultra-violet. Do, do get into the sun—and with a clear conscience. For O.P.A. blesses the midwinter breathing spell that sends you north again with satin nerves, a scissors mind, a redoubled will to quick-time your War work.

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THREE LADIES IN THE MORNING

THE midtown hotel restaurant was almost empty at eleven-thirty in the morning. Three waiters were talking in a corner, leaning against the wall. A young waitress was going from table to table and cleaning out the ashtrays with a wet rag. No one was seated at the larger tables in the middle of the room, but here and there, at the little tables that ran the length of the room at each side, a few late breakfasters lingered over their coffee, reading newspapers. The headwaiter appeared when two tall, blond girls came in, and escorted them to a table beside a pillar. They were almost identically dressed in black suits, with heavy furs over their arms. Both wore their almost-white hair in high, upswept pompadours. One wore a flat red hat tilted over her eyes. The other was bareheaded. Before they sat down, they put their furs over the backs of their chairs.

The girl with the red hat looked quickly about the room, pulled off her gloves, and then leaned forward to pick up the menu the headwaiter had placed before her.

"I can't even see it," she said wearily, and put it down. "Coffee is all I want. In fact, coffee is all I can stand. You tell him, darling."

"Two coffees," the other girl said to the waiter who was standing beside their table. As soon as he had gone, she leaned forward. "It must have been too awful," she said in an excited whisper. "You really look terrible."

The girl with the red hat shook her head slowly and her eyes closed. "Darling," she said, "it was just that. I've never been through such an evening in my whole life. Those horrible people that Milt has to entertain on business. How he stands them I don't know. God knows *I* can't. When that buyer from the Coast started to tell me about his sex life, I thought I would be sick. Actually." She spoke quietly, but her voice rose at the end of each sentence. She lit a cigarette and waved the match out. "What I mean is, you'd think he'd use a newer approach. Telling me about his wife in the sanitarium, while he pawed and pawed. I just had to keep drinking in order to get him off the couch once in a while to bring me another highball while I got my strength back."

She stopped and they both watched the waiter put down the cups and pour the coffee. They stirred and sipped. The girl with the red hat put her cup down so abruptly that the coffee spilled over into the saucer. She put her hand up to her head.

"Honestly," she said, "if I have to get another cigar burn in my evening frock on account of Milt's customers, I'll go out of my head. And then there's that author, whatever his name is."

"Austin Gray?" said the other girl. "He's an advertising man, darling. Not an author."

"I don't care what he is. Last night he tried to tell me that Jean McNeill lost that modelling job because she was drunk all the time. I said, 'Jean McNeill is one of my best friends and I simply won't listen to such—' "

She stopped suddenly, her coffee cup in midair. From directly behind her came a woman's loud voice: "He should be here. He should be here to see me and tell me what's wrong with me, the lousy psychiatrist. He's an expert, all right, and he'd be delighted to tell me and everybody else in this room what's wrong with me. He's an expert about anything he wants to put his mind to. Just go and find him and tell him his wife is here in a fashionable rat trap with her faculties badly impaired. Tell him to bring my nephew with him, too, damn him."

The voice, loud enough to be heard all through the dining room, stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The girl with the red hat, her coffee cup still in her hand, turned completely around to see where it had come from. Slouched down on a banquette behind her wall table was a middle-aged woman, expensively dressed, with her hair in a stringy mass around her head. Her eyes were dull and her cheeks were lined and heavily rouged. She was hugging herself as if she were cold and she seemed unconscious of the fact that there was anyone else in the room.

The girl with the red hat turned slowly back and stared at her companion, her eyes wide. "My God," she whispered. "I was never so scared in my life. Did you *hear* that? Who is she?"

The other girl glanced expectantly around the room. The three waiters showed no signs of moving from their corner. The headwaiter, his back to them, was talking to a bus boy by the kitchen doors. When the woman had started talking, people had looked up, but now they were reading their newspapers again.

"Aren't they going to do anything?" the girl whispered. "Aren't they going to throw her out or something? I should think that in a place like this—"

The voice began again flatly, "I apologize. I apologize for existing. I don't know why I'm here, either. I didn't ask to come here and if there was one single person in this world with any guts, they'd put me out of the way. Alexis Carrel stuff. Ask him. He can tell you how he made a lump of tissue live for years in a little salt water. Filled up a whole laboratory with itself. Filled up a whole building."

There was a pause, and the two girls stared at each other.

"I'm going to *stop* this," the voice said. "Got to stop being a lump. Got to start trying to be a social being, end quote. My distinguished husband, my distinguished expert says that, so must give him credit."

The woman put her hands out to pull herself upright and hit her ashtray, spilling cigarette butts all over the tablecloth. She looked around wildly. "Got to apologize," she said. "Got to apologize to these other ladies and gentlemen for not being a social being. Not a lady."

The room was silent except for the clink of silverware from the kitchen.

"I can't *move*," the woman on the banquette cried.

THE girl with the red hat crushed out her cigarette in her coffee saucer, took a dollar bill out of her pocketbook, and put it on the table. Then she reached behind her and pulled her fur over her shoulder. "I'm getting out of here," she announced. "And right now."

The other girl nodded and they both stood up, picked up their gloves, and started out. The woman on the banquette was trying to put the spilled cigarettes back in the tray. The two girls stared straight ahead as they went past her. When they got to the door they both started to talk excitedly.

"Honestly," said the girl in the red hat, "have you ever? It's getting so you just can't go anywhere."

—CPL. ROGER ANGELL

•

SHEPHERD ROUNDS UP FLOCK

[*Postcard received by a student at Northwestern University*]

I have just become Chaplain for the Episcopal Students at Northwestern. In order that we may become acquainted, an Open House is being held next Sunday evening from 5 to 8 p.m. at Canterbury House, 2046 Sheridan Road.

After tea I plan to read some of Dorothy Parker's poems. I shall be very pleased if you will give me the pleasure of your company.

Sincerely yours,
John Heuss

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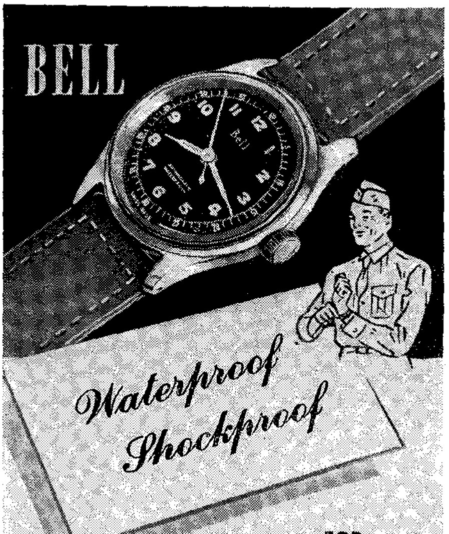

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THE ART GALLERIES

Artists for Victory

Artists for Victory, Inc., has from the first been a sort of omnibus organization. Formed about two years ago, shortly after Pearl Harbor, it was designed as a kind of united front of all American artists, and it combined such disparate elements as the National Academy and the National Sculptors Society, both intensely conservative, the more liberal An American Group and the artistically radical Abstract Artists Association, as well as a couple of dozen or more other groups, small and large, and of all shades of aesthetic opinion. At the time, as I recall, great stress was laid on the need for a truly representative setup; every group was to have its voice in the organization's workings, and the general idea was that everything was to be as democratic as hell. Although even at the start there were mutterings that the thing was not working out quite so idyllically as planned and that the conservatives had somehow got more power than they were entitled to, it must be said that the group's first exhibition—the big "Artists for Victory" show at the Metropolitan Museum in the fall of 1942—gave a pretty fair cross section of American painting and sculpture today.

Art, however, has its conflicts, which are as unremitting and in the long run almost as deadly as those between nations, and I suppose it was too much to expect that so inherently explosive a combination as this one could retain any real representative quality for long. Now its second big exhibition is on, through this Saturday, at the Vanderbilt Avenue branch of the Grand Central Galleries. It's a big show, with two hundred paintings, sculptures, and prints by a hundred and ninety-one artists. It's a highly important show, too, for it was got together as a good-will affair, and the works are to be shipped to England at the close of the exhibition for a tour of the cities there, to let the British artists and public see what we Americans have been up to over here. It is also a show for which I can find almost nothing good to say.

I did notice, in the course of as dreary a survey as I've been forced to go

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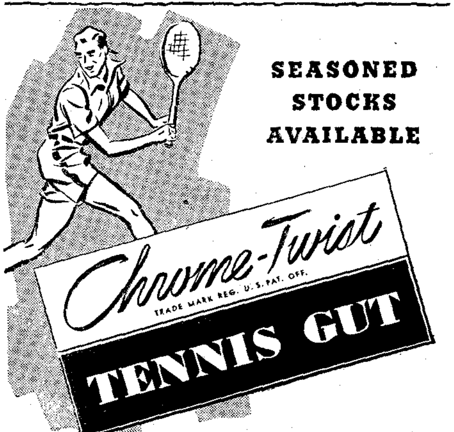

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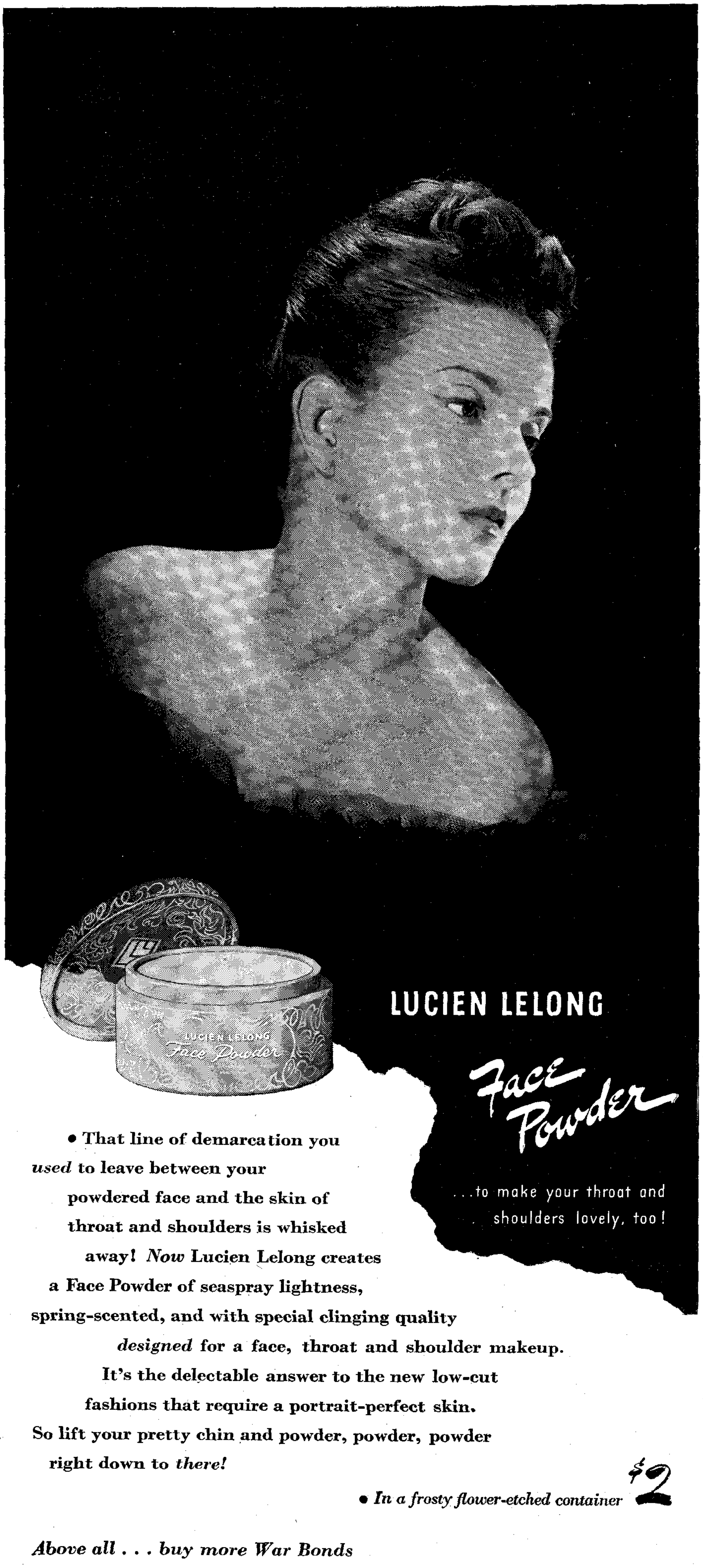
through in some time, ten really excellent paintings, of which the leaders were O. Louis Guglielmi's "Man of Vengeance," Stuart Davis's "Landscape with Drying Sails," and Louis Bouché's nicely organized "Eddyville Tavern." Apart from these few, the selections range from the merely average to the downright bad, and as a study of the various trends and influences that make up the structure of contemporary American painting—which should obviously be the show's primary purpose—the collection is remarkable chiefly for what it leaves out. Expressionism, for instance, is certainly one of the most powerful factors in the current scene. I didn't see a single good example of Expressionist painting in the show. One peek at Surrealism, another potent force, is permitted to the spectator, in John Atherton's "Freckles;" in the case of Abstractionism we get two—the Stuart Davis canvas just mentioned and Vaclav Vytlacil's handsome still life called "Composition." Of the playfulness and humorous human understanding which give our painting so much of its life and vigor, particularly in the field of city genre and so on, there is hardly a trace.

Incredible as it may seem, even the war is omitted, at least as far as any direct reference goes, and the only school that gets really full representation is the academic. Perhaps "full" is too mild a word for what I'm trying to say. Perhaps "overwhelming" or even "hoggish" would be better. For the plain fact is that of a hundred and ninety-one artists included, eighty-two, or a little less than half, are either National Academicians or associate members. Now, some people still paint academically, others like their work and buy it, and any honest attempt to provide a panoramic view of American art today would have to take these facts into account. But I submit that to give the academic school such weight in a survey like this is an appalling distortion of the truth, and I can't keep from wondering what the British are going to make of it all. As far as I can judge, they'll conclude that we are largely either drifting to and fro in the backwash of French Impressionism or else hacking belatedly at the stony contours of academic realism, and that the war is, artistically at least, something most of us have never even heard of. I haven't said anything about the sculpture and prints sections yet. Perhaps because the medium of the black-and-white lends itself readily to the meticulousness of the academic manner, the latter section is gen-



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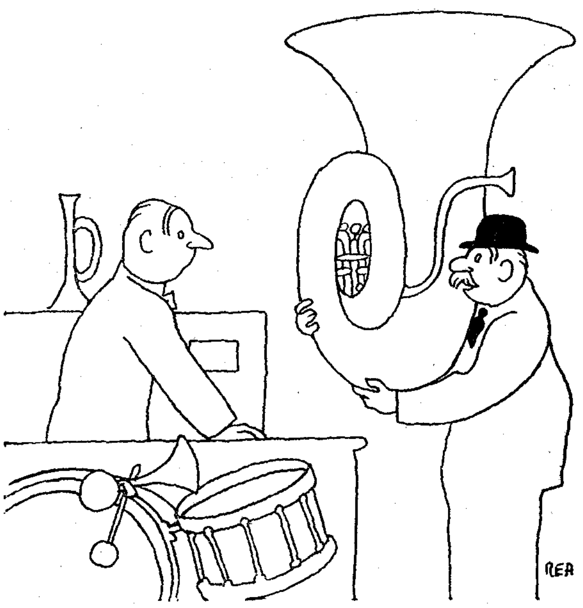

"When I've had my Wheaties, it's so loud it tears the roof off. And when I *haven't* had my Wheaties, it just goes 'eeple'!"

Eeple people need Wheaties. Oom-pah people love Wheaties. *Signed,* General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.
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erally the liveliest of the show. The sculpture, which, except for a few smaller pieces, is presented in the form of photographs, is strictly World's Fair.

I CALLED John Atherton a Surrealist a moment ago, and that's certainly the classification his work falls into. It's Surrealism with a difference, however, as his new paintings, now at the Julien Levy, will show. He tends less toward what might be called the artistry of decay than the official Surrealists do; when he does lean that way, as in "Monument," for example, it's a prim decay, a New England decadence, that he depicts. Though a good many of his canvases have the irrationality of dreams, they are circumspect, thoroughly unsexual dreams—dreams, in short, that are Puritan to the core. All this fits in well with his precise drawing and restrained color, and if his color is at times a shade dull and his design monotonous, the majority of his paintings nevertheless have considerable impact. I liked best his beautifully painted "Hot and Cold" and the more ambitious and equally successful "Green Shaded Night." . . . At Durand-Ruel, for the benefit of the Children's Aid Society, they are showing French still lifes from Manet to Picasso, including such masters of this genre as Cézanne, Renoir, Monet, Braque, and Vuillard. All are pretty much gems in their way. Among them I noted specially the delicately painted "Chrysanthèmes" by Monet and the almost perfectly integrated "Le Plat de Pommes" by Cézanne. . . . Weyhe is showing a set of water colors and drawings by Raphael Soyer. These are true sketch-book pieces, some of them simply fragmentary studies and some more fully developed, and they give one that feeling of freshness and intimacy—almost of being at the artist's side as he draws—that such things can. Since, for my money, Soyer is one of the best men we have around today, it's a special pleasure to get such close insight into the background of his work.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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CORRECTION

It was erroneously stated yesterday that Commercial National Bank & Trust Co. had voted a dividend of 50 cents a share, payable March 15 to holders of March 1. It should have been stated that Helena Rubenstein, Inc., had voted the payment on its new stock, in the amount mentioned above, and due on the same dates.—*The World-Telegram.*

What a pretty beginning for a romance!

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

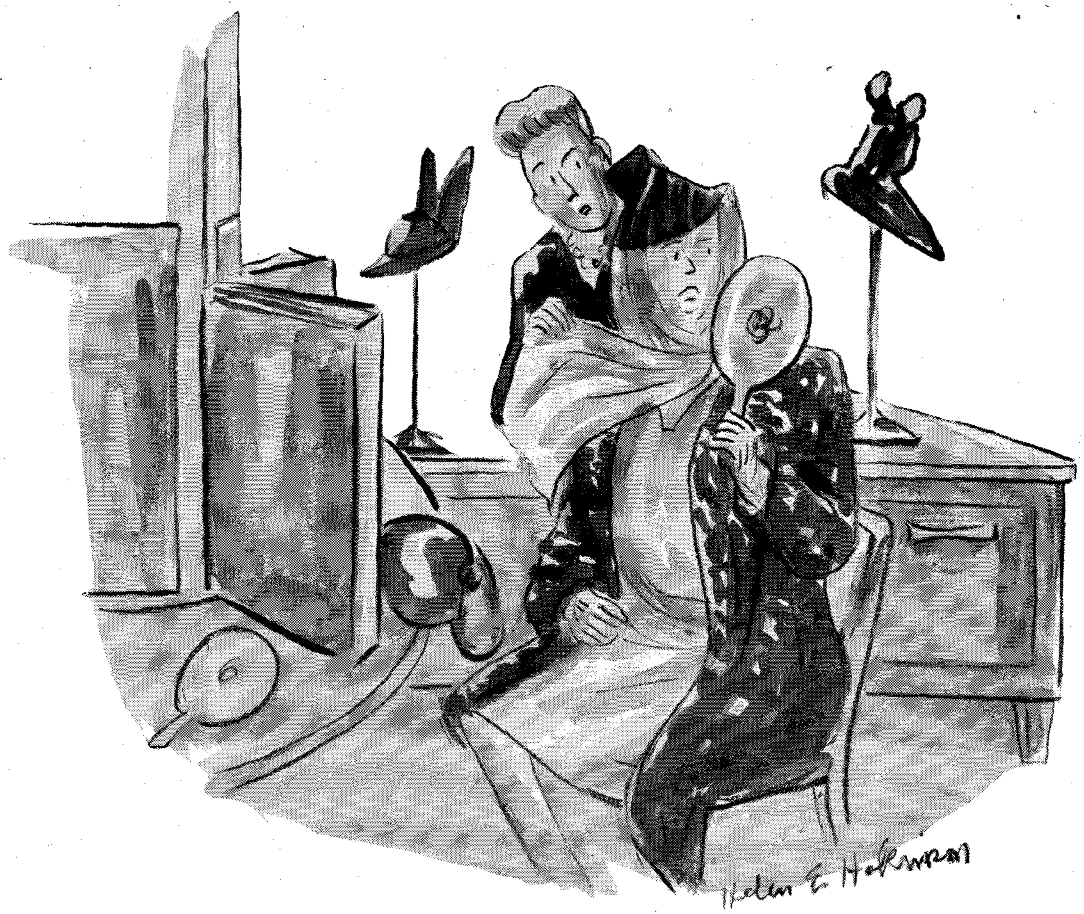
FEMININE FASHIONS

AS you roam through the spring custom collections in New York, you will find that a great many lines that look brand-new (at least to those of you who don't remember the twenties), the most striking and insistent being the skimpy, tubular silhouette that has been talked up so strenuously by everyone connected with the fashion trade. This is so narrow that often there is a slit in skirts that are only just below-the-knee length; the dresses are usually belted, and, to compensate slightly for the fact that women really aren't built like thermometers, there is a tendency to widen the shoulders. On the wide-armhole, almost-sleeveless dress that has simultaneously stormed the town, these shoulders may slope a bit below the tips of the shoulders or be elongated and flare out well beyond them. Thus the armholes slant in toward the ribs in a line that is very flattering to the waistline and hips. There seems to be no one definite sponsor for these sudden goings on; apparently a lot of the designers, peering at last from their ivory towers, said at once, "Oh, well, the hell with it! If we can't have lots of fabric, let's use as little as we can. Down with moderation!"

BENDEL is showing some tubular day dresses (with sleeves, though) that have all the day-in-day-out ease of the early Chanel uniforms. One of tan wool has a narrow navy leather belt and no decoration except rows of undulating tucks that make a deep band through the waistline and another across the bodice. A similar dress (a Molyneux) is of gray tweed, with a white piqué belt and buttons and with crossed white piqué tabs at the throat. For evening there are a lot of full-length skinny dresses with a high, surplice effect at the throat and the shoulders well extended. These sheathlike affairs often have width, or a suggestion of width, in unexpected places, both to relieve the monotony and to make the body look slimmer. There are bows in all the collections—on the hip, on the shoulder, or at the back of the neck. Bendel likes dresses with panniers. The most exaggerated example is an affair with a long-sleeved top of pearl-gray faille; folded panniers jut out sharply on the hips (the dress is mercifully flat front and back, though) over a plain, narrow black crêpe skirt. The most wearable of his pannier dresses is a navy wool one with four coin buttons, placed double-breasted fashion on the bodice, and a plain belt with coins across the front. If you wish, you may substitute a belt with a peplum that flares over the hips; it's charming.

You'll also see short capes, which make the upper part of the body look wider and the hips narrower. Hattie Carnegie has some that are about waist-length (occasionally coming down to a point in back) and fasten on the chest with crossed bands inside. She shows one in navy wool over a crêpe blouse, of pink-and-navy print, that ties in a bow on one hip. A plain wool matching navy skirt goes with this. A black wool cape is part of a costume that really lends itself to variation, for its "blouse" of beige-and-black print turns out to be a slender dress when the black skirt of the ensemble is removed. If you order a print jacket besides, you can *really* achieve variety with this ensemble. Fira Benenson's capes, at Bonwit Teller, are as small as you'll find. They come no more than halfway down the upper arm. Since her dresses aren't as skimpy as most, she achieves, altogether, a silhouette distinctly her own.

Box or flaring jackets are another well-known trick to make you look very slim below the waistline. Bergdorf loves hip-length jackets that have fullness in the back. There's even one of yellow polo cloth over a slinky black crêpe dinner dress with cap sleeves and deep armholes. You will notice loose box jackets in every collection. One of Bendel's best navy wool costumes has slot seams across the bottom of a box jacket that ties with a printed bow; similar slot details appear at the waistline of the skimpy dress beneath. Hattie Carnegie (again up to pranks with costumes that can be changed around) shows a plain black wool box jacket, buttoned in back, over a slim black silk skirt with a bright printed and sequined



"But there's not much point to looking exotic in Englewood."

★

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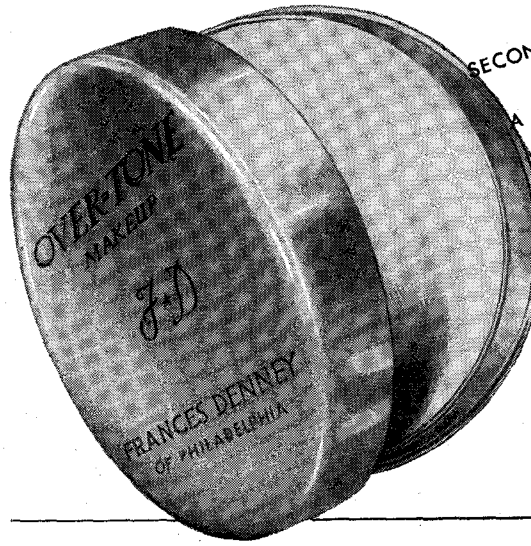

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blouse. The trick about this is that you can turn the coat around and wear it back side to. For evening, incidentally, Carnegie likes absolutely straight, short-sleeved black satin coats, almost knee length.

Other folderols to relieve the starkness of sheath dresses include the detachable aprons of shirred net that Carnegie puts on plain black day dresses and, for sheer whoopla, a great band of uncurled ostrich feathers fluffing up all around the armholes of a black crêpe evening affair at Bendel. Your breath stops when a mannequin pulls a coat on over this dress, but everything is all right; the feathers stick up again the minute the coat comes off.

I HAVEN'T really got started on the new suits yet. Bergdorf has a pale beige wool bolero one, nipped in at the waist, to be worn with a gray skirt and a champagne satin blouse, and a navy-blue wool suit with a plain bolero whose navy-and-white braid border makes you think that a striped bolero is being worn underneath the plain one. At Hattie Carnegie a bright magenta wool jacket with one button high on the chest goes over a print blouse that projects below the jacket and ties at one side; the skirt is of the fabric used in the jacket. There is every possible variation, from strictly tailored to dressy evening, of the suit with a simple, nipped-in jacket of moderate length. Sophie of Saks-Fifth Avenue, always one of the very best at this sort of thing, presents her newest designs in bright, bright colors; for example, a royal-blue shantung one with a red, blue, and white striped chiffon blouse. A lot of Sophie's suits are, by the way, lined with similar bright shantungs, which likewise make the accompanying blouses. Hattie Carnegie also likes color. One sample consists of an ice-cream-pink linen jacket and a black wool skirt. The classic combination of printed dress and long coat lined with print is everywhere. Bendel's prize entry of this sort is a tubular dress with a black pattern on a pinkish ground and a perfectly straight black wool coat faced with the print.

JUST as I decide I am through with the short dinner dress forever, something happens like Bergdorf's triumph in navy faille. It has a skirt that bulges out flippantly just below the waist in back; the bodice has pinafore ruffles over the tips of the shoulders and outlining the deep armholes. Hattie Carnegie has a way with low décolletages on her short dinner dresses, such as the off-shoulder oval neckline on a primavera printed dress. Just the same, in general I am against naked décolletages, particularly the wide-shoulder-strap nakedness that appears beneath modest jackets here and there among the collections. Happily, the black-lace-lingerie school of evening dress has all but vanished from the better houses. There are lovely tailored short dinner suits about, like Bendel's black slipper-satin one with unexpected checked-gingham gloves and blouse, and equally lovely ones by Fira Benenson at Bonwit Teller—in black alpaca, with a jacket which has tucks across the chest and a low waistline in back; in pure silk taffeta trimmed with hand crochet (this dress has her peculiar uplifted shoulders and a pouf at the throat); in satin with tassels trimming the jacket. Those high Benenson shoulders, padded at the tips, will make you look as if you're hunching your shoulders, either in winsome disdain or just because you're cold. Me, I'm doing it these days because I'm cold.

For evening, clothes are either columnal or are wide and voluminous and gorgeous in the old tradition. Bendel shows some chiffon dresses, suggesting the twenties, that end in vast skirts. One pink affair has great swirls of pink lace all over the skirt; a black one has shirred leaf motifs. Another black chiffon has two detachable belts with panniers (one set is of sequined lace and the other is of ostrich plumes) to go over the hips. Benenson's talent with lace-and-chiffon combinations has never been topped. Bergdorf has a nice black crêpe dress, slim to the knees, with horizontal taffeta and lace bands alternating swishily over a taffeta petticoat. Luscious things, all of them, which they tell me have been revived because the boys on leave demanded feminine companions who looked feminine.

BERGDORF has two coats that are knockouts. One is of navy-blue wool, with big sleeves ending in bigger cuffs and having a set-in belt, a bloused top, and an easy, turnover collar; the other is of beige polo cloth, the belt set in at the back and knotting casually in front. Fira Benenson offers the traditional coachman's coat, big, buttoned pockets and all, in black alpaca. And Zoë de Salle, at 18 East 53rd Street, is showing a few coats and capes that are among the best you've seen in years. Her capes are full-length and terrifically broad-shouldered, and she cuts them so that they have an insolent swing (no one does capes better, as you sweet

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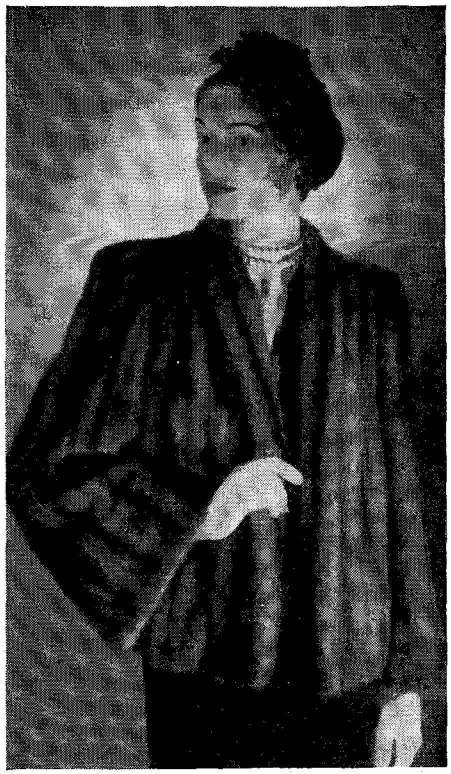

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steady readers of this column should know). She has one lovely loose wool coat (the color is gray with a pink cast) that fastens with a single vast black silk frog at the throat, and a pale-blue wool coat with diagonal tucks and saddle-stitching placed to emphasize the severe pinch at the waistline, where it is fastened by one huge button. Her fabrics are as magnificent as ever.

A LOT of the shops have done a great deal with linen, but Bergdorf's work with it is exceptionally successful. There's one of the handsomest fitted coat-dresses in town—navy wool, with white linen making a bow on one hip and a tiny, round-the-throat neckline above the navy oval one. For evening, there are linen blouses, covered with embroidered and sequined butterflies and bugs and accompanying long, swirling chiffon skirts; there are off-the-shoulder white linen jackets trimmed with stripes of silver bugles and paired with white chiffon skirts; there are quilted white linen jackets over slim black crêpe skirts; there is an Empire dress of pale banana-colored linen, laced in back.

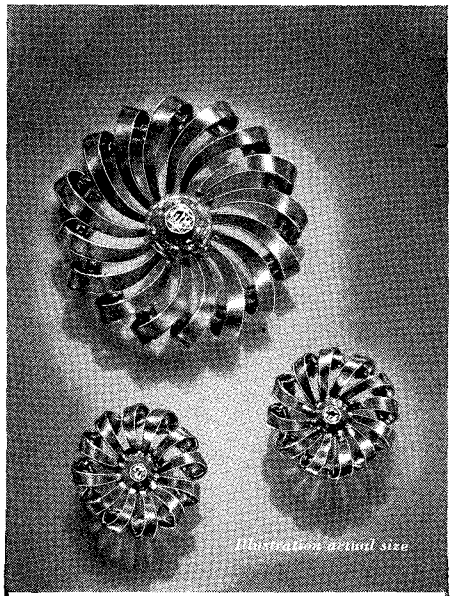
No, the time hasn't come yet for people who like clothes to complain of the monotony of it all. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

For Green Thumbs

IN a creditable effort to keep city gardeners from squandering precious vegetable seed and, into the bargain, breaking their own little hearts, gardening wizards have been discouraging the idea of attempting Victory vegetables in two-by-four back yards and on roof terraces. You will never catch me arguing with anyone who claims that real family-size food crops in the heart of the city are a pipe dream. Still, it would be a pity if the impression were to spread, any farther than it already has, that all the pleasures and rewards of growing things to eat are beyond the reach of us city people.

To be sure, as far as our local back yards are concerned, few who have ever had anything to do with them, including me, will recommend them as places in which to try to grow so much as a radish. They can, on occasion, be pleasant places in which to sit under an ailanthus tree (provided it hasn't got webworms). There is, however, a whole army of window-box and rooftop gardeners who can testify that some astonishing things have been coaxed out of boxes of earth, and not just marigolds and petunias,



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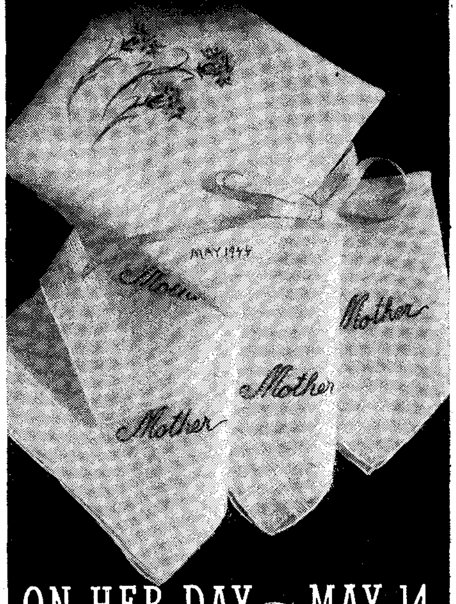

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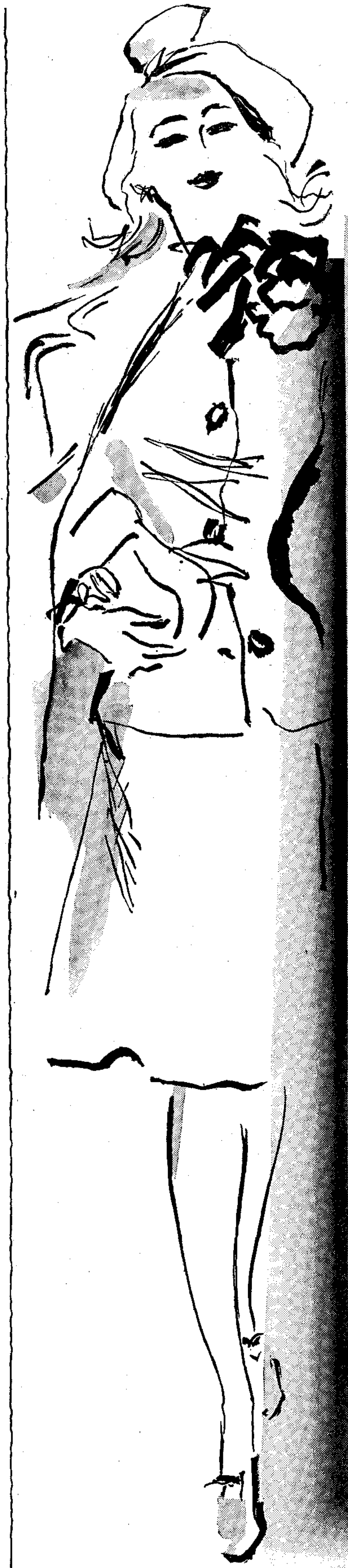
either. Many roof and terrace corners are possibilities for small-scale kitchen gardens which can be made to yield pleasant additions to rationed meals. What you can grow with success in such a spot depends largely on its location. An inexperienced city gardener, unless he is willing to take a chance just for fun, had better not try to decide for himself whether, for instance, herbs or tomato plants will do better on his particular roof. A conference with a reliable nurseryman is the best beginning if you want to grow something edible but are unacquainted with the ways of plant life in the city. One place that can set you straight is the Yorkville Nurseries, 1682 York Avenue (89th), which has had years of experience with roof and window-box gardening. The men there will know what sort of planting you ought to go in for if your terrace faces south but is windy, or if it has a northern exposure with some protection, and so on. They'll install and plant a whole roof garden for you, if it's feasible, or they'll make up a few boxes in whatever size you want and fill them with the proper soil for the crop you have in mind. This is one of the few houses around town which still have some prewar metal window boxes to sell.

A limited supply of ready-made wooden flower boxes, two feet long, is on hand at Hammacher Schlemmer; $1.75 each. These boxes can't be used on window ledges, since they are not equipped with the necessary clamps, but they are fine for roofs and terraces. Shrub-size tubs, which are good to grow tomato plants in, can be bought at Stumpp & Walter, 132 Church Street; from eighty-five cents for a tub eight inches in diameter. These two are not the only places in town, naturally, where you can buy such things, but they do have a fairly sizable stock.

ONCE you have your boxes and soil, and some idea of what can be expected to grow well in them, you can start to work on the seed catalogues. If you are a salad fancier and have a garden site that seems promising for herbs (remember, day-long sun is supposed to be unhealthy for them if their roots are in shallow soil, which bakes easily), you're in luck, for herbs are fine things for a salad-loving family to have growing right outside the door. Stumpp & Walter have a wonderful selection of salad and pot herbs. Some must be grown from seed; others, such as the invaluable chives and the lesser-known, cucumber-flavored burnet, come in both



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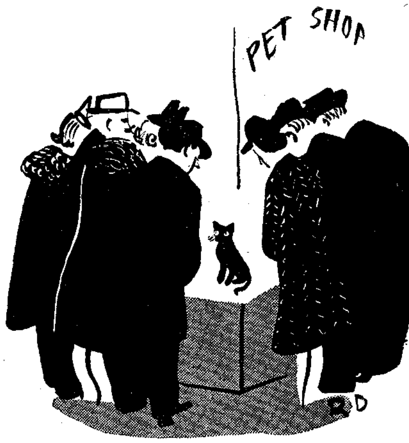
seed and plant form. Seedlings of chives and burnet cost $1.10 for three (all, if not more than, most families need). For the same price and at the same place you can get a trio of catnip plants, which also should be able to grow in window boxes; three plants ought to provide a whole summer season of jags for the run-of-mine cat, and maybe a few spare branches to dry and store for the winter as well. Parsley, a cut-and-come-again standby with box gardeners, is sold in plant form too; twenty cents a plant or three for fifty cents. Tarragon is fifty-five cents a plant. Mint, although it likes more cool shade and moisture than it is likely to get on a city rooftop, has been known to thrive in boxes and is at least worth trying for the sake of juleps and other iced drinks; it, too, is $1.10 for three seedlings. Sweet basil, all but indispensable for tomato dishes, comes only in seed form but is a rapid and hardy grower, as easy to cultivate as radishes. And anybody who can't grow radishes in a box of earth, under practically any conditions, shouldn't garden at all.

If you are going to try to grow a few tomatoes to go with your basil—and what can you lose by setting out three or four plants?—don't forget that they will need deeper soil than most plants (that means tubs, or specially built deep boxes), as well as plenty of sun, protection from winds, and staking later on, when they begin to get topheavy. As a rule, not even fancy suburban gardeners who own cold frames bother to grow tomatoes from seed; they prefer to buy transplants from farmer neighbors. In the city, florists and even some greengrocers sell young tomato plants in the spring, to give local gardeners a head start and a fair chance of fruit before the autumn frosts come.

Leaf lettuce has been grown very successfully in boxes from seed. A variety well worth trying is the rare and delicious Bibb, offered by Max Schling Seedsmen, 618 Madison Avenue



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(58th). The seeds require early sowing in well-fertilized soil, and if you can start them indoors this month in seed flats, so as to have plants ready to set out in April, so much the better. Lettuce, however, takes up a lot of space, and most city gardeners haven't any to spare. If they have, I should think that their first consideration would be onions, which are scarce this year. This is another vegetable which is hardly ever grown from seed except commercially. Onion bulbs, or onion sets, can be had from seed stores (Max Schling, Stumpp & Walter, Peter Henderson, the garden department at Bloomingdale, and so on) for around fifty cents a pound. If you plant the bulbs close together, which I hasten to admit is not the prescribed method, you'll have not only scallions when you thin the plants out in June but also some good fat examples to show off when you come to the end of the growing season. —B. B.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the catalogue of an exhibition of paintings by E. E. Cummings*]

FOREWORD

Simple people, people who don't exist, prefer things which don't exist, simple things.

"Good" and "bad" are simple things. You bomb me = "bad." I bomb you = "good." Simple people (who, incidentally, run the so-called world) know this (they know everything) whereas complex people—people who feel something—are very, very ignorant and really don't know anything.

Nothing, for simple knowing people, is more dangerous than ignorance. Why? Because to feel something is to be alive.

"War" and "peace" are not dangerous or alive: far from it. "Peace" is the inefficiency of science. "War" is the science of inefficiency. And science is knowing and knowing is measuring.

Ignorant people really must be educated; that is, they must be made to stop feeling or being something, and compelled to begin knowing or measuring everything. Then (then only) they won't threaten the very nonexistence of what all simple people call civilization.

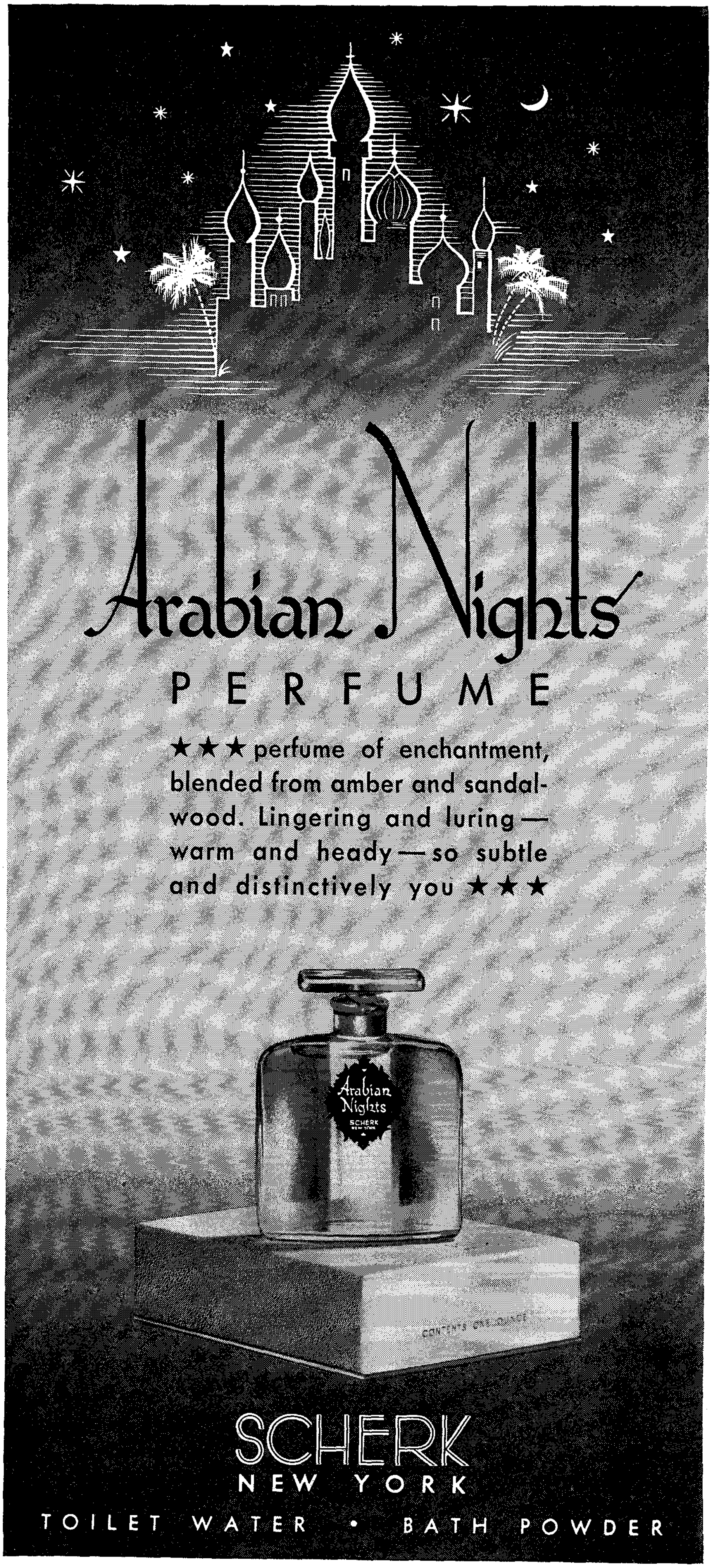
Very luckily for you and me, the uncivilized sun mysteriously shines on "good" and "bad" alike. He is an artist.

Art is a mystery.

A mystery is something immeasurable.

In so far as every child and woman and man may be immeasurable, art is the mystery of every man and woman and child. In so far as a human being is an artist, skies and mountains and oceans and thunderbolts and butterflies are immeasurable; and art is every mystery of nature. Nothing measurable can be alive, nothing which is not alive can be art; nothing which cannot be art is true: and everything untrue doesn't matter a very good God damn. . . .

E. E. Cummings



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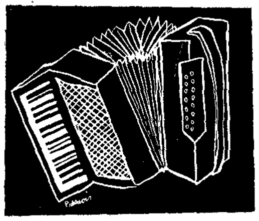
MOTHER COAKLEY'S REFORM

EVEN in old age, Mother Coakley was as round and smooth-skinned as a ripe chestnut. In her billowing black habit, she had always the air of being about to be caught up in a gust of mountain wind and carried aloft to the sunny, well-scrubbed corner awaiting her in heaven. Despite the mother superior's hints of disapproval, hints which by anyone else would have been taken as commands, Mother Coakley enjoyed playing tennis with the younger convent girls. The tennis court was on the crest of a hill behind the ramshackle wooden buildings which made up the convent chapel and school, and what seemed in the North Carolina town below an agreeable summer breeze approached, on that dusty oblong of root-ribbed and rocky court, the force and temperature of a winter's gale. Luckily, Mother Coakley paid no attention to temperatures, hot or cold. Gathering the full skirts of her habit into her left hand, she scampered about the court like an energetic chipmunk, letting her veil float out behind her in ghostly disarray and only just showing the tops of her high black shoes. She had learned to play tennis as a novice at the mother house in France, no one knew how many years ago, and she played it unexpectedly well. Like most people who learned the game in the nineteenth century, she felt no real interest in volleying. She was willing to lose point after point in order to attempt a smashing forehand drive or to drop an occasional cut shot over the net, and when she had succeeded in doing so, the ball being unreturnable, Mother Coakley would drop her racquet and clap her hands in unaffected delight.



She had no use, in fact, for any of the effete mannerisms of latter-day tennis. If she failed to return an opponent's serve, she never called, "Good shot," but, screwing up her face into an expression of self-contempt, would announce sharply, "I should have had it! I should have had it!" As she played, her cheeks grew more and more deeply suffused with blood. Though she looked as if she might be about to suffer a stroke, she never heeded suggestions that it would be sensible to rest for a few minutes between sets. "I always get to look like this," she would say, panting heartily. The French neatness of speech taught her at the mother house in Dijon would then slur away to a soft Irish brogue. "Sure, I got to look like this when I was six." Also, as she continued to play, her rosary, carelessly stuffed inside her heavy black belt, would work itself loose and flail about her waist until finally, with tears of excitement streaming down her cheeks and wisps of clipped gray hair showing at the sides of her wimple, she would be forced to stop playing. "If I didn't stop now, I'd strangle myself on my own beads," she would say. "But for them, I'd be playing till dark."

She usually contrived, however, to retire from the game while she was still winning. This mild vanity was one of the two or three enormous sins with which she wrestled all but visibly from year to year. It was noted by the other nuns in the convent that Mother Coakley spent more than twice as much time in the confessional during the height of the tennis season as she did during the rest of the year. They never commented on this directly, but sometimes they would tease her, out of love and curiosity, as she left the chapel. "Goodness, you took a long time saying your penance," they would whisper, climbing the steep, worn stairs to their cells. "Father Nailer must have been in a dreadful temper by the time you reached him." Mother Coakley, who, after Mother Bonnêt, was the oldest nun in age and point of service in the convent, would flush and answer, in a pretext of anger, "*Attendez!* What kind of talk is that? *Vous savez les règles!*"

MOTHER BONNET preferred to remain at the convent except when, as mother superior, she had official business to transact, and it was Mother Coakley's duty and joy to shepherd the girls of the school on their occasional visits to town. She was well acquainted in all the shops around the square. She helped the girls to choose gloves and girdles and chaste perfumes, which she always referred to as "toilet water." The mother superior frowned on the use of perfumes and girdles, but Mother Coakley answered her objections by saying mildly, "God love them, we'll be lucky if that's all the harm they do with their money." During every such visit to town it was customary to drop in at Mr. Feinman's little combination cigar and sports shop on the square and pick up tennis or ping-pong balls, and to cap the afternoon by drinking chocolate frosteds at Fater's corner drugstore. Mother Coakley never ate or drank anything while in town, but she liked to purchase from Mrs. Fater, as unobtrusively as possible, a ten-cent Hershey bar, which she would slip into one of her capacious interior pockets. "Energy food," she would say, making her eyes round and bright. "When you get to be my age . . ."

Mother Coakley's age was one of the few secrets which she had been able to carry over from her girlhood outside the convent, but she must have been past seventy when the mother superior attempted to take a stand on the subject of her playing tennis. Mother Bonnêt, who was as lean and slow-moving as Mother Coakley was plump and bouncing, had never approved of the latter's athletic activities, and as the years went by it seemed to her less and less appropriate for one of Mother Coakley's age and position to be making of herself, as the mother superior said, "a gross spectacle truly." She had been looking for an excuse to put an end to the display, and the incident in Mr. Feinman's shop was more than enough, she felt, to justify speaking soberly to her.

ONE winter day, while Mother Bonnêt was engaged in her annual skirmish with the tax collector in his office beside the courthouse, Mother Coakley and five or six of the girls spent a strenuous two hours shopping and walking about the town. The girls bought writing paper, cotton stockings, and some sensible, over-size sweaters, and enjoyed the usual chocolate frosteds at Fater's while Mother Coakley bought, and concealed on her person, the usual ten-cent Hershey bar. Having a few minutes to spare before rejoining Mother Bonnêt, they decided to stop off at Mr. Feinman's. Though it was February, the midday sun was always bright and the tennis court was in no worse condition than it would be in June; Mother Coakley and the girls played nearly every afternoon, glorying in their indifference to the calendar. One of the girls had been planning for some time to buy a new racquet, but Mother Coakley and Mr. Feinman had yet to come to terms.

Today, welcoming them, Mr. Feinman swore that he had just what the doctor ordered. He brought out from the dusty shelves at the back of the store, where he kept piled in indiscriminate confusion cases of cigars and baseball mitts, a racquet called the Bluebird Special. "Sweetest little racquet I ever had in the place," Mr. Feinman said, blowing off the dust and hefting the racquet with professional care. Mr. Feinman had never played any game more taxing than pinochle, but he knew how to sell merchandise. He stroked the gut with his fingers. "Like music," he said. "With this racquet is easy wictory. Is steady wictory."

Mother Coakley enjoyed shopping. She particularly enjoyed haggling with her old friend Mr. Feinman. The girls formed an interested half-circle about her as she took up the challenge, and a few of the inevitable courthouse loungers gathered at the open door of the shop. Mother Coakley swept this familiar audience with a glance, then, turning to Mr. Feinman, she asked simply, "How much?"

Mr. Feinman held up his hands as if to ward off the wounding mention of money. "For such a racquet? For workmanship like this?"

"How much?" Mother Coakley repeated.

Mr. Feinman consented, with a shrug, to discuss the sordid question. "Ten dollars."

Mother Coakley tapped her broad black belt, making the wooden rosary beads rattle as if in reproach. "Nonsense," she said. When she bargained, she seemed purely French; even her voice took on the accents of Dijon in place of those of Dublin. "It isn't worth five."

Mr. Feinman appealed to the girls behind Mother Coakley and, by extension, to the crowd outside the door. "Five dollars! A work of art for five dollars!" He raised his eyes to the stamped tin ceiling over his head. "May God strike me dead if I didn't pay six dollars for it wholesale. I can—"

"Leave God out of this," Mother Coakley interrupted promptly. "What kind of pagan chatter is that?" She took the racquet from Mr. Feinman's hands and began to execute a few tentative strokes, cutting at and lobbing an imaginary ball. What happened next no one was able afterward to decide. Some people thought that Mr. Feinman had caught sight of the mother superior nearing the entrance to his store and had leaned forward to welcome her. Others thought that he had detected a price tag dangling from the end of the racquet and, being uncertain of what it said, had bent down to retrieve it. In any event, he lowered his head in time to receive, on his left temple, the full force of one of Mother Coakley's savage forehand drives. He dropped in his tracks like a sack of meal, without so much as a moan.

The girl who had intended to buy the racquet began to cry hysterically,

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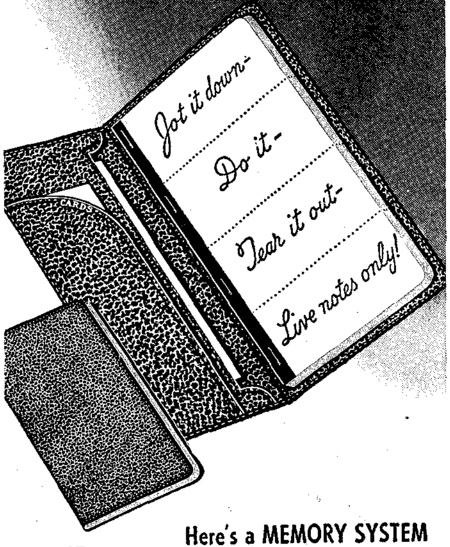

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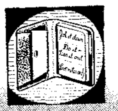

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"He did it! God did it! God did it!" Mother Coakley knelt beside the motionless figure of Mr. Feinman, her round cheeks looking oddly drawn and pale. "He's not dead," she said sharply, "he can't be. He's breathing. You can see he's breathing." She drew the Hershey bar from her pocket and, breaking off a piece, attempted to force it between Mr. Feinman's lips. At that moment he opened his eyes. In another moment he was on his knees. Slowly, painfully, he pulled himself up. "Is nothing," he said faintly. "Is just a tap."

Mother Coakley had barely begun her apology when another, deeper voice reached her over the heads of the crowd. "*Tais-toi*," said the mother superior. "I am in charge here." She worked her way through the crowd, her habit rustling with authority. She stared first at Mr. Feinman, half crumpled against the counter, and then at Mother Coakley, still armed with the Bluebird Special. "The racquet," she said to Mr. Feinman. "One of the girls is buying this racquet?"

Mr. Feinman nodded.

"How much?"

With the air of a man who knows that it is useless to fight against the power of God, Mr. Feinman said brokenly, "Seven-fifty. For a work of art, I will take seven-fifty."

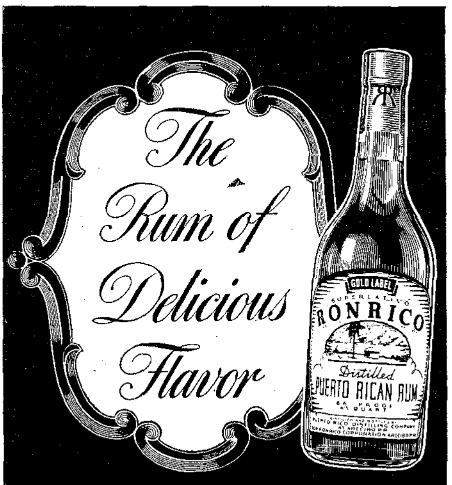
The mother superior, fresh from her annual triumph over the tax collector, said, "Very well." She set seven dollars and fifty cents on the counter. Then, turning to the girls, she made a gesture with her hands like that of a farmer's wife scattering hens. "Now, then. *Dépêchons.*"

The little group was halfway across the square before the mother superior spoke to Mother Coakley. "You and your wretched tennis!" she said bluntly.

Mother Coakley nodded. "I have been thinking it over. I have come to feel that perhaps you are right." She pursed her lips. "Perhaps I am getting old."

"I have wanted you to make your own decision," said the mother superior. She was always glad to be able to temper sternness with magnanimity. Besides, she and Mother Coakley were old friends, and it would be cruel to make her humble herself too far. "It is not that I am angry about this merely. Accidents can happen to anybody."

"No, it was my fault," Mother Coakley said, her voice softening to the brogue. She slipped a piece of the Hershey bar into her mouth. "I shall have to give up my forehand drive. You were right in thinking that I should have done



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so long ago." Then, despite her best efforts at self-control, her feet began to skip along the asphalt sidewalk. "From now on," she said penitently, "I shall play as badly as I can."

—Brendan Gill

•

"AND WHISPERING, 'I WILL NE'ER CONSENT,' CONSENTED"

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. Connally. . . . My view, if I were a conferee—and I do not want to be a conferee, and I hope no one will put me on the list, because I do not want to go on the conference committee with the implication on the part of any Senator that I am going to misrepresent the Senate.

Mr. Barkley. Mr. President, let me say to the Senator——

Mr. Connally. Just a moment; let me finish this statement. I do not want to go on the conference committee and have no desire to serve on it, but if I were a conferee and we reached a point where the difference was fundamental and serious and we could not agree, I would, if I had my way, come back to the Senate, report to the Senate, and ask for instructions from this body as to what I should do in that case.

It seems to me the very theory of conferences is that both sides should not stand out like stone walls, in which event there is no occasion to have a conference. I want to see some sort of soldier's bill enacted and in the committee I voted to report the Federal ballot bill, because I thought at that time it might meet objections that many Senators had to it and that I had to it, but transactions on the floor of the Senate afterward convinced me I could not consistently support it.

Mr. Barkley. Mr. President, I want to say this to my very dear friend the Senator from Texas: I am sure that nothing any Senator said was intended or should be interpreted as in any way impugning the legislative integrity of the Senator from Texas.

Mr. Connally. The Senator from Illinois said that he assumed that I would go into the conference and the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Smith] would go into it and would fight for our side.

Mr. Barkley. I do not think the Senator from Illinois meant that.

Mr. Connally. He said it; I do not know whether he meant it.

Mr. Barkley. I hope the Senator from Texas will not insist——

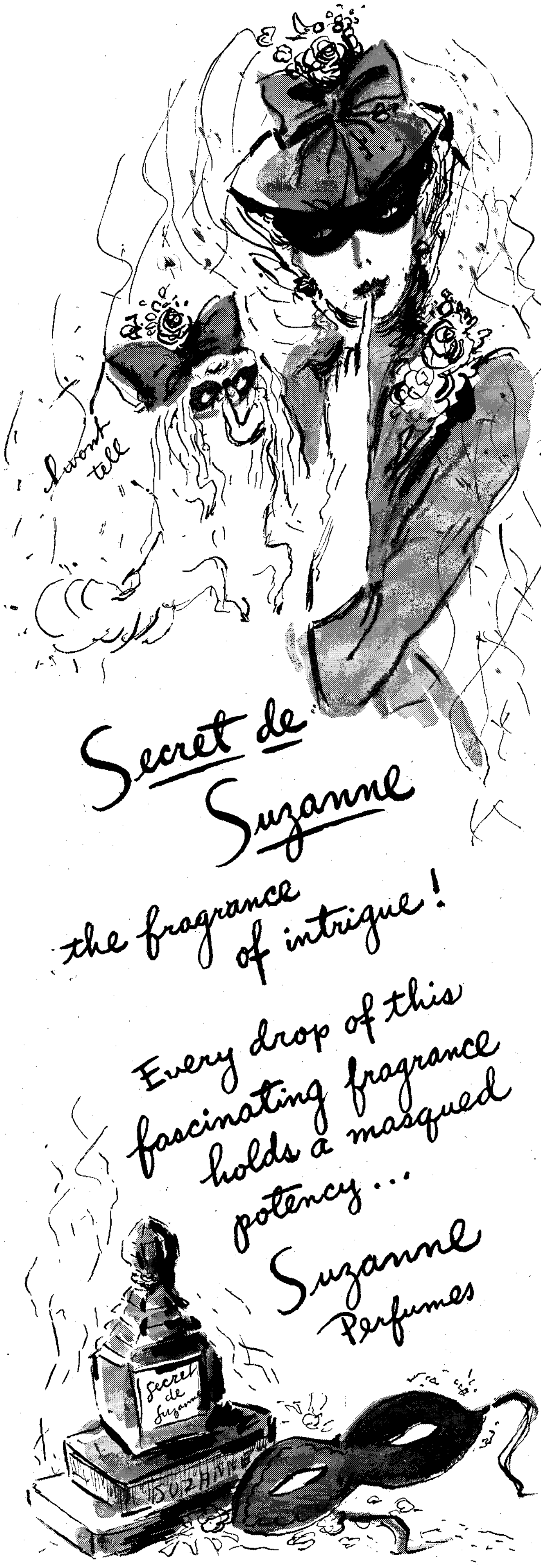
Mr. Connally. I am not mad about it. I am speaking of the lack of the Senator from Illinois to appreciate the ethics of the situation.

Mr. Barkley. I hope that the Senator from Texas will not insist upon his unwillingness to serve because I think we have got this thing worked out.

Mr. Connally. I should not want to serve under any circumstances unless it was by the practically "unanimous" action of the Senate. I do not propose to be put up here——

Mr. Barkley. I believe it will be "unanimous" if the Senator will permit me to say so.

Mr. Connally. I do not want to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serve. To tell the truth, I have some other engagements that I would much prefer to follow than to serve on the conference committee.

Mr. Barkley. After conferring with the Senator from Tennessee, the Senator from Louisiana, the Senator from Vermont, the Senator from Illinois, the Senator from Maine—and I am willing to submit the matter to any other Senator who can now be reached—the suggestion has been made that the following be appointed conferees by "unaninamous" consent.

Mr. Connally. If the Senator will practice on that word a little he will get it right.

Mr. Barkley. I will get it right; I always try to practice on any suggestion the Senator from Texas offers me.

As I was saying, the suggestion has been made that the following Senators be appointed conferees: The Senator from Rhode Island [Mr. Green], the Senator from Texas [Mr. Connally], the Senator from New Mexico [Mr. Hatch], the Senator from Vermont [Mr. Austin], and the Senator from Nebraska [Mr. Butler]. I think that the Senator from Texas under those circumstances ought to serve, and I am satisfied that such an arrangement will be satisfactory to both sides of the Senate.

Mr. McKellar. Mr. President, may I express the very earnest hope that the Senator from Texas will serve under those circumstances.

Mr. Connally. What I was about to say to the Senator from Kentucky a moment ago was that I did not propose that my good faith and my conceptions of ethics and my ideas of integrity of view should be tested by a vote. I do not want to serve if a single Senator objects.

Mr. Barkley. I would agree with the Senator about that, and if the Senator's good faith and his integrity were put to a vote in the Senate it would be endorsed "unaninamously."

Mr. Lucas. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. Barkley. I yield to the Senator from Illinois.

Mr. Lucas. I want to say to my distinguished friend from Texas that the last thing in the world I even thought of was any implication impugning the motives or integrity of my friend from Texas. I have served with him 5 years in the Senate. I have seen him frequently for advice and counsel; I have great respect for him; I know, as I said in my opening remarks, that he is one of the most distinguished Members of the Senate; I shall vote for him as a member of the conference committee, and I know the Senator will give real service to both sides in the case.

Mr. Connally. Mr. President, will the Senator from Kentucky yield?

Mr. Barkley. I yield.

Mr. Connally. On account of the enthusiastic and overwhelming insistence of the Senator from Illinois, I might be prevailed upon. [Laughter.]

Mr. Barkley. I now renew——

Mr. Overton. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. Barkley. I yield.

Mr. Overton. I want to say that I am very pleased to know that this controversy has been brought to so happy a termination.

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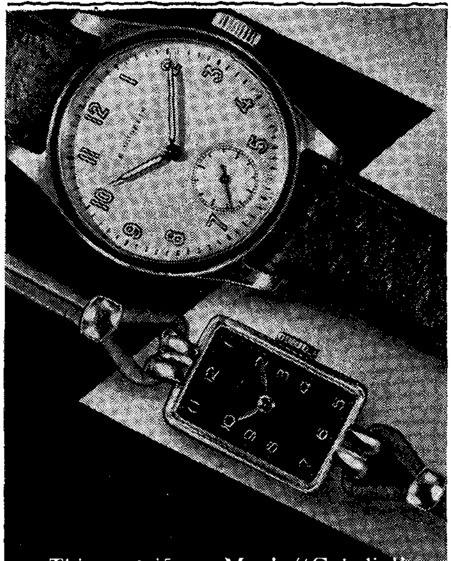

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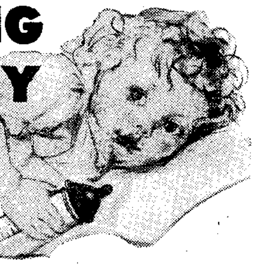

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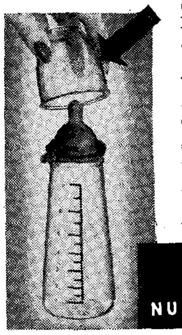

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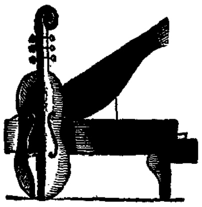
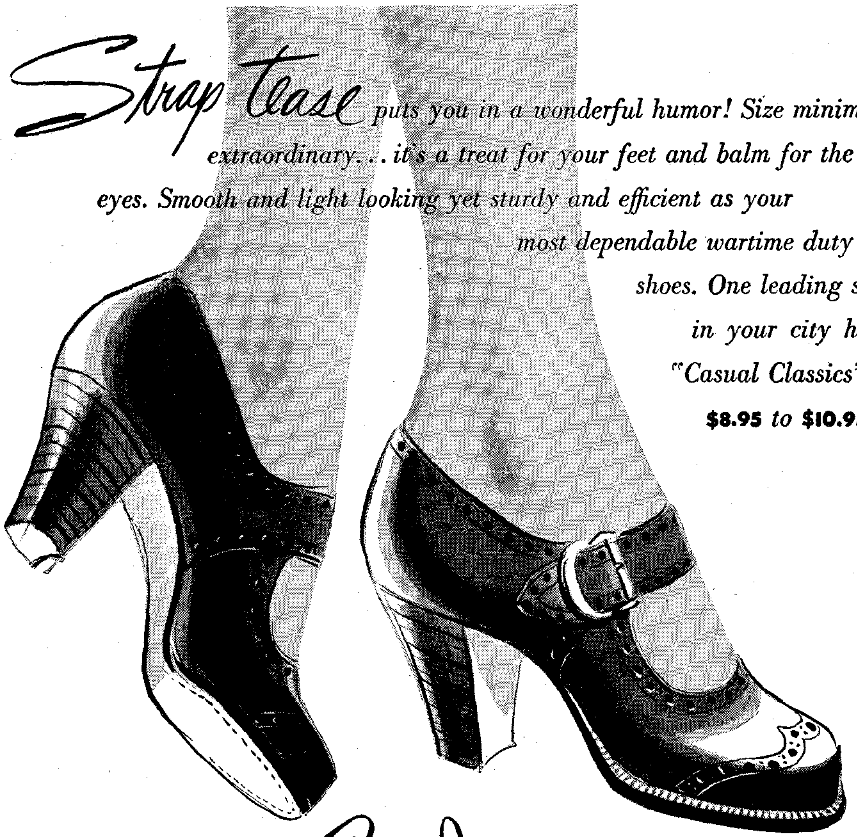


THE New York City Symphony introduced itself at the City Center last week with a couple of concerts conducted by its director, Leopold Stokowski. Mr. Stokowski, who is serving without pay, probably put in the busiest weeks of his busy career in building the new ensemble. He listened to more than six hundred players in auditions—a labor that can be appreciated only by those who have been audition jurors—and then molded some eighty instrumentalists into a unified orchestra in eight rehearsals. This would have been a taxing business for a conductor at any time, but under present conditions, when so many musicians are engaged in other pursuits, it was a superchore. Mr. Stokowski, however, turned out a group that played music by Bach, Beethoven, Thomson, and Stravinsky enthusiastically and understandingly. There were occasional lapses the first evening, but the concert was nonetheless a stimulating session of music making, and the large audience that came in at a dollar top had a grand time.

The City Center, which has been consistently presenting worth-while offerings to the town, deserves a vote of thanks for the new orchestra. So, of course, does Mr. Stokowski.

THE visiting orchestras last week brought some novelties along with them. Eugene Ormandy and the Philaadelphia ensemble exhibited William Walton's viola concerto, with William Primrose as soloist, and, in an adjective, Mr. Primrose was terrific. The concerto wasn't altogether new, having been composed some years ago, but since it has been revised recently and since this was its première performance here in its present form, it was a "first" for most of the audience. Except for the second movement, in which some commentators have found jazz influences, the concerto is rather sombre and contemplative. Sometimes it sounds overcrowded with devices, but on the whole it's a finely written and impressive work. Mr. Ormandy and the orchestra collaborated superbly with Mr. Primrose. As for the alleged jazz—well, there is rhythmic freedom and bounce in that second movement, but I don't



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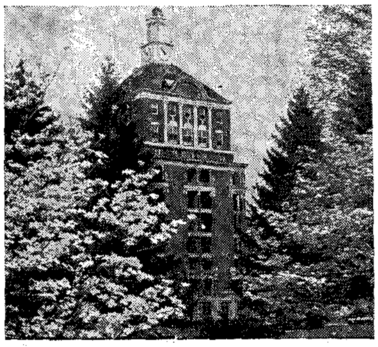

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Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony arrived with two new symphonies by American composers. One was Corporal Samuel Barber's second symphony, dedicated by the composer to the Army Air Forces, of which he is a member. There was some ado about the use of an electrical "tone generator" in the second movement, to simulate the sound of a radio beam, but this latest addition to symphonic paraphernalia wasn't nearly so important as the movement itself, which was skillful and expressive music. The other movements were well written, as all of Corporal Barber's works are, but they didn't seem as persuasive.

At the second of the two Boston Symphony events, Mr. Koussevitzky brought forward a new symphony for strings by William Schuman—the fifth symphony by this gifted New Yorker. It proved to be a compact, sometimes austere affair that began with a sort of dour power, went on to a slow, brooding movement, and ended with a generally brilliant flare-up.

Mr. Koussevitzky's direction of the new entries was masterful and convincing. As for his orchestra, the virtuosity of the Boston band hardly is news nowadays.

THE Metropolitan gave a benefit performance for its own Opera Fund campaign with a performance of "Parsifal" last week, and added $10,000 to the Fund, thanks to the huge attendance and the fact that the services of the artists were contributed. As a performance, it was uneventful, although there was ample diligence and intelligence in the presentation. "Parsifal," however, is a work that requires so much, musically and dramatically, that a satisfactory production is a rarity.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Actress Nora Howard (Mrs. Stuart Ross) says the British describe those pointless but nevertheless funny jokes—such as the New Yorker runs—as "Smiths," after a Londoner who is forever telling them.—*Washington Times-Herald.*

Never heard of him.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From "Understanding Poetry," by C. Brooks and R. P. Warren*]

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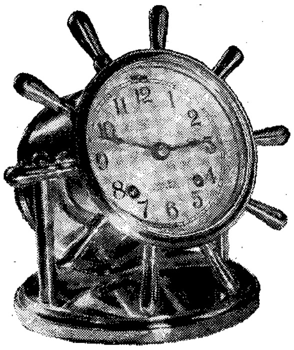

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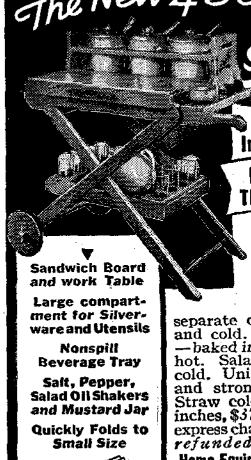
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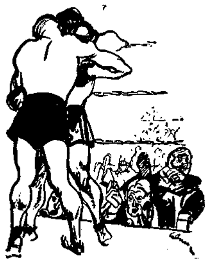
NOTES ON SPORTS

Heavyweight



JOE BAKSI, the willing young heavyweight who lost a close one to Lee Savold in the Garden last Friday, and who could probably beat Savold in a return bout if he had a chance to look up the answer to a left jab in the meantime, is only twenty-two but already a valuable commodity. Heavyweights are running low these days. Baksi has been fighting about four years and though he obviously needs a year or two more of polishing, he belongs in the big time now, or at least the wartime big time. The fans might just as well get his name straight. They've been calling him Baski all along, but it's Baksi, to rhyme with taxi.

The name is Slovakian and its owner comes from the mining town of Kulpmont, Pennsylvania, where he has a mother, a stepfather, and three sisters. His father died from the effects of a mine accident. Joe came to New York on a coal truck, dressed in a shirt, trousers, shoes, and no socks. He had decided to try prize-fighting because he was big and there seemed to be money in it. Last week, in his room at Mrs. Browne's boardinghouse, the celebrated home from home for fighters, on West Ninety-second Street, speaking for publication and also for the vast pleasure he obviously gets out of just speaking, Baksi said, "I didn't go to college and I didn't go to high school, and I had no possibilities in the field of business. I didn't know Adam from Eve. I had heard a lot of fights on the radio, and I liked them. I was enthused by them."

He has had ups and downs in his four years of fighting, but he now has a new responsibility which he feels will compel him to go as far in his current career as he can. "I'm engaged, or rather married," he said when interviewed, "to a young girl I met about a year ago. I'm going to put my mind to the grindstone." His confusion as to his exact relation to this girl was probably caused by the fact that he had been married two and a half weeks but had only seen his wife two days in that time, owing to the demands of his work.

MRS. BAKSI is the former Ann Tomchik, of East Nassau, New York. Joe met her when he was staying in a

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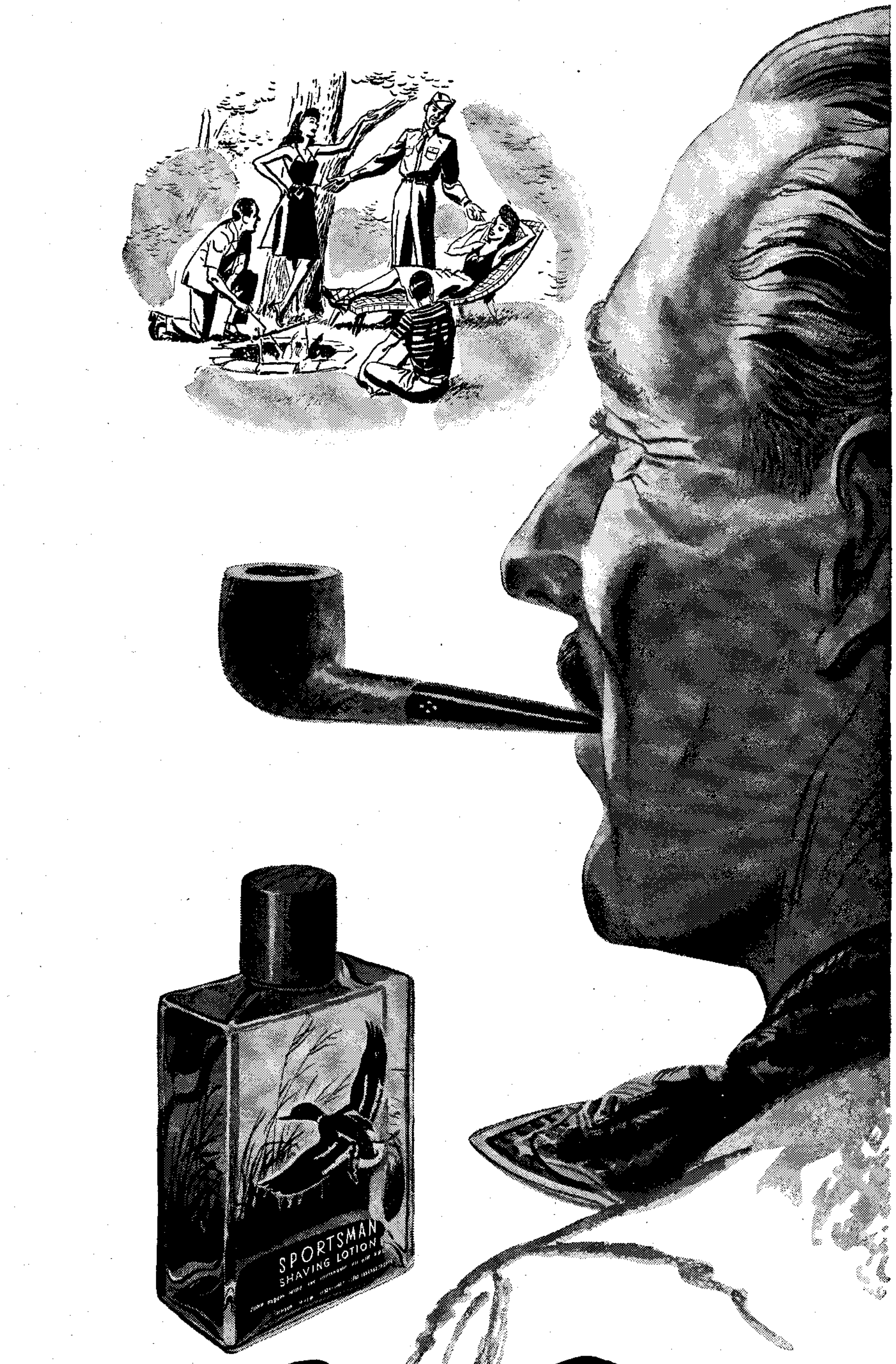

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Menace
WHEN ONE IS MINDFUL OF HER
MOST DRAMATIC PERFECTION
ONE OF TWO GREAT PERFUMES
BY
Hartnell

nearby country boardinghouse, getting in shape. He confesses to a strong urge to talk to complete strangers, and one day, when he was out for a walk, he passed the Tomchik farmhouse and went in to ask for a drink of water he didn't need. Ann wasn't home at the time, but her mother and sister were, and Mrs. Tomchik said to her daughter in Slovakian, "Who is this big apeman?" Joe answered her question in Slovakian. "She was startled," he says, thinking back on it. What with one thing and another, he dropped around at the Tomchiks' pretty often and eventually met his future wife. "The papers said I met my wife while driving home a herd of sheep," he says. "They never saw a sheep in East Nassau."

ANOTHER slight deviation from the real dope has appeared in the papers. It is to the effect that Joe was fired from his job as handyman to a troupe of midgets because he sat on one of the little fellows. It is true that he once travelled with a carnival and did some of the heavier lifting for the midgets, but he was laid off simply because there was another roustabout around who was willing to do two jobs for the price of one. Baksi's explanation of how the fancier version got in the papers is that they seemed to want it, so he gave it to them. He remembers the midgets fondly because they frequently advised him on various problems, but he doesn't admire carnival folk in general. "Many of them are criminally minded people," he says.

Like most fighters, Baksi plans to make as much money as possible and then retire to some softer life. He does not, however, want to own a saloon. He wants a farm and says that his wife, though she has already lived on one, would just as soon do it again. "And she'll know a few of the angles," he points out cheerfully. —D. L.

•

CORRY, Pa., Feb. 17.—Falling all the day downstairs, Mrs. Betty Hall suffered fracture of several ribs and severe body bruises.—*Pittsburgh Post Gazette.*

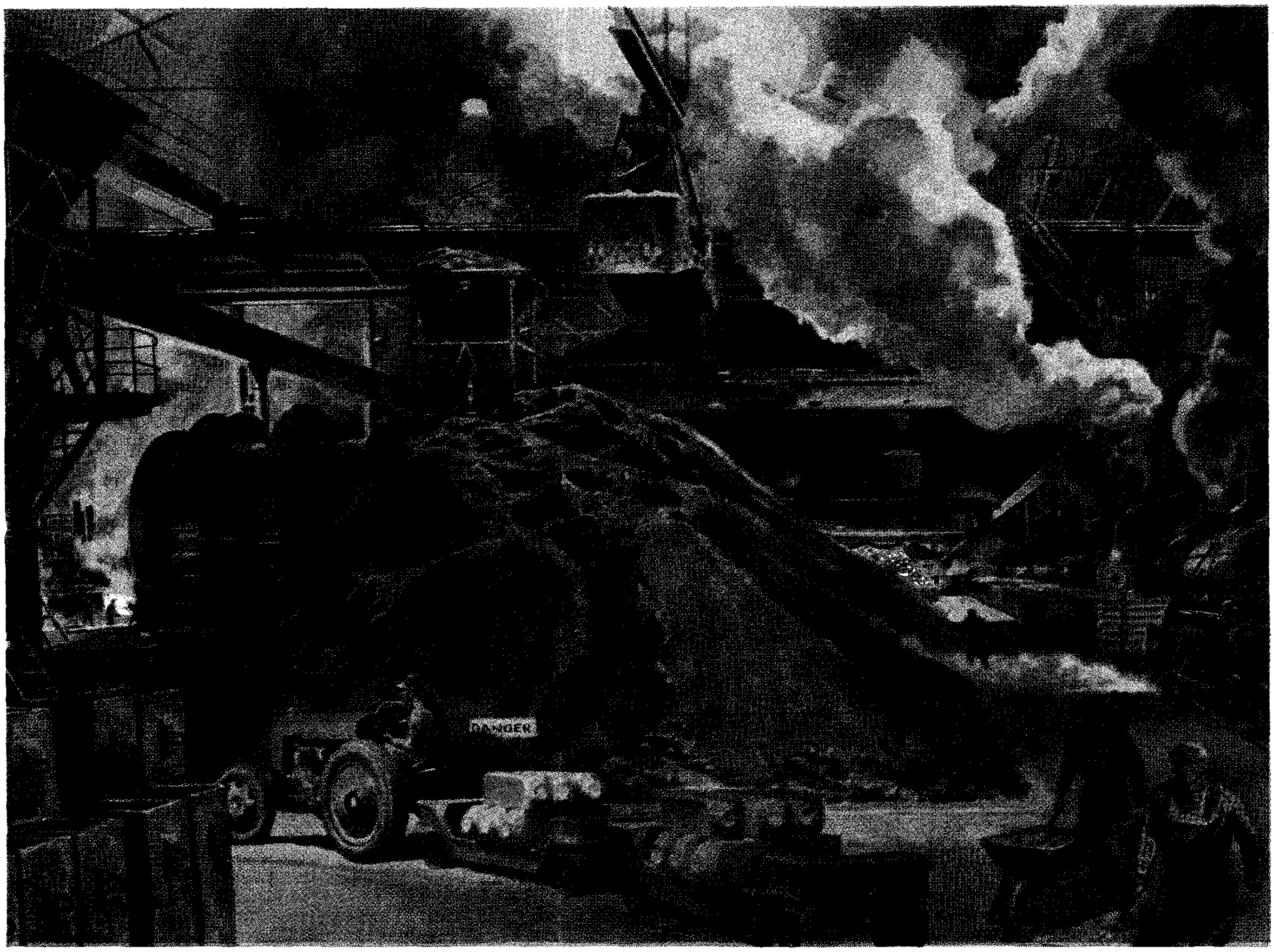
Not to mention the awful monotony of it.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Chicago Tribune*]

At that time she said Chaplin was coaching her for screen roles and called him "a wonderful teacher and a wonderful man," but insisted their relations were strictly esoteric.



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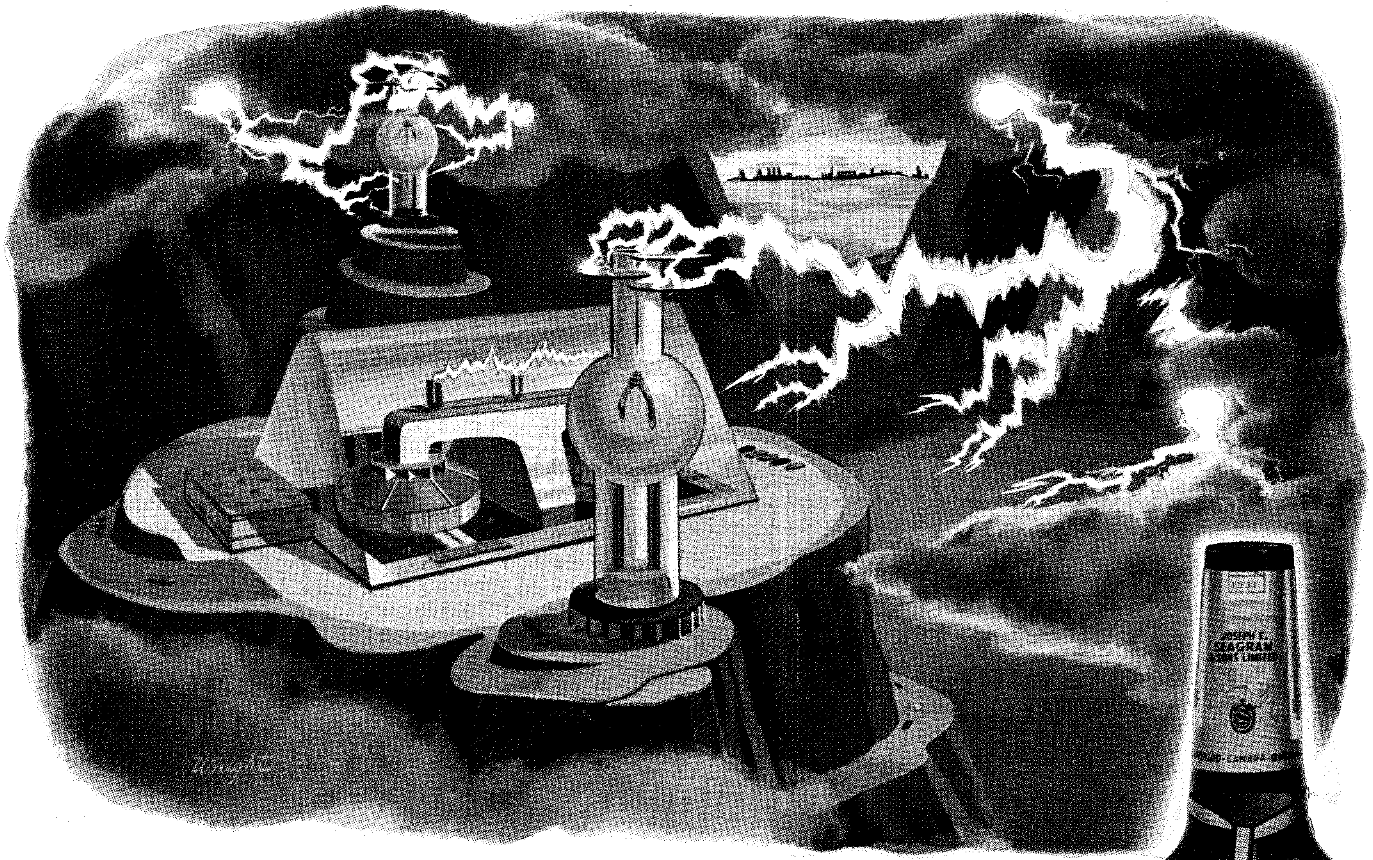

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BOOKS

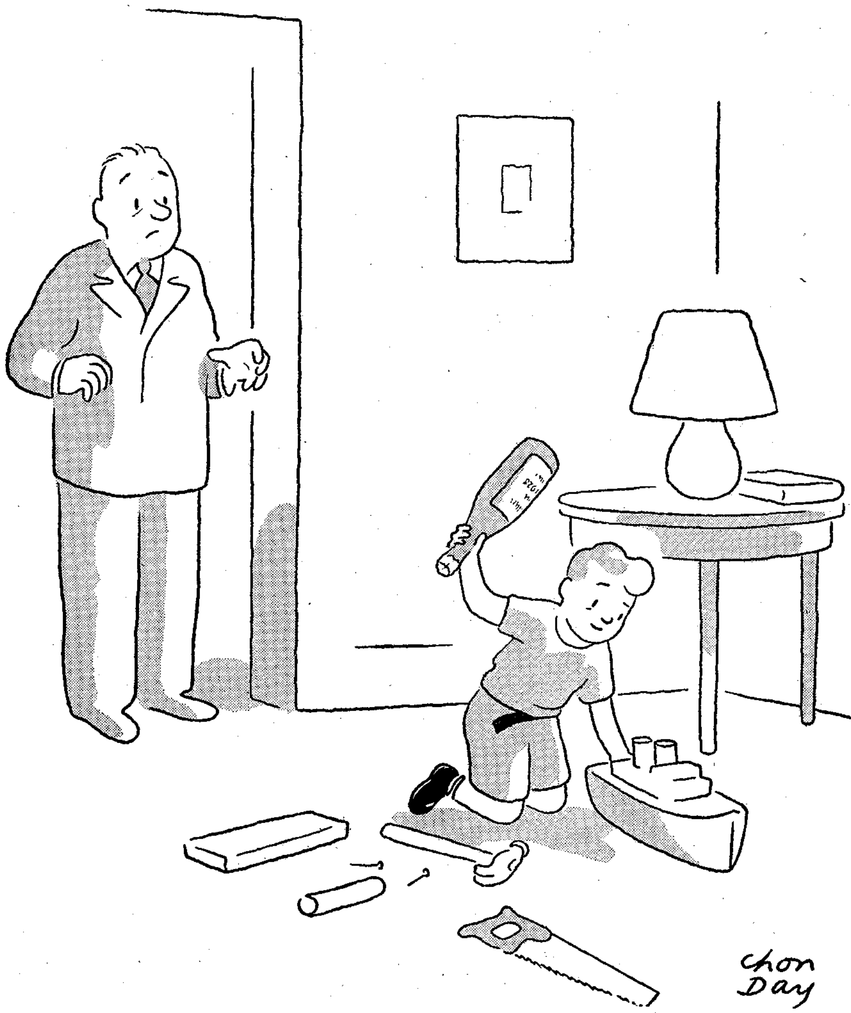
Keys to Remote Countries: Argentina and Russia

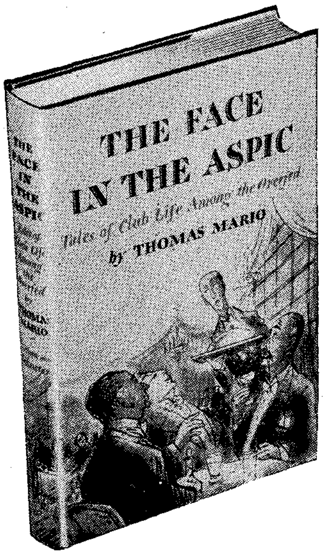
I DON'T want to become a bore about translations, but some protest really ought to be made against the way in which Latin-American books are being presented in English.

I have just read a volume called "The Bay of Silence," which is described by the publisher (Knopf) as a translation of a novel by Eduardo Mallea, an Argentine who seems to be considered the foremost imaginative writer of his country. The impression I got was as follows: The novel seemed in some ways old-fashioned. It was one of those first-person narratives that give us the development of an intellectual, with love affairs, social scenes, travels, political and literary movements, and the writing of the hero's own books—the kind of novel in which the narrator is made to figure as a spokesman for some class or group and interlards the story with a commentary on modern society and national destiny. Wells has been the great practitioner, if not the inventor, of this kind of thing in English; the United States imitated it from Wells—for the first time, I think, in Ernest Poole's "The Harbor;" and Argentina seems to be getting it even later. But "The Bay of Silence" had a freshness of interest: it was a picture of an unfamiliar world, about which at this particular moment one had been feeling a special curiosity; and it promised to give a summing-up of the experience and observation of a very intelligent native. If this picture seemed quieter and less varied than most such fiction in the United States and England, it was evidently because life in Argentina was rather provincial, peaceful, and dull. In the novels of other countries such characters as one found in this book have usually become involved in exciting political crises, exacerbated labor conflicts, and harrowing love affairs. But in Señor Mallea's novel the love affairs seemed to fade out, the opposition movements to run into the sands, and the working man—since in Argentina, apparently, no such thing as unemployment exists—never to have to fight for his bread. The life of Buenos Aires was here made to sound almost as monotonous and as commonplace as that of a Middle Western city in the United States; and over this surface there seemed to hover a thin film of opinions and poetry, a sensibility confronted with America but almost entirely nourished on Europe, which was rather lacking in body but had a flavor and a charm of its own. The translation read easily enough, though it was continually making the characters speak in a far from idiomatic English, and one could believe that the original had been written with grace. The whole thing had a tinge of distinction.

But the tone was rather hard to determine. Was it melancholy or smug or ironic? It was evidently the whole theme of the novel that the hero was attempting to struggle against the emptiness and passivity of Buenos Aires, and an Anglo-Saxon reader kept expecting him to get somewhere, if only into trouble, to bring his quarrel with society to a climax. But the climax never came off. The narrator persisted in believing, despite the mockery of many of his friends, in the existence of an Argentina that was powerful, autochthonous, and mute, behind the floating urban intellectuals, the enterprising foreign exploiters, the corrupt native politicians; but just at the point where one expected him to deepen his experience, to come into contact with this underground life, he took a trip of many pages to Europe and found there only a demoralized bourgeoisie apprehensive of the outbreak of war. In the end, returned to Argentina, he seemed to resign himself to the national inertia, and in a passage that sounded rather fine, he invoked all the friends he had known who, though failures as men of action, were waiting, as if in a bay "where their silence" was "concentrating," for the day when the fruits of this silence that were "ripening without fear of storm or gale" should be found of some use by the world.

I read "The Bay of Silence" with eagerness in the hope of really exploring Argentina, but it left me unsatisfied and puzzled, as if the story were not all there, and what I heard about it from people who had read it in Spanish did not seem to fit what *I* had read. I found, for example, that Mr. Waldo Frank, in his "South American Journey," described "La Bahía de Silencio" as "a novel whose very touch and sound is like the city [Buenos Aires]" and which "shows the dissolvent pampa in the nullity, the white boredom of its





How to tell if you'll like "The Face in the Aspic"

Some people like some books. Other people like other books. So far, this isn't very hot news. But all the people listed below are crazy for Thomas Mario's book about the lunatic fringe of the surrey trade (no apologies to *Oklahoma*), *The Face in the Aspic*. If you are the kind who is likely to agree with them, and if you like the idea of investing two dollars in an outsized crop of chuckles, well then don't just stand there, but get down to your bookstore quick.

GROUCHO MARX: "'The Face in the Aspic' makes me feel sorry for the fringe on top. It's the tale of a live cemetery and is merely wonderful."

FRANK CASE, author of *Tales of a Wayward Inn:* "There isn't a dull paragraph in the aspic. It's written with sound knowledge and fine humor."

M. F. K. FISHER, author of *How to Cook a Wolf:* "I've swept through it with great glee. Mr. Mario has done a really fine job, well written and witty. As a social commentary, his book is not only extremely funny but also frightening. It's my favorite among all my books on gastronomy."

PHILIP WYLIE in the *New York Times:* "Mr. Mario has seen with his naked eye enough imbecile extravaganza to make the Sphinx faint. To tell us about it he has loaded a fountain pen with vinegar, banana oil, and tabasco. It's a fine feast for epicures—an ipecac epic."

STANLEY WALKER in the *New York Herald-Tribune:* "Nothing like Mario's 'tale of club life among the overfed' has come along in recent literature . . . He is the most gifted steward, in a literary way, ever heard of hereabouts. He writes about food, and odd people, and senseless extravagance, and the peculiar helplessness and incompetence of the idle rich in a manner which the paid chroniclers of the high life of New York might well emulate."

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characters: wraiths of a spiritual, actionless limbo." This suggested that there must have been on Mallea's part a more positive attitude toward his subject than had come through to me in reading the translation, and I looked the original up. I then discovered that there was indeed something missing: a little matter of a hundred thousand words—in fact, almost half the book. My impression of a curious perfunctoriness about the hero's adventures in Europe was explained by the fact that these incidents had been thinned down to the most fleshless of skeletons. My perplexity as to why the author should have introduced an Englishman named Atkinson and then not done anything with him was resolved when I saw that the development of Atkinson, the long scenes in which he figured, had simply been lopped away. My feeling that the end of the book lacked weight had been the consequence of the translator's or the editor's having left out a whole chapter and clipped away the last two pages of the conclusion. The material had been combed out all through, so that it was impossible to assume that any episode was at all what the author had intended. In short, a novel of ideas and social trends had been whittled down to something like a chronicle of the narrator's love affairs—the story, says the jacket, "of the women who loved him, and the one woman to whom he could not aspire": a completely futile proceeding from the point of view of romantic appeal, since these episodes have not been exploited by the author for erotic or sentimental interest but have always been treated as subsidiary to the general social picture.

Such butchery as this of a serious work can have no justification whatever. The purpose of translating such books is supposed to be the praiseworthy one of promoting closer cultural relations between the United States and Latin America. But Señor Mallea's novel, as put before us by its New York publisher, is a betrayal of the author, a sell for the reader, and an exploit which cannot even bring in money, since a translation could hardly in any case appeal to a very large audience but will only be read by people who will find it disappointing in this form. It is also a blow to international relations, because it will irritate Señor Mallea and his admirers in Argentina and at the same time lead people in the United States to suppose that the South Americans are duffers at writing novels.

Unfortunately I don't read Spanish: I can only make it out enough to identify

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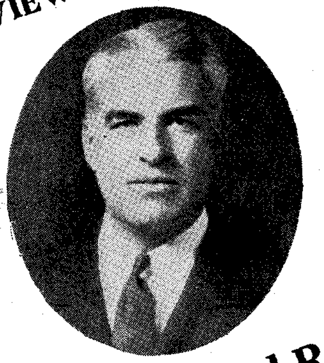

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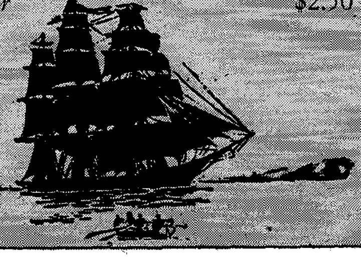

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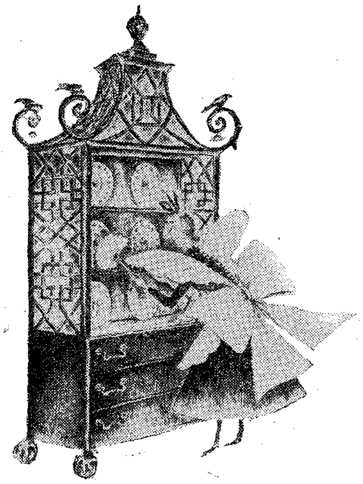

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ILLUSTRATED BY MARY PETTY

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the passages omitted. And that is why I cannot tell you what "The Bay of Silence" is really like: the book has not been translated.

THE recent interest in Russia has been stimulating the publication not only of accounts of the Soviets at war but also of books for studying Russian and of anthologies of Russian literature. Of these last, "A Treasury of Great Russian Short Stories," edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky (Macmillan), is one of the very best. It contains fifty-three stories that range in time from Pushkin through Gorky, and includes a novelette by Dostoevsky which is important though relatively little read: "Notes from the Underground." The selection has been made with a view to giving a picture of Russian society, and there is a brief but able introduction by Mr. Yarmolinsky defining the attitudes of the great Russian writers.

The latest additions of Dutton to its "modern texts and references for the study of Russian" are a new Russian grammar and two dictionaries: Russian-English and English-Russian. Mark Sieff's "Colloquial Russian" is not a simplified series of lessons but a fairly comprehensive grammar that does not supply exercises. It may be the best thing of the kind on the market, with the exception of Nevill Forbes's "Russian Grammar," a more advanced and scholarly work. The method of expounding the complicated forms of the adjectives and the verbs is different from and seems more practical than any I have elsewhere seen. The dictionaries, by V. K. Müller, each containing sixty thousand words, are also the best for their range. They are reprints of Soviet lexicons which have long been in general use, and the student should be warned that in the Russian-English (though not in the English-Russian) dictionary the anti-ecclesiastical bias of the early revolutionary culture has operated to banish the Russian equivalents of such words as "stole," "Assumption," and "penance," and that even the word for "cathedral" is not to be found in its proper place—so, if you are trying to read anything about churches, you are obliged to consult some other authority. There are some other curious traces of the more Marxist period in Russia in which this dictionary was first compiled. The only quotation, for example, which is given under the word for "ghost" is the first sentence of the Communist Manifesto: "A spectre is haunting Europe." I imagine that both these anachronisms will be eliminated from la-

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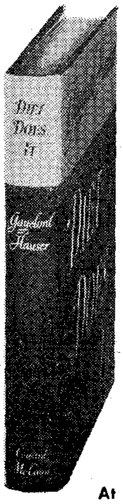

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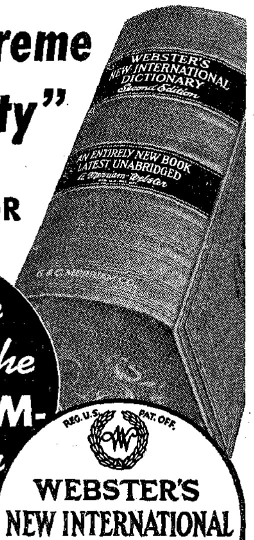
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ter editions. One feature will, I hope, be retained—an example of the use of the verb “*sovat’* ”: “Not to poke one’s swinish snout in our Soviet garden.”

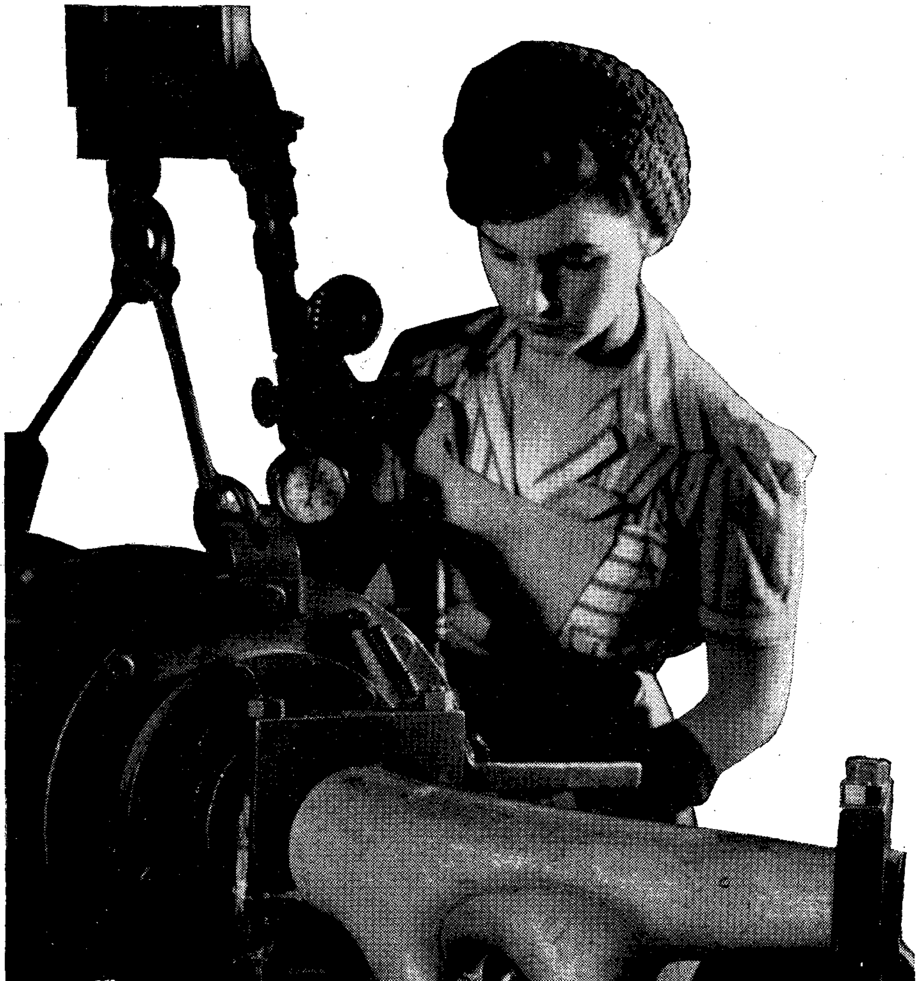
It is appropriate here to return to the theme with which I began this article: the ineptitude of American publishers. The Soviets brought out these dictionaries in pocket size with flexible covers, so that they were easy to carry and handle. Dutton, printing the very same text with the same number of words on a page, has increased them to a size and weight which will make them rather clumsy objects for an American soldier, say, to take with him on a journey to Alaska. And so Mr. Yarmolinsky’s anthology, like most of these anthologies and omnibuses, has been produced in a volume that weighs a ton. It could have been printed at a lesser cost in a format that was possible to manage without the aid of a reading rack, and would, I should think, have sold twice as many copies. —EDMUND WILSON

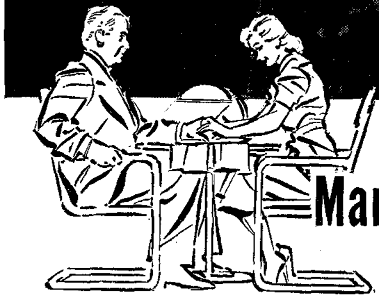
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CLOUDLESS MAY, by Storm Jameson (Macmillan). The background of this study of France and Frenchmen is a town in the Loire Valley during the month immediately preceding the last armistice. Coolly, and with the most searching insight, Miss Jameson examines the French character in a book which is less a novel than a lucid psychological study of a people. Readers who enjoy the pleasantly nostalgic writing about France which is the current vogue in fiction won’t think much of this, but for those who are willing to explore, at times painfully, the minds of politicians, artisans, ambitious women, staff officers, businessmen, *jeunes filles*, priests, industrialists, and pious old maids in France’s black hour, “Cloudless May” is full of documentary as well as of literary interest. All in all, a valuable and immensely readable book.

THE OUTNUMBERED, by Catharine Hutter (Dodd, Mead). Deals with the problem of a few, a very few, good people in a world which has rejected their values. The background of the story is a sanitarium in the Vienna woods just before the *Anschluss*, when many Austrians seemed not only ready but eager for Nazi domination. The central character is a lovable young girl of Jewish birth and deeply Christian faith,





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who by sheer goodness overcomes the brutal forces arrayed against her and, before you know it, has turned the novel into something not unlike a religious parable. The book, for the most part, is so interesting and the characters are so freshly portrayed that I regret to tell you that the heroine finally turns up with the stigmata usually associated with sainthood. This makes a fuzzy ending, which, however, does not ruin the novel.

THE LORD IS A MAN OF WAR, by Stanley F. Donath (Knopf). A young Czech refugee in this country learns that his old father has been killed by a former German schoolmate turned Nazi. Breaking with his American fiancée, he sets out on a punitive expedition which leads him, after many adventures, to Central Europe, by way of the Communist underground, and back again to the United States. During this manhunt he kills people right and left, but the German whom he is out to get finally comes to a surprising end at other hands. Well done in a tough, brittle style that is a sign of the reverence in which our Mr. Hemingway is held by young Central European writers.

THE ANGEL WITH THE TRUMPET, by Ernst Lothar, translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood (Doubleday, Doran). This story of a wealthy Viennese family begins with a brand-new version of the Mayerling affair, in which the heroine is involved, and traces the family fortunes through the Nazi invasion. Herr Lothar is at his rather solemn best when he chronicles the political and cultural life of his native land and less interesting when he is engaged with plot and characterization.

THE BROKEN ARC, by Mayette Meyneng (Harper). An artless and touching story (rather a brief sketch than a novel) about a nice, healthy-minded French girl and the upstanding young compatriot whom she loves. There is a summer of youthful ecstasy in a Breton fishing village, heartbreaking anxiety while the boy is at the front, and finally his death just before the fall of France. The foreign background and a certain prim freshness in Madame Meyneng's writing give the book a charm which so usual a story might not otherwise have.

GENERAL

D DAY, by John Gunther (Harper). An intensely personal diary recording some of the events that led up to the

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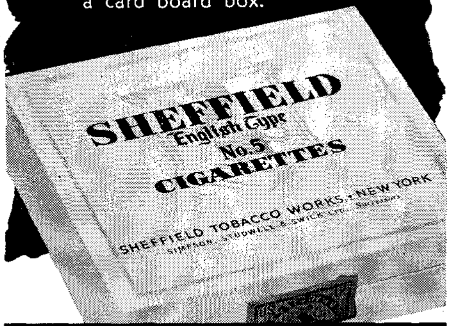

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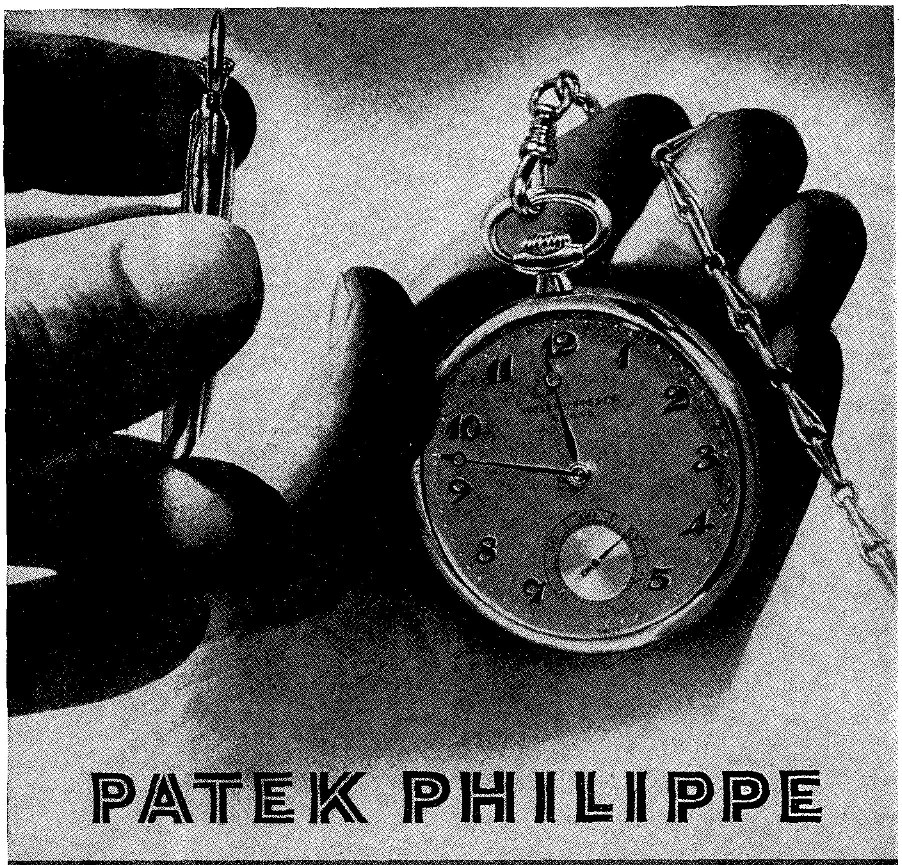
invasion of Sicily, and others, of a much more general nature, that followed it. Mr. Gunther never loses track of himself and scrupulously names every person with whom he had a drink, ate a meal, or passed the time of day. Occasionally, when particularly stirred, he jots down a bit of philosophy. He tells, for example, of visiting a destroyer and copying, from the ship's "scrapbook," a list of "The Ten Things I Love Best" compiled by the sweetheart of one of the ship's officers. The list, which the author reports in full, contains such items as "Salzburg in deep snow," "Etoile d'Holland roses in a white bowl," and "A Viennese waltz with the perfect partner." "I wondered," writes Mr. Gunther, "why I should have wanted to write this down; then it occurred to me that from a limited point of view it was about as good a summary of what we are fighting for as anything I know."

SIX THOUSAND YEARS OF BREAD, by H. E. Jacob (Doubleday, Doran). A study of the religious, political, and technical history of bread. A prodigious amount of labor has gone into this volume, which ranges from prehistoric times to our own, and when the author is writing purely in terms of fact, as in his chapters on the history of maize, his pages are sometimes fascinating. Some of his political and religious conclusions, however, are open to question, and his observations on contemporary America and American agriculture are nothing short of bizarre. Illustrated.

FROM WILDERNESS TO EMPIRE, by Robert Glass Cleland (Knopf). A sound, detailed, readable history of California from 1542 to 1900. The author promises a companion volume that will deal with the period from 1900 to 1943, and if he writes as good a book as this one, the whole work, despite its limited field, should be one of the best historical jobs of recent years. Illustrated.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPPENDALE, by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings (Knopf). A celebration of modern creative design by a designer of modern furniture who has little liking for antiques and less for those who collect them. A tizzy in a teapot, more or less, but likely to cause quite a stir in circles where Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton still hold sway among the family gods. Mary Petty contributes eight of her unique and expert drawings.

SILLY GIRL, by Angna Enters (Hough-



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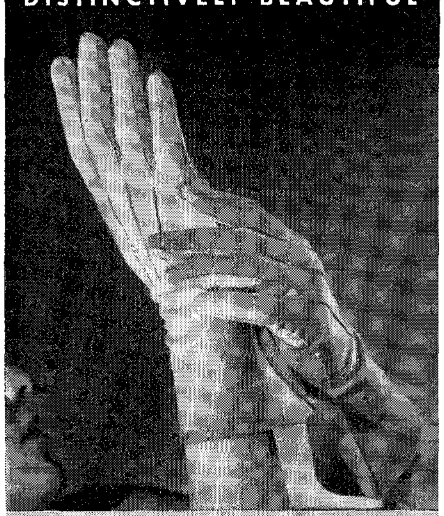

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ton, Mifflin). An adventure in autobiography by an American pantomimist who also paints and writes. Extremely light-fingered, quite pleasant, and, in those chapters that deal with the author's childhood, especially charming. Illustrations, some of them very nice ones, by the author.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE ROPE BEGAN TO HANG THE BUTCHER, by C. W. Grafton (Farrar & Rinehart). Gilmore Henry, the young lawyer who appeared in "The Rat Began to Gnaw the Rope," has now set up his own office. In his first case, he undertakes some investigations for an insurance agent in a smallish Kentucky city and runs into a complicated murder case which calls for quick thinking. Fast and at times quite funny.

CASE OF THE GIANT-KILLER, by H. C. Branson (Simon & Schuster). The third, and a really excellent, account of the activities of John Bent, a private detective who is pleasantly free of mannerisms. This time Bent figures out who tossed the body of a prominent businessman over a bluff near Lake Erie, and turns in a job of detection which you will follow with interest. Unostentatious and very well done.

●

Sgt. Armand B. Giguere, referred to in a local item last week as Florian Giguere, is not Florian Giguere. Sgt. Joseph Giguere is Florian Giguere, and Armand is his brother.—*Lewiston (Maine) Evening Journal.*

That straightens *that* out.

●

But don't put him in bed and hand thme battle to him. old him in your arms, let hi finish the bottle and then put him in his bed. Iif you continue to let him take the bottle as a 'ssooother" pntil he falls asheelp, it becomes almost impossible to beark him of the bottle habit.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Journal.*

You should know.

●

O PIONEERS DEPARTMENT

[*Picture caption in the 1943 Better Homes & Gardens Gardening Guide*]

For real outdoor roughing, George W. Douglas, Altadena, built his family this outdoor kitchen with hot and cold running water, sink, cupboards, and gas plate. While steaks are broiled on a grill in the fireplace, the gas plate hurries the coffee and French-fries.

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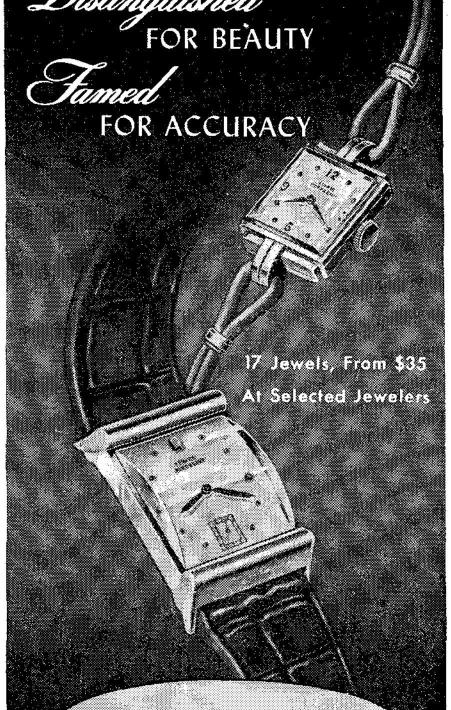

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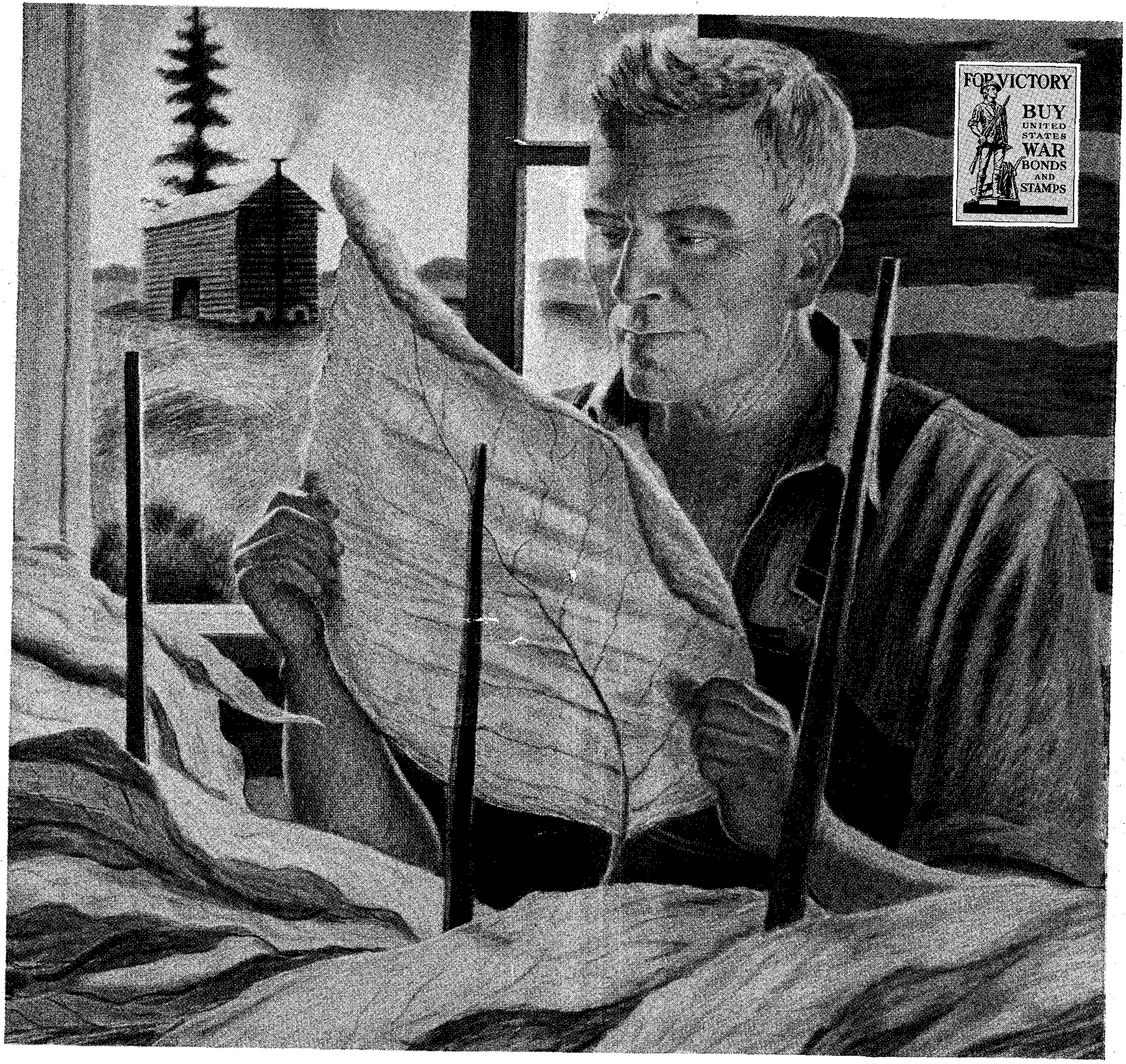
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